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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVI HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1926 No. 1

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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The throne room was a great cavern, all ablaze with crystals and jewels. . . .

—*The Witch-Carlin*

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Ostensibly Owls

THEY were swinging along the Abbey Road, Miss Foster, Miss Whipple, and Miss Primm; swinging along with the confident stride peculiar to English girls in the country. And it may have been the waning moon, or it may have been the time of year, or it may well have been the voice of the wind in the Devonshire trees: who could tell?

"I think," said Miss Foster, "I think that men are not at all necessary in finding romance. Not at all. Look at Joan of Arc. Is her story not romantic?"

Now any opinion of Miss Foster's usually remained inviolate. One did not gainsay her observations. That is, publicly. And that was chiefly because it was impossible, Miss Foster often assured herself. This thought never failed to bring a certain warmth into the self-sufficient cold of her, and never failed to make her smooth the straight black of her hair to a straighter blackness. Her statements were not assailed, Miss Foster would tell herself with a tilt of her chin, for one reason and one only: they were unassailable. But her sister teachers knew of a more delicate prohibition. Miss Foster was principal of the lower school, and they knew that the school board of St. Leonard's would never brook disrespect.

Miss Primm and Miss Whipple were well aware of this. But they knew at the same time that the school year was over now, and that much could be forgotten during the long vacation, and that after all this was certainly not an occasion one might term public.

And furthermore, Miss Whipple did not think so.

"I'll grant that the Maid's life may have been full of adventure," Miss Whipple objected. "Indeed it must have been all one great adventure. Nevertheless," her

eyes sought the moon with conscious dramatic effect just as it was slipping into full radiance from behind a filmy cloud, "nevertheless, where there is no love there can be no romance."

Miss Primm hesitated a moment to see whether Miss Foster would speak. Miss Foster did not. Miss Primm did.

"But there *was* love," Miss Primm pointed out in her small voice. "There was a great love for—"

"Love for country is quite different from love for a man, Miss Primm." Miss Whipple's words were freighted with importance. "Quite different. Quite!"

"You seem to speak with authority, Miss Whipple," Miss Foster remarked. And it might have been difficult to classify the note of caustic jealousy that lurked in her voice.

But the moon was now far from the great bank of cloud and had sailed clear of even the last few stragglers. As they rounded a curve in the road they had their first view of the object of the evening's excursion. On a hill not far distant lay the half-ruined Abbey, with the shady tip of its green-walled tower pointing a squat finger into the deep blue of sky. Full white, the road was, full white as it wound through the long avenue of ashes and elms and ended in a grand flourishing circuit at the gates of the Abbey itself. Rabbits there were none, for it was yet too early for them to venture abroad. South, beyond the Abbey, one could sense the Channel, and vaguely an aromatic softness was swept over the rise of the hill by so gentle a wind, a wind so light that it hardly disturbed the dark tracery of trees. No dog barked. No sound reached the ear save the relentless monotone—swelling, fading—of the small field creatures and the eerie hoot of the gray owl and the step of the three as they walked along. Suddenly Miss Whipple spoke.

"Yes," said Miss Whipple, "I do."

Miss Foster slowed up her powerful stride to bend her gaze on Miss Whipple. Miss Primm awoke with a start from nowhere. Both turned to Miss Whipple, who was walking between them.

"You do what?" they demanded in unison.

"What do you mean, I do what?"

"We merely mean this," explained Miss Foster. "You just said 'yes, I do,' and what Miss Primm and I would like to know is what do you do?"

"Yes," said Miss Primm.

"Oh, why of course I was answering your question, Miss Foster. You asked me did I not seem to speak with authority, and I replied that I did."

They had turned now from the full white road and started across a field to cut off the great unnecessary circuit to the Abbey. The moon was sailing clear and free through the wide expanse of sky. It had always been a sort of ambition with Miss Foster to sketch the old Abbey by moonlight. But neither Miss Foster nor Miss Whipple nor even, perhaps, Miss Primm had foreseen the mystic fancy this night might hold for them. With all the assurance of a professional walker Miss Foster stalked on down the stony slope. Miss Whipple following four paces after her, walked more cautiously, her arms outstretched to aid her balance. But most gingerly stepped Miss Primm, only raising her eyes from the uneven ground to cast an occasional hasty glance at Miss Foster, for if Miss Foster should fall, Miss Primm decided, it might prove embarrassing.

And on across a rustic bridge they went, coming at last into a broad valley. From there they could see the lights in the eastern end of the Abbey and a solitary gleam in the old tower. Miss Primm was enchanted. Perhaps it was the moon. If she could only sketch like Miss Foster! Or if she only had heavy beautiful hair like Miss Whipple! If only she could have some

great thing in her small life. If her dreams could only be true and real, and a dashing prince. . .

"Miss Whipple," began Miss Primm very timidly. "Miss Whipple, do you really mean that you are in love?" The slightest wisp of a smile curved her lips. "Because . . . because you see I . . . I've often dreamed I was, but there never—"

"I'll tell you," said Miss Whipple, star-eyed.

"Quite unnecessary," remarked Miss Foster.

But Miss Whipple, happy to find so reverend an auditor, fell back a few paces and spoke in hushed confidence. "I'll tell you, Miss Primm, and I'm sure you realize that I would never tell anyone else. I'm sure you will guard my secret."

Miss Primm was sure, too.

"I'm in love with the Reverend Richard Crocker!"

"But oh, my dear," cried little Miss Primm, "he's simply too wonderful——"

"What's this you say," Miss Foster called back, as she waited for the other two to catch up with her. "What's all this about the Reverend Mr. Crocker?"

Miss Primm turned quickly to Miss Whipple, eager to protect her new-found heroine, ready to shield her from the withering glance of Miss Foster. But Miss Whipple knew she had gone too far to retreat with any reasonable degree of safety. She clasped Miss Primm's hand and smiled a queer self-conscious smile.

"I said that I'm in love with Mr. Crocker."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Foster, struggling to regain her composure. "Since when?"

"Since he came to St. Leonard's."

"But my dear Miss Whipple, he is from one of England's oldest families. And while, to be sure, he is a younger son, still I should hardly think that——"

"He's so dashing!" put in Miss Primm. But she was accorded no attention by Miss Foster.

"I say I should hardly think," continued Miss Foster, "that a girl of your station, of our station, Miss Whipple, would *dare* to entertain such thoughts. Why, a man of his family might marry whom he chooses! Do you tell us that he——"

"And so handsome," mused little Miss Primm, her eyes misted.

"Has he told you he loves you?" came the stern voice of Miss Foster. "Has he told you that, Miss Whipple?"

"No," Miss Whipple admitted, "no, he hasn't . . . yet."

Little Miss Primm's arm stole about her waist and they were silent as they passed through the opening in the thick hawthorn hedge that marked the boundary of the Abbey estate. And from Miss Primm's young virginal throat there came a soft catching sob.

"Well," Miss Foster cracked the silence, "I would say just this. It would seem to me to be safer, if one insists on falling in love, to decide on some object of admiration other than a young Oxford aesthete who rides to the hounds and who pays very little attention indeed to his parochial duties. And furthermore, I think it quite unnecessary to fall in love at all."

And Miss Whipple was wishing very heartily that she had not mentioned her love for Mr. Crocker. And Miss Primm was terribly hurt and blushing a lovely blush that only the moon and the hawthorn hedge saw. And Miss Foster, the calm and cool Miss Foster, she was really very much upset. So very still they were as they continued on their way, very still with their thoughts

Soon the stillness trembled with the small weird hoot of a little gray owl that blinked in the ash trees, that blinked as the moonlight filtered like mobile silver through the dark ash trees. As the plaintive, quivering call came to them there was only one answer in the heart of each.

If the Reverend Crocker would have any, Miss Foster was thinking, he would have me, for what he needs is a great love like mine to show him the comforts of a home and duty, and then, again, I . . . Miss Whipple smiled to herself. Ah, Richard Crocker would have me, for I'm more beautiful than any other girl in the village, and I'm sure . . . And Miss Primm's wide eyes were dim with tears as she saw Dick Crocker dashing up on his horse and carrying her away through the wooded hills, away to some far-off land where he would build her a castle and defend her with the last drop of his blood. . . And it may be, too, that the tears in her eyes only added a sparkle and brilliance to the scene.

But suddenly they stopped, as by instinct. There had been a noise, a sound, like a stone thrown into some deep pond. *Bul-plup!* Nothing more. Miss Foster began to whistle some tune, any tune, nervously. Cautiously the three advanced to the crest of the grassy hillock they were ascending. Below them stretched the tiny mirror of a lake, where great concentric circles were rolling slowly to the border. Lazily they rolled, and they flashed like the bright edges of shields in the moonlight. Then slowly the greedy banks sucked them in. Far into the night one of the Abbey dogs barked gruffly, then ended his alarm with a long haunting howl.

A shrill laugh came from Miss Foster. "Fish," she announced. "Nothing more. Nor less. Nothing at all but a fish. And why anyone should be frightened by a fish is more——"

"I say, *look!*" cried Miss Whipple, pointing excitedly to the lower end of the lake. Something was emerging from the water and clambering up onto the bank, the wet white of its body gleaming in the pale light.

Miss Foster was not sure whether she should trust her eyes. Miss Primm was hoping . . . hoping.

"It's a man!" cried Miss Whipple with eager fright.

"It's a girl," corrected Miss Foster.

Little Miss Primm, peeping over Miss Foster's shoulder, could gainsay neither. "But I had hoped," she said timidly, sadly, "I had hoped it might be old Triton."

And quick as light, without a word nor glance, a strange thing happened. As though by common consent a change came over all three. Miss Foster and Miss Whipple threw the cool cloak of Convention about them and little Miss Primm drew back into her shell. Forgotten now the cautious intimacy of the moment before. Forgotten now the thoughts that soared to the moon along the full white road. Closed was the book with the wave of a wand. And still were the lips that spoke from the heart and that trembled ever so slightly. And while they walked on their way to the border of the lake with no change in step they were once more three proper maidens, teachers of school, from whom Fancy had fled to the trees.

"Hello," a clear voice greeted them. "You've had luck."

Miss Foster had been right. Reclining on the lush grass that bordered the lake was the slim nude figure of a girl. Great drops of water glistened in the damp of her hair like perfect pearls held up to the light; glistened and fell to her smooth boy's shoulders. Like a nymph she lay in soft repose, her warm young breasts in the gentle south wind, warm and firm. Her lips parted quickly to laugh.

"I say you've had luck, did you hear me?" she said.

"If you would hear *me*," Miss Foster informed her, "you would be ashamed of yourself, lying about this way in full moonlight." And Miss Foster elevated her shoulders another fraction.

"How do you mean, we've had luck?" asked Miss Primm in a very small voice.

"Why," replied the girl, "why, here I've been, night after night, diving and swimming and making beautiful rolling ripples for the owls and the moon to see, and then never being able to see them myself. And you could see them all as they rolled . . . the rhythm, the rhythm . . . you could see the marvelous rhythm of it all . . . "

"We were not watching," said Miss Foster coldly.

"Don't interrupt me. I won't have it." The girl's eyes flamed through their long wet lashes. Miss Foster was rather nettled. Miss Whipple was very much surprised.

"But I was watching," said Miss Primm. "And I saw it all."

The girl's eyes softened. "I like you," she said. And the damp of her hair was changing into shining dark red curls. She smiled frankly at Miss Primm. "I like you. Wouldn't you like to swim with me?"

"No," said Miss Foster, crisply.

"Thank you, no," Miss Whipple answered. "My friend Miss Foster has come to sketch the ——"

"I'd love to," smiled little Miss Primm. "I'd truly love to, but I'm afraid it would be rather cold. . ."

Miss Foster was becoming impatient. She took little pain to hide the fact. "Come," she commanded her little party, and she was already starting away from the lake. "We must get permission, you know, before I can start sketching. Come along, Miss Primm."

Miss Primm hesitated. The girl laughed.

"If it's the Abbey you've come to sketch," said the girl, "I can give you all the permission you need. Which is a good thing, for my father and a guest are studying the owls, and he would be furious if you should disturb him."

"Owls?" asked Miss Primm.

"Yes. My father and the Reverend Mr. Crocker. You see my father is an authority—"

"Mr. Crocker!" cried Miss Whipple and Miss Foster in one voice.

"We are members of Mr. Crocker's parish," Miss Foster hastily explained in answer to the girl's sharp glance. "But come along, Miss Whipple." The girl was standing now, slipping on one of those gaudy dressing gowns such as men wear at the Lido, and shaking her close-cropped auburn curls. "And if Miss Primm insists on swimming," added Miss Foster, "we may as well leave without——"

"But no," said the girl with a vague gesture. "Miss Primm is quite right: it would be too cold. Why, even I feel the need of this wrapper now, and I'm sure Miss—"

Miss Foster aimed a parting shot. "Well," she said frigidly, "the cold will make it *appear* as though you had some modesty."

"My dear friend," laughed the girl, "my dear Mrs. Grundy!" Miss Foster winced. "Why you talk like a school mistress!" Miss Foster winced obviously. But the tone of the girl's voice grew harder. She threw back her lovely head. "And I think it's no less than damned impertinence for you to come walking through my own fields and moralizing that way."

"But really," began Miss Whipple, "really——"

"And although I think it dangerous," the girl went on, laughing again, "to coin generalities, it would seem to me that a little dash of cold has always been a great aid to what you call modesty. Modesty! Why——"

But a hush fell on the little group. From the other side of a thicket came the lilting song of a man, punctuated irregularly with swishing smacks as of a cane crashing into the tall grass. Eight eyes were leveled at the thicket.

Singing in cheery improvisation came the voice through the clear night air:

"Oh my heart . . . *crash!* . . . is not a heart
of steel,
Nor cold as tempered metal . . . *swish!*
It's leaping . . . *smash!* . . . leaping with
the joy I feel,
Crack! And singing like a kettle."

The tall, well-formed figure of the singer came into sight around the upper end of the thicket and strode across the field swinging a cane in careless abandon.

"Hello-o-o-o!" called the girl as she waved to the approaching figure.

"I say, have you seen any owls?" he shouted. And as his voice came across the field to them Miss Whipple looked quickly at Miss Foster. Miss Foster coughed casually. Miss Primm glanced from them to the girl and back again.

"Mr. Crocker," whispered Miss Whipple loudly. Miss Foster said nothing. Nor did her strong features change. Mr. Crocker was coming within earshot. "What do you suppose," mused Miss Whipple, "what do you suppose he——"

"Mr. Crocker," said Miss Foster, the principal of the lower school, "there is a duty for you to perform here."

"And how is that, Miss Foster," asked the divine, coming now into the waiting group. "What would you have me do?"

"This girl," Miss Foster pointed to the wrapper-clad nymph, who by this time was smiling in impish delight, "this girl needs a lesson in modesty."

"Pray continue," Mr. Crocker encouraged her, glancing covertly at this girl.

"I don't know what is coming over the English girls of late. Here she was, swimming in full view of the road, or at least in full view of anyone who passed through the pasture,—here she was swimming without a stitch

of clothing on her." The scorn in her words was deep and acid. "Moonlight swimming! And then to stand there perfectly unabashed before you, Mr. Crocker, and—and smiling as though it were no more than a huge joke."

"But Mr. Crocker," said the small voice of Miss Primm, "it was not really so bad as——"

"Miss Primm!" Miss Foster spoke sharply.

Mr. Crocker cleared his throat. He looked first at Miss Foster, then at the girl. He spoke slowly and deliberately with the richest voice in the Church of England, a voice which undoubtedly would win a bishopric for its owner some day.

"It seems to me," he said solemnly, and the tone was entirely satisfactory to Miss Foster, "it seems to me that all this so-called modesty"—he paused to search the faces of the group—"is a greatly over-rated thing."

Miss Foster stiffened. Miss Whipple gasped. The wide eyes of little Miss Primm grew wider.

"Very much over-rated," Mr. Crocker went on. "For people forget that there are two kinds of modesty. There is the modesty which is akin to humility, and which is Christ-like and very worthy. Without humility one cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Miss Foster did not know just whether Mr. Crocker was serious or whether he would . . .

"And then," he went on, "there is false modesty, which is unclean and immoral and thoroughly disgusting."

Miss Foster held her sketch-book tighter. Hers was a cold fury.

"Well, Mr. Crocker, it seems to me most unbecoming, if not wanton, for a young girl to stand before a man, a clergyman, with nothing about her but a thin dressing-gown . . . and wet at that. I should think it would be very embarrassing to you."

"My dear Miss Foster," smiled Mr. Crocker—Miss

Foster's and Miss Whipple's and Miss Primm's Mr. Crocker—"there is no embarrassment whatsoever. She is my wife." And his arm closed about her.

Miss Whipple started to walk away in undiguised dejection. Close to her was Miss Primm, whose virgin eyes smiled a sad smile. But Miss Foster's eyes, as she turned to leave, were blazing with feline cunning.

"So this is why you've been paying weekly visits to the Abbey, Mr. Crocker. And for the last year your all-absorbing passion has been owls. Owls indeed!"

But Miss Foster was once more to be corrected.

"Well, ostensibly owls," said Mr. Crocker.

Robert Barry

Black Velvet

The shadows of long mosses in the night
Thrown black against the moon; a porcelain-thin
Venetian mask against a milk-white skin;
A cobra stream that crawls beneath a bright
Bespattered jewelry of stars; a slight
Dark princess faintly dying for a sin;
A Hieronymo, a Harlequin,
One in slow scarlet, one in malachite. . .

Through these slim draperies of jet and red
I see thy bright incalculable smile:
A shattered sword-blade on a Moorish tile. . .
And so for thee expensively I spread
Black velvet where thy hands might spill again
A goblet of my blood mixed with wild rain.

Frederic Prokosch.

Mrs. Bromley Walks

THEY were such nice ghosts, old Mrs. Bromley and her two daughters. I am quite certain that you would think so if you had seen them, as I have, smiling and humming over their pretty work-baskets through long winter evenings, or perhaps reading quietly to one another from some accepted author. They were extraordinarily fond of books—pleasant ones, that is, for old Mrs. Bromley and her daughters had lived, you will remember, and should be done with all snarl and bitters.

"How fortunate we are!" they would observe ever so often. "How very fortunate we are!"

And they were fortunate—their home, this tiny attic snuggery boarded away from the household so that no one ever had so much as a nightmare about them, and then being happily unsolved like this. Fortunate indeed!

They had been dead quite some time now, and the first puzzling effects had worn gracefully away. They had grown accustomed to melting within doorways, for example: to attending the more worthwhile of the drama without those first peculiar feelings. They had, in fact, come to enjoy the theater as never before. And that you will readily understand when I point out that no one could possibly perceive their comings and goings, so that the former annoyances of mode and vanities had become delightfully unnecessary. Can one imagine anything nicer? Old Mrs. Bromley couldn't, and neither, of course, could her two daughters.

Amanda, the younger, was wont to argue from time to time: "Since people do not believe in us, I see no evident reason why we shouldn't do whatever, or, come to think of it, however we please."

But her mother raised a gentle finger. "My dear," she chided, "you must never, never mention such things. Ladies do not take advantage of circumstance or station. You will not forget, Amanda."

Mrs. Bromley had notions, you see. She would not flit by theater box-offices without paying, though she might well have, as Amanda had indicated, were her ideals less fixed. Neither would she permit the children abroad after dark.

"We must be cautious of our reputations," she had explained patiently. "People simply would not understand. Scandal has never touched me; I trust that it never may."

"But we wouldn't mean to haunt," Amanda had insisted. And Mrs. Bromley would shake her old head. "The world so often misconstrues, my dear. You really ought to have learned about that." So Amanda would smile a bit, toss her yellow curls, and say—"But, of course, mother, I hadn't considered."

Amanda was extremely like her father, impulsive, sweetly impulsive, and yet sometimes Mrs. Bromley was uneasy. For Amanda, unlike her less attractive sister Emily, had not sufficiently released touch from earthly habit. She was tremendously interested in the people downstairs. Her mother wondered. Could she —no, oh, no. Amanda had always been a dutiful child if only she could be made to see the true virtue of matters.

This evening, however, Amanda seemed more restless than heretofore. She flitted here and there about the room, stepping across the pale moon-shafts, even hopping over them now and then. Emily simply could not compose her mind. Then, suddenly—"Mother, may I go downstairs? I'll promise not to materialize."

Mrs. Bromley stiffened. "I should hope not," she replied firmly.

The great cypress bowing low without tapped against

the leaded pane, giant finger-tips, and sighed away along rising winds. Within, the mother pressed her lips uncertainly. "I suppose you mean no mischief, Amanda. I don't believe so. Still——"

"Oh, mother!" Amanda dropped two conducive lashes. "They're having a guest, a gentleman——"

"A gentleman!" gasped Emily, in proper accord with the brown silk of her gown, and the pink cameo breastpin at her slender throat. "A gentleman!" Emily was most visibly alarmed. She had shut the book (taking care to mark her place) and regarded her mother severely.

Mrs. Bromley thought for an interval. Then she raised her head. "I have always trusted you, Amanda. Always. Yes, you may go."

"Oh, mother!" Amanda glided from the table-top where she had sprung in pretty excitement. "You darling. I shan't be naughty!" And she was gone.

Emily could not approve. "It isn't good form," she began. "Amanda is not careful. She sweeps between people; you know she does, mother."

"Well"—Mrs. Bromley sighed. "They can't distinguish her unless the lights——"

"Heavens!" Emily pursed her virtuous mouth. Why did her mother insinuate such dreadful things?

"I only meant," Mrs. Bromley amended quickly, "that light penetrates us, whereas darkness does not."

Emily waived further consideration of the unfortunate phrasing. "If only father were dead," she complained, "we could go from here."

"I hope you don't begrudge waiting for your father." Mrs. Bomley could be sharp when she wished.

"Certainly not," Emily said. "Still, I wish—oh, I wish we could go on."

Her mother gathered up her half-finished embroidery, perhaps to detract attention from the rapid tears which

blurred her faded sight. "We must wait," she said. "He won't be long now. After—we shall go on."

The daughter leaned forward, her eyebrows knit, a vague question probing her. "Why couldn't we be near him, mother? Living alone like this"—The same question over and again.

"Because" (Mrs. Bromley dabbed the lace handkerchief to her quivering lips), "we can't be seen, darling. It wouldn't be right, there with him, and he unaware of our presences."

"Oh, well!" And Emily opened the book once more. Thus they were when Amanda returned.

Hours had sped along, hours whose expense Amanda should recount. So meditated Emily. Amanda, however, offered nothing, nothing whatsoever until Emily, disconsolate enough, retired into the alcove. Amanda, she felt, was deliberately reticent.

Mrs. Bromley had noticed at once. Amanda did not ordinarily return without flurry. What she had seen, where she had been,—all these matters should be unfolded amid an excited flutter of hands. No, Amanda's manner was odd this evening. Still Mrs. Bromley made no sign. Then Emily had gone, and she could speak. First, however, her work-basket, with its ribbons and needles and other interesting inhabitants, must be packed away, the spectacles moved upwards above her eyes, her chair planted firmly against the wall.

"There," she said at length. A moment Amanda regarded her.

"Mother"—she stepped forward uncertainly.

But Mrs. Bromley stared wide. "Whatever is the matter, Amanda?"

Amanda plucked at her dress, the blue silk, shadowy in the noon-day. "It's father," she whispered, "father downstairs—visiting."

"Heavenly days!" Mrs. Bromley had nearly tipped

over. "Oh, Amanda, not your father! Not James!"

"Yes," said Amanda dully. "I didn't think so myself until"—and without further explanation she rushed from the room, sobbing.

How long she sat alone Mrs. Bromley would scarcely know. Finally, however, she arose, and smoothed out her gown. She must see, see for herself.

II

Mary Ives chewed the tip of her cigarette annoyedly. Really, this house—she simply could not stand it. If only this business were over! She turned, and smiled sweetly. "And you like my curtains, Jim?"

The old man blew his red nose viciously. "Perfect, Mary, quite perfect." The handkerchief, a white incongruity against the nose.

"You darling!" And Mary sighed. "I was so frightened about them."

Behind the honey-colored curtains, old Mrs. Bromley felt extremely like a chameleon, the way her mistiness took the color against which she stood. James, she thought with a certain tightness about her throat, seemed actually happy. And this woman. For Mary was very lovely, the smooth silver of her hair, the rose of her unfurrowed cheek—old rose and silver. She could not help noticing the manner in which James leaned toward this, this old rose and silver. And then, quite suddenly, he had taken Mary into his arms. She lay there quiet, without stir, and her words embroidered his lips.

"This house," she whispered; "everything would be so beautiful if it were not for this house."

Her shudder seemed the quiver of white silk—white silk, old rose, and silver. "Don't you feel it, Jim?"

The old man shook his head. "You are so beautiful yourself, Mary. I never notice anything but you."

"You don't think, somehow, Jim—"

"I love you, he said." "What else could there be?"

"Oh—yes." She closed her eyes.

Against the honey-colored curtains Mrs. Bromley still stared.

It could not, could not be so. She remembered the years, alone, together, the years before Emily and Amanda had come. "I could not have done my own laundry for this," she cried silently, deep within her nothingness. "I have loved him so. I have waited so long—here, when I might have gone on"—And then she remembered the autumn moons, gnarled in gold above the hot fire-escapes of their first apartment. I believe that her tears were quite as real as living ones.

Now old Mrs. Bromley did an unaccountable thing. For it is an unaccountable thing to melt away when one's husband is making love to another woman.

Within the room, Mary opened her great eyes. "You are mine, Jim," she told him. "No one shall ever have you again, no one but I. You are mine." As she parted her lips for his kiss the Chinese lamp flickered wildly. Mary started back. "Gracious!"

"Some one," said James, bordering on annoyance, "is tampering with the wires."

To lend his observation worth, the lights grew dimmer.

"Gracious!" cried Mary again.

And then as she gave a little shriek, blackness descended on her. "Oh, my heavens!" whimpered Mary. She had realized before the phrase had lost itself in the distant thunderclap, how trite she must sound. She was in no mood for old Mrs. Bromley's indignant materialization. Mrs. Bromley gave her no chance for further interjection. "You needn't swoon, Miss Ives," she began bitingly. Mary had thought of swooning, but she

admitted the fact to herself alone. Swooning made thinks so much easier. She was furious—these meddling spooks!

"I never intended to," she snapped fiercely; "whatever do you want?" and then to James—"I told you about this house. Now see!"

But James did not hear. "Martha," he gasped. "Martha!"

Mrs. Bromley frowned. Her spirit voice seemed very wistful, a disadvantage when she had wished so much to be accusing. "Yes, James," was the best she could manage with that voice.

Thank goodness, she had nearly achieved the sepulchral. If only she had thought to bring the automobile chains she had seen in the cellar! Clanking of chains is very effective.

Before proceeding further, I must assure you that old Mrs. Bromley would never have considered such indecent behaviour under ordinary circumstances. You will keep in mind that her happiness was at stake.

Without, the town clock considerately tolled a long-drawn midnight, a midnight which fluttered into Mary's heart and lay there, heavy with fear. "I haven't stolen your husband," she whimpered. "He isn't—"

Mrs. Bromley wondered whether her laugh was sufficiently hollow. She decided not, and ceased as suddenly as she had begun. An echo might have helped.

"He's not yours any more," Mary insisted. "He's *alive!*" She stressed the word alive, and then repeated it. Mrs. Bromley waved the pallor of her robe, the robe which at best seemed to be a shroud, and which, to be just, did rather well. "You have stolen my husband," she declaimed again, and then strictly in the manner, "*Mary Ives.*"

James volunteered no statement. His very dumbness was statement enough. "How impossible! that dumb-

ness conveyed, "dead—and done with. How preposterous! Now—this!"

Mary too reviewed the situation. Here before her stoood a woman who was yet not a woman, who boasted of a husband who was no longer her husband. Mary's spirits soared gradually. She had attended several spirit seances at which similar manifestations had seemed nothing if not downright amiable. She had carried away from such meetings quite a poor opinion of psychic mentality. Surely ghosts were a great deal less blasé, less vicious, less anything than were ordinary persons, what with banging on tables and slapping tambourines for amusement. Her voice carried a new courageous ring. "You," she said, "are being ineffectual. You can't hurt us—you poor thing."

Mrs. Bromley oozed toward her in outraged wrath. "How dare you!"

Thus little could be gained by speaking to him. She must concentrate on Mary. Fortunately Mary was frightened. "So—you have stolen my husband." A veritable whistle.

But Mary was not to be shaken. "I have James," she declared; "he loves me, and no jealous ghost shall come between us. Please leave my house."

"Never!" shrieked Mrs. Bromley. "Never, never, never! Do you hear—never!"

The ends of her gown caught at the sullen moonbeams and held them imprisoned like little opalescent patches of some conjurer's vapor.

Mary shrugged two delicate shoulders. "James," she ordered, "ask your wife to leave my house." She sighed. What disillusionments we all must bear!

An instant Mrs. Bromley oozed. Then she compressed herself solidly with a little swishing sound. The swish was unmistakably lacking in finesse, a fact which scarcely improved her temper. "I shall haunt you," she fairly

exploded, "haunt you both the rest of your days!"

"Martha, you wouldn't!" James had found his speech at last.

"I shall, James; you will never be rid of me. It is my duty—for the children's sake. To think that I should one day come to this!" Mrs. Bromley would in all likelihood have wept, had not Mary's sneering, "A servant girl's excuse," stung her into further life. She turned horridly. "You"—a long finger pointed straight between Mary's contemptuous eyes—"shall never know a moment's peace."

"James," began Mary again, "eject this woman."

"Eject me," laughed Mrs. Bromley; "he can't, you can't. No one can. Oh, you'll find out!" Her laughter convulsed the mistiness, sprinkling silvered bits everywhere about her.

And now Mary's sensibilities were shattered, shattered as surely as she had leaped to her feet. Both James and Mrs. Bromley were startled, and then Mrs. Bromley forgot her ghostly properties. She was, at the moment, a woman again; terribly female, battling for her mate. With another swish she sank damply against her husband's breast.

"My God!" howled Mary, "my God!" The pistol shook in her hand; she had tried to jam the trigger—vainly. "My God!"

Mrs. Bromley reached out two filmy palms in an effort to catch the errant bullet. "My God!" she echoed on her own account. Mary had reached her side even as James sank breathless on the floor.

"I've killed him," whispered Mary.

Mrs. Bromley gazed silently on the slow red trickle. "You have," scarcely a whisper—"you have!"

From the quieted hulk rose James, a new, bouncing, airy James, not yet used to his new condition. The two women, one with a smoking pistol listless in her fingers,

the other suddenly transfigured, stood rigid. "I am a murderess," from Mary. "James! oh, James!" from happy Mrs. Bromley.

Certainly Mary was treated to a strange sight, the spectacle of two fogs interlacing until they were a great huge figure of veil.

Slowly the happy mist divided, and slowly, too, walked Mrs. Bromley, her hand still clasped within her husband's. But now at last her eyes had come to rest on Mary's broken figure.

Through the watchful night came the patient tattoo of a new-born rain. Pit-pat, pit-pat against the sleepy rose-trellis, soon upon the sides of the house. Tomorrow there would be green freshness and sunshine quiet—shyly traced with shade. And then the lilacs, the roses climbing across shutters—

Beside her chair Mary's head drowsed forward, heavily, as though someone had grown weary of its cowed support, and had shirked further responsibility. Mrs. Bromley glanced away. "Dreams have been charged with so many, many things," she said softly. "I cannot see why just one more—"

James smiled. His smile suggested Mary's unconscious body to join with his wife's understanding. He pressed her hand. "Yes—oh, yes! But dreams, Martha, you don't think a bit outworn?"

Mrs. Bromley raised calm eyes. "We are speaking of kindness, James," she said.

John Lineaweaver.

An Old Room

The room stands forsaken and dusty
Neglected, forgotten, and silent
Like a wrinkled old woman
Reliving dead years.

It stands resigned to the fate
Of useless old women
Dumbly staring, inarticulate,
Empty.

The walls are brown,
And covered with dust,
With ocasional portraits
In gold frames;
They are crackled with age
And impassive;
They are stupid with sacrilegious years.

The sun beats down
On the carpets,
Flashing its life-giving light,
But they wilt
From its fierceness
And fade.

The chairs are green plush and padded,
Careworn, sunken and faded;
The gloss is fled from their woodwork;
They are mournfully falling to dust.

The years lie on the walls,
On the chairs and the portraits,
Forming a casket
To encase the deadness
Of time.

Howard A. Reid.

Two Poems

Upon a sea of greenish-blue
A pirate frigate sailed:
Its hull was of an amber hue,
And as the sunlight failed
Across the sails all gold and red,
The wings of sea-gulls tipped with flame
Swept slowly by. The frigate sped
And left behind a snowy wake.
Night came.

Taxi rattles;
Scream of brakes;
Pay your fare and
Off it shakes.
Right this way and
Down one floor—
Sullen drumbeats
More and more.
Pounding, pounding
Clarinet scream,
Swirling smoke
Like an opium dream. . .
Blue haze stagger,
Got to lose—
Civilization
In the black-boy blues!

—Francis Jameson.

The Witch-Carlin

THERE once lived on the side of Ben Vacharn a shepherd named Malcolm Broken Nose, older than anybody could remember, grizzled and wrinkled and bald as a well-pluckt goose. He knew all that there is to be known about ghosts and bogles and other strange things; but most of all, he was learned in the doings of the fairies, and it was said that at one time, when they found him peeping and prying about, they handled him in a very cruel manner and finally threw him all the way over the top of Ben Vacharn, so that he landed on his nose, which was ever after so gnarled and ugly that a hog would have blushed to wear it. That is why he was called Malcolm of the Broken Nose.

His wife was a fierce gray hag even older than he, and some thought, never born of woman at all. Men feared her, and when they came to speak with Malcolm about fairies or strange dreams or other matters, they had to keep hand on dirk the whole time she was nigh, for else she might find her chance to seize a man and carry him away God knows whither, to drink his blood and pick his poor bones. No one had ever heard her name, and that is how they knew that she was a witch. These two lived alone in a little bothy on the slope of Ben Vacharn.

In the neighborhood of Loch Torrnla there was a woman whose child was stolen from the cradle without trace or sign of the thief. When her man came home, she told him what had happened.

"It may very well be the fairies," said she, "and then there is some hope for us; but alas, it may be some wicked she-devil, like the old witch that lives with Malcolm Broken Nose."

On the next morning the man took leave of his wife.

"I am going to Ben Vacharn," said he, "to speak with

Malcolm of this; but I shall not tell the old hag whence I come, and then perhaps I shall learn whether she has had a hand in it."

So he kissed her mouth and then rode away upon his gray horse. Bye and bye, he passed under a dead limb of a tree where a hoodie crow was perched, preening his wings.

"Whither away, so dour and din?" said the hoodie from among his feathers. "What can there be to make a body so glum on a fine morning such as this?"

"There can be a great deal," said the man.

"Is that so?" said the hoodie.

"Yes it is," said the man, and he stopped his horse, marvelling that a bird should speak so glibly in the language of men.

"Well, well," said the hoodie, raising his head, "perhaps it is that a fine fat baby has been stolen?"

This was a shrewd guess indeed, but the man wanted to know more: could the hoodie guess where the child might be?

Yes; the hoodie could guess at that also, and with some assurance, but he was not going to do so, for fear of the old hag over on Ben Vacharn. So saying, he spread his wings and flapped away out of sight.

The man rode on until nightfall, and even then he did not stop. But as he was passing a little brae, he heard strange music and singing. On the other side of the brae he saw a carpet of light, with shadows moving back and forth across it. He dismounted and crept round through the heather until he came to a little doorway leading into the ground under the knoll. Then he drew his dirk and thrust it into the doorpost, after which he peeped in without fear. There he saw a great number of fairies dancing and frolicing about. After a while, one of them came out to rest in the fresh night air; she wore

a green gown trimmed with rubies and a green cap with a silver feather. The man seized her by the neck.

"Where is my baby?" said he.

"I don't know," said the fairy.

"You do," said the man.

"I don't," said the fairy.

"You do," said the man.

"I don't," said the fairy.

"No doubt you stole the child yourself," said the man from Loch Torrnla, and he squeezed her tighter than ever.

Now no one likes to be accused of a thing that one has not done, especially when it is a fault one is in the habit of committing. That is why the fairy promised then and there that if he let her go, she would show him where the child was. When the promise had been made, he loosed his hold upon her neck and they went into the hole together, and it would take a long time to recount all the wonderful things which he saw and heard there. On they went, until they came to the throne room of the King of the Fairies.

The throne room was a great cavern, all ablaze with crystals and jewels. In the center was a round pool as deep and blue as a moonlit sky. Around it there were seven golden lamps, and on the other side, a throne of carven marble; there sat the King of the Fairies himself, and the man from Loch Torrnla fell on his knees at the sight of him. He was gnarled and wrinkled and yellow, with bright little eyes, a wide grinning mouth, and only one great tooth in his head, and he wore no garment save a long mantle of white fur.

When the King of the Fairies heard what the trouble was, he seemed willing enough that the man should learn what had become of his baby.

"Look into the pool," said he.

The man looked into the pool, and there he saw the

wife of Malcolm Broken Nose picking the bones of a young child with as much relish as if it were fresh mutton.

"Do this and that," said the King of the Fairies, "and thus and so will happen," and the man went away, very grateful indeed for the piece of advice that had been given him.

On the next day at sundown he came to the bothy of Malcolm Broken Nose. Malcolm lay dying in his bed, which was a very strange thing, for everyone had expected that he would live forever; and the word of it had gone about, so that many people had come to the bothy to hear his last words and to see him die. The old hag was squatting in a dark corner, and would not come near to the fire.

When the man from Loch Torrnla came in, he sat down with the others, and took out a little box and opened it with his dirk.

"Here is a box of fairy salt," said he. "Whoever eats a little of this can never be harmed by the fairies."

When the old hag heard this, she came out into the firelight, cringing and baring her black teeth.

"Give me the salt," said she.

"Put out your tongue," said the man from Loch Torrnla, "and you shall have a little."

But when she put out her fat, purple tongue he thrust his dirk through it, so that she could not draw it back again. Then he emptied the box on her head. No sooner was this done than she shrivelled away into a heap of old rags, and when he lifted them, there was his own child, plump and pink, and kicking its little legs like a young pig. When he told the people of all that had happened, they were glad, and everyone settled down again around the fire to wait for Malcolm Broken Nose to die.

At about the hour of midnight, they heard the wailing of a banshee, and then they knew that death was near.

But the wail was far away over on the other side of Ben Vacharn, and Malcolm lived on through the next day.

On the following night, the banshee began to wail again, far away at first, but slowly coming nearer until it was just outside the door. The sound was very weird and sad, and so loud that it seemed to make the whole house quiver. Every man took out his bottle and drank, and they gave a little to Malcolm, who swallowed it without moving aught but his Adam's apple, that gurgled slowly from one end of his neck to the other. When they had finished drinking, one of the men put his head out of the door and told the banshee to go away, because Malcolm of the Broken Nose had had a good drink and would not die that night. He said that the banshee was sitting on a stone by the door, wrapped from head to foot in an old plaid, so that all that he could see of her was a long black nose as big as his foot. But the banshee did not go away.

After a while, there was heard another strange sound, coming nearer and nearer; this was like the snarling of an angry dog, but much louder. When it arrived outside the bothy, it was roaring most terribly, and this, with the wailing of the banshee, made a fearful din. The fire burned green and low, and old Malcolm's eyes shone like green coals from his gray face on the bed. Every man took out his bottle and drank. Bye and bye, one of the men opened the door a crack and peeped out. There he saw the banshee and the wraith of the old witch-carlin staring hell fury at one another, and sidling around in a circle, face to face, so that the bristly nose of one rubbed upon the snout of the other; and the one was growling like hoarse thunder and the other wailing like the North Wind in the chimney. Then it was clear that Malcolm's wife would fight with the banshee to have his soul when he died. They gave a little whiskey to the baby and to Malcolm, and every man took another drink.

It was not long before the witch and the banshee began to fight, gnashing their teeth and hurling great stones at one another, so that the bothy shook like a boat in a storm and foul vapors crept in through the cracks of the door. Such a mad fiery-farry did they make, all night long, crashing and thundering, shrieking and wailing, hurling missiles and spitting fire this way and that, over the bothy, that there was not a man within but had the fear of death upon him.

When the sun rose, the two flew away over the mountain, and Malcolm Broken Nose lived on through the day. On the next night they were at it again, worse than ever, and many strange and wonderful things are told of what happened, and of how the hag at last had the better of the fight, and tore the poor banshee to shreds, and came screeching into the bothy through the chimney, and carried Malcolm away by the ears, and he not yet dead. But you must seek elsewhere for knowledge of this, because I, for one, went home on the day after the battle had started.

C. C. Sellers.

Fragment

The hush of whispers and the swish of grey
Grew fainter, while the softly-muffled tread
Of nuns, and click of rosaries well-read
Were fading dimly with the dying day.
O'er-hung with scented silence, now, the grim
Carved devils of the chapel held their sway,
And leered with laughing lips across the rim
Of light which honoured the immortal dead.

Robert Barry.

Après-Midi

THE terrible restlessness was upon her. Quivering in the flat heat like a dying fish, she lay in her loose silk on the daybed. There was no sound in the whole hotel, and she quailed in the knowledge that on the beach young men and girls were having loud enjoyments. *She* was no longer young. *She* was dying, piece-meal, *dying*. . .

But what was there to explain this terrible restlessness? Surely it did not fit in with the rest of it. It wasn't the heat, that she had experienced often enough before. There she lay weakly, twitching spasmodically, now in her legs, now in the back. Tingling all over, she was, frighteningly.

She rose and walked around the room, along the wall, seven times, then lay down again, exhausted. Still this twitching, all the more imperious.

She decided to go outside. There she would find movement, at least, and sound. She powdered and roughed heavily, pinned wisps of colorless hair aside and down, stepped into two pink slippers, then walked out, down the wide uncarpeted stairway, *en robe de parade*.

There was no one on the veranda. So she sat down in a low chair and closed her eyes.

A small fluffy dog waddled up to her. The *dar*-ling! Teeny-weeny! It began sniffling at her feet, her legs, all about. She gave it a sharp kick and it waddled off again unemotionally. She felt desperate.

"O these dogs," she said. And then again, "O these filthy beasts."

There were sounds coming up from the beach: so she rose and walked a small distance toward the water. Fat women were there, and a few fat men, and many sturdy disagreeable infants, and some anemic disagree-

able ones. *They* shall inherit the earth. Like Mrs. Partington, she could not bear children. Insupportable disproportionate things.

She saw a girl running after a tall slender man. He had her bathing cap: silly, *she* could never catch him, and he knew it; and *she* knew it. Silly, silly, silly. *They* shall inherit the earth.

O how exquisitely, excessively bored! And then she thought of the twitching again, and wanted to run and throw herself in the water. She thought of her little body being washed about and soaked through, like a wisp of absorbent cotton. How delicate, how fragile, how helpless she was!

She screwed up her face and walked back to the hotel. She knew what she would do: like an ecstatic flash it had come on her. *She* knew. . .

There was no one in the south drawing-room. She had known there wouldn't be. Except the canary, of course. What remained to be done was to fetch the cat.

Where was the animal? Finally it was discovered further down the corridor, wandering disconsolately. Here kitty, kitty, *kitty! Nice* kitty. And she carried it into the drawing-room and closed both doors.

She was excited with the idea of crime. Noiselessly she opened the door of the cage and pulled out the canary. That had been easy, the bird had simply crouched down in one corner and she had it. She felt its heart beat within her hand. Warm, warm. Suddenly she made a slight change in her plans. Impulsively she caught the little thing's head in the fingers of her right hand and twisted it round three times, and pulled. Oo-o-o. . . Feathers, feathers! She dropped the whole business on the floor, shoved a chair up with its back under the cage, and called kitty. Then fled.

Up in her room she felt calmer. She found the twitch-

ing had left. She looked at herself in the mirror for a space, then drew off her slippers and lay down.

What an exquisitely, excessively bored lady she was, what an exquis. . .

And she slept magnificently till supper time.

Eric Hirth.

At the Crossing of Three Ways

It is those thin inconsequential things
That hang so subtlely from thee, of which thou
Must certainly be unaware, that now
So beat this copper that is my heart;
there clings
Most fragilely, surely to thy fingertips
A small dear tininess that rimes; and this
It is I fear for—
(not thy dew-pale kiss,
Not that swift fragrance swimming on thy lips.)

Then canst thou understand . . why I should ere
See thee score heavily against thy most
Authentic sense, or putrify thy fair
White name, than find these tenderest half-tones lost,—
One flower-white cloud-wisp forged, one grain of sand. . . . . .
And still, I may not let thee understand.

Frederic Prokosch.

Reviews

SIX NOVELS

NOT so long ago there was a war. Perhaps you have forgotten; so many people have. And now in the Spring of 1926 two novelists see fit to prod our reminiscence with two unsparing novels. The first I consider the greatest of many Springs, the second, not quite so good but noteworthy enough in these days of Glyn and Cathcart. *Rough Justice*, the first, treats of England—an interlude of idyllic scenes played by idyllic characters. Auberon, the hero, is just a nice boy—sometimes stupid, sometimes priggish, but still a nice boy. His hero should not have been his hero. For Victor as seen by Mr. Montague is merely the result of an educational system ironed out in the school of snobbery. Upton Sinclair would throttle Victor. Then Auberon gives up his lady love who will no doubt, be your lady love too. Victor takes her as he has taken toast and tea so often on a British afternoon. Then the war. The real, sickening smash of a war. And all this among the best of quiet prose styles shot through with poetic glimpses and an uncanny insight. More I must not tell. For if you care for books you will read *Rough Justice* and want it all to yourself.

Mr. Faulkner's fantastic treatment comes off better than one might expect. Sherwood Anderson, James Joyce, and Dos Passos mix their batter for you here. The result would be chaos had not Mr. Faulkner, the author, a great talent of his own. He does not bow to the masters. He merely uses what he can of them, and touches up the whole with himself. *Soldier's Pay* is the title. The plot deals with a returned soldier who has

left his soul back with stinking corpses and French harlots. He falls into the hands of a bunch of good eggs. Their frantic efforts to arrange his smothered life make up the story. And what a story! Mr. Faulkner has been frank, but he has had a purpose. This is *it*, he tells you, take it or leave, but don't blame me. This is the war, the war and America who is intolerant of others because no one has so far dared to be intolerant of it. Read *Soldier's Pay*. If this novel shocks you, you needed the shocks.

Spring Running by F. W. Bronson is another adolescent effort. *Cover Charge* by Cornell Woolrich is worse. Not worth the bother, either of 'em.

Perhaps you like Aldous Huxley, Norman Douglas and the other bad boys who have stuck out their tongues at us. If you don't, read Thornton Wilder's *Cabala* anyway. He has not merely exposed people, he has dissected them. Further than that he has humanized certain ones whom you would ordinarily refuse to believe.

The Cabala is a Roman clique devoted to the promotion of a bigger and better aristocratic principle. The people are cardinals, princes and princesses, American tourists and Thornton Wilder. Please read *Cabala* if only to watch the sophisticates growing up.

And now the first Historical novel I have ever enjoyed, *The 9th Thermidor*, translated from the Russian of Mr. Aldanov. Who doesn't want to hear more about Catherine II? No one, ladies and gentlemen, no one. The importance of mentioning the Russian Messalina being that, for the first time, we really see Catharine as she was, and that, for all times, we shall never confuse her with Iris March more. The style is even better than the story. Read Mr. Aldanov if only to see the Historical Romance sweeties growing up. The French fuss of 1789 is the main cry. But I remember Catharine.

R. K. G.

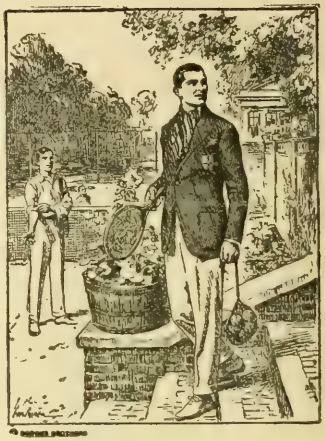
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVI HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1926 NO. 2

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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"Fragneau still sat before the telescope. . ."

The Shadow of the Goat.

The Shadow of the Goat

A Warning to the Curious

For the impossible events in this story there is a logical and very simple solution. Should you care to attempt unraveling it in accordance with the HAVERFORDIAN'S *rules, published in the* HAVERFORD NEWS, *you will find that the key lies in plain sight. But beware of false leads! If you discover who killed Jules Fragneau you are far cleverer than most readers.*

IT WAS a thoughtful room, and tobacco smoke clung round the edges of the lamp. The two men who sat there were thoughtful, but that was not the only point of similarity between them. They had the same worried look of persons too much interested in other men's affairs. Sir John Landervorne had once come from that vague section of London known as Whitehall, and he had been possibly the only man in the city who might have given police orders to Scotland Yard. If M. Henri Bencolin was only one of France's eighty-six prefects of police, he was not the least important of them.

Fog had made London mediaeval again, a place of towers and footsteps and dim figures. It blurred the windows of the room in Fontain Court, the backwater of Fleet Street where the barristers sometimes walk in their ghostly wigs, swinging canes like swords. In the room the two men, sitting opposite each other with white shirt-fronts bulging exactly alike, smoked similar cigars—Bencolin with his black beard, Landervorne's

beard gray as the cigar-ash. It gave one a weird feeling: picture of a detective at thirty, then a picture of him at sixty. Their eyes were sombre.

"If you tell me your story," said Sir John, "you will have to tell it to Billy Garrick, because these are his rooms, and he will be in presently. But it will be safe; he was there last night, too."

Bencolin nodded. He spoke rather wearily.

"I know it, my friend. Of course, I did not telephone you officially—I am not connected officially with the matter. Well! Last night near Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, M. Jules Fragneau was murdered. That is why I wanted to see you."

"Then," said the Englishman, "I shall have to tell you a story which will not interest you, unless you believe in sorcery. Because, you see, the only man who might have killed Fragneau walked through a pair of locked shutters at ten o'clock last night."

"The report is true, then. Oh, the devil!" Bencolin fretted.

"The report is fantastic, and true. I saw Cyril Merton go into a room that had only one door, which was bolted and which I was watching. The room had only one window, barred, with locked shutters. There was no fireplace, nor was there any secret means of egress; the walls were stone. Exactly that. It was a stone box. But I tell you Merton went into the place—and vanished. Lord Brandon and Garrick, who were with me when we searched it both before and after the disappearance, will verify what I say. Afterwards an even stranger thing occurred. For surely Merton killed Fragneau, and then he very nearly committed another murder, at which time I saw him evaporate before my eyes. That, my dear sir, is witchcraft, and," he added thoughtfully, "I am a sane man. At least, I think I am a sane man."

M. Bencolin got up. Fog had crept in and mingled with the tobacco smoke; the Frenchman shivered. He looked small and shrunken, and very tired. With the cigar protruding ludicrously from his mouth, he began to wander about the room.

"My friend, I am beaten. Name of God!" he said fiercely, "I am beaten! I thought that I had enough impossible riddles in my case. But unless we can prove he made a phantom of himself a third time, and got into a locked house, a poor stupid fellow named Fulke will be indicted for murder. Of course these events are connected! Tell me the whole story, please."

Sir John sat back in his chair. His face was pinched with thought.

"Very well. There's a preface, you see, about Cyril Merton. Give Merton a wig and a sword, and he would be your seventeenth-century swashbuckler—but you must grant him a wig. For though he was tall, and rather strangely handsome with a thin luminous face in which you saw every emotion as through glass, the man's head was shaven. He had studied in Germany before he became an actor, and his ugly nature got him into duels with the sabre, which left scars on his head. The scars were so hideous that hair only made them worse. So he kept his head shaven, cris-crossed white. But the beauty of his face, with the short dark beard, kept him from being ridiculous.

"He was our greatest actor. If you saw him in any of the old romantic plays you know the mediaeval soul of the man. He could turn himself into any sort of character; that was his genius. The man's hobby was sorcery and the deadly arts, in pursuit of which he had a library stuffed with forgotten books—the works of Hermes the Egyptian, Lillius, Geber, James Stuart, Cotton Mather, all of them. He belonged in a day when they burned such men.

"That was why he bought the place. Bell House is on a tract of ground that was once a part of Sherwood Forest, about thirty miles from where Fragneau lived. Bell House! You can see the tower of the bell lifted over the trees, with a hill of silver birches white in the moonlight, and the wind moving them. It was built when William the Norman darkened England with a hurricane of swords, and there are clanking ghosts in its halls. That was a dirty, snarling age—church and the devil frightening the soul out of people, big men in armor, faces caked with blood, butchering in nameless filth—the very bogey-house of history. Why, the moat around Bell House is twenty feet deep.

"I have to tell you about a dinner Cyril Merton gave. There was the banquet-hall, with pointed windows of painted glass, and the candles shining on them; I remember the white shirt-fronts, the cigar-smoke, the flashing teeth when people laughed. One gets a series of impressions in a shadowy place like that. For example, I remember the picture of Billy Garrick with Madeline —maybe because Madeline is my daughter—on the staircase after dinner; on the staircase under the dark portraits, and the candles. They are both yellow-haired, handsome as old Saxons. It was an absurd gesture on his part, but the place for it: he kissed her hand.

"They are in love, and I have an especial interest in Garrick for that reason. I was worried about him that evening. Billy is a nephew of Jules Fragneau. Because the old man had been rather more than his father, and made him his heir, Fragneau's enemies were Billy's enemies. Which was the reason why Merton, who hated Fragneau almost to the point of idiocy, never got along with the lad. He had been forced to invite him because Billy was my guest, and I was too close a neighbor to be omitted. For the same

reason Billy had been forced to accept. All through the evening I felt uneasy.

"It all culminated in a foolish argument in the smoking-room. The men had assembled there by a big blazing fireplace, with stags' heads, and all that. Having just come away from Madeline, Billy was in an exultant, swaggering mood. He smoked cigarettes and laughed at Merton, who was holding forth on his hobby of mediaeval magic against Lord Brandon and Mr. Julian Arbor. He was standing against the mantelpiece, black beard, shaven head, using that smile with which he argues.

"'I was telling you,' said Merton, 'about the book of Gersault de Brilliers, published by Meroit, Paris, in 1697: 'Contes du Diable,' with a subhead: 'Avec L'Histoire de L'Homme Qui Savait S'Evanouir.' One of the accounts deals with a man who walked into a locked room and vanished utterly. De Brilliers put it down to sorcery, which is possible. But a perfectly practicable kind of sorcery.'

"Mr. Julian Arbor protested. Arbor is a strange sort of English gentleman; doesn't at all object to helping out people who are financially in a hole—at tremendous interest. Just a polished form of money lender. The man looks kindly, but he has a hard glaze on him like a tombstone. He protested gently: 'My dear fellow—'

" 'Bosh!' struck in Billy Garrick, 'bosh, Merton!'

"It was a typical gathering, with a mass of stuffy landed proprietors who always have the look of just having eaten too much. Bald and florid and oratorical as the elder Pitt. Lord Brandon is one of these.

" 'This, sir,' observed Lord Brandon, 'strikes me as being a great deal of foolishness.' He waddled to the fire, waving his hands.

" 'Nevertheless, it happened,' the actor replied; 'it can happen again.'

"Billy was just a bit drunk. He protested furiously:

" 'Look here, Merton, you're usually so aloof that nobody contradicts you. And this grand superiority complex of yours is making me tired!—If you can stand there and talk solemn stuff like that—'

" 'It can be done,' said Merton quietly. 'I can do it myself.'

"He was always one to play to an audience, and he enjoyed the consternation he created among that group of squires, smiling at his cigar.

" 'You mean, Merton, that you can walk into a locked room—a real locked room—and disappear?' asked Julian Arbor.

" 'Trap doors!' snapped Billy instantly.

" 'There are no trap-doors. I say that I can go into a stone room here at the castle, have you lock doors and windows, and I can vanish. Just that.'

" 'Bosh!' repeated Billy.

" 'See here,' said Merton, 'if you want my opinion, even a host's opinion, your talk is damned impertinence.'

" 'And if you want mine,' said Billy, 'yours is damned nonsense.'

"Merton was furious; the glass face lit like fire.

" 'We'll drop your gutter behavior for the present; it can be argued later. Garrick, do you want to wager me a thousand pounds that I can't do what I say, eh?'

"Oh, I say!' cried Julian Arbor; 'don't be a fool!' He turned to Billy in alarm. 'Surely you won't—Merton, I refuse to allow—'

" 'What have you got to do with it?' demanded Billy, who was angry too. 'Keep out of this, sir! Merton, I shall be glad to see you make an ass of yourself. I accept your wager.'

" 'If Mr. Merton will allow me, I accept it too,' Lord Brandon interposed.

"Merton laughed.

" 'Are there any other takers, gentlemen?' he said casually."

Sir John paused. Bencolin had sat down, and was staring at him. The Englishman lighted another cigar before he resumed:

"Well, the thing was fantastic, but it was done. Only Mr. Julian Arbor would not remain to see the wager carried out. He said he had to catch a night train for London, departing with somewhat jarring abruptness—"

"For *London?*" demanded Bencolin. "London? Pardon me; go on."

The words had been rather like a yelp. Sir John smiled.

"I was surprised, I must confess, but there were other matters on my mind. Merton was carrying off the affair with theatrical grace. We had to tell the ladies, who suspected some sort of joke, but insisted on following us. And yet the big halls, the weird unnaturalness of the place, got their nerves on edge; Madeline enjoyed it. The others began a shrill rush of talk which gradually slowed and stopped like a run-down gramophone. Anything was better than the unnatural sound of those voices.

"Merton took us upstairs. We were a solemn company, parading the halls with candles. That castle was too big for us, and the moon was too far—it followed us along every hall, peering through the windows. Once Merton paused by a window, the silhouette of him with the moon behind his head; his face jumped suddenly out of the dark as he lighted a cigarette by the candle-flame, and then it vanished. The silhouette contorted as though the man were dancing.

"He led us to an immense room, quite bare, so that you could see only the aimless candles moving under people's faces. At its far end was a door, which Merton threw

open. It communicated with a flight of steps, walled with stone and having at the top another door. On the threshold Merton paused with a kind of bluish glow behind him.

" 'This,' he said, 'is the room itself. I should prefer that the ladies did not enter. Come along, Lord Brandon, Sir John, Garrick too—examine it. I shall go in here. You will bolt the door at the bottom of the steps on the outside, and watch it. First go over this staircase to be sure there is no other exit.'

"Somebody laughed a bit nervously. Merton finished his cigarette while we moved around the flight of steps. Then——"

"Wait!" Bencolin interrupted. "Please don't describe it; don't describe the room. I am going to see it, and I want to form my own impressions. It might lead me astray if I heard too many details. But one thing: was there a wash-stand in the place?"

Sir John's heavy eyes flashed open.

"Yes! Why do you ask? That wash-stand was a curious thing to see there——"

"Go on, my friend."

"We will say, then, that the room was large and odd. Garrick, Lord Brandon, and I went over every foot of it; intact! A window in a big stone embrasure was firmly barred. We closed and locked the shutters. Then we pronounced ourselves satisfied, Lord Brandon red and puzzled. As we were going out Merton stopped us. He stood by the table in the light of a lamp of blue glass, but only his absolutely pallid hand protruded from the shadow toying with a little ebony figure of—a goat. Garrick, as tall and threatening as he, said: 'Anything more?'

" 'Lord Brandon,' Merton answered, ignoring him, 'I am doing a dangerous thing. If I make a mistake, if you have any cause to think that such is the case,

at the end of fifteen minutes come up here instantly! You promise me that?'

"Brandon promised——"

"One moment," said the Frenchman; "did you look in all the table drawers?"

"My dear fellow," Sir John returned petulantly, "a man can't hide in a table drawer, or escape through it?"

"Of course not. Well?"

"The last thing I remember was Merton standing by the table, playing with the tiny goat's figure. It was as though he were deliberately trying to call our attention to that image."

"He was. He may have been trying to give you a clue."

"Oh, come! What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know; it merely struck me as curious. You went downstairs?"

"We went downstairs, yes. I bolted the lower door on the outside. Then it began. We found that we had left all but two of the candles in Merton's room. There we were, a blundering, half-frightened crowd in a gulf of a place, candles tossing. Nervous laughter, figures moving about us. I had one of the lights, and kept it on my watch. Fifteen minutes—dragging. And women talking, and talking. But I never lost sight of the door, nor did Lord Brandon, who was standing in front of it. Somewhere in the house I thought I heard hurrying footsteps, and once the sound of water running. Finally there occurred the thing that broke our nerves like somebody jumping on you in the dark.

"It was an explosion, the terrific noise a pistol makes when it is fired indoors. Brandon and his following would have rushed the door even had not somebody shouted 'Time's up!' The cry ripped into a screech of the bolt and a rush of feet up the stairs, but I remained in the background to make sure nobody slipped past

those who entered. Nobody did! I went up slowly, examining the stairs, and joined the group at the door when I was certain of it——"

Suddenly Sir John crashed his fist down on the chair-arm.

"Merton was gone! No one left the top door; the others stood guard while Brandon, Garrick, and I searched the whole apartment. We were in a kind of frenzy. Shutters fastened, bars untouched; as a matter of fact, there was dust on the bars. No Merton, no hidden door. Some sort of weapon had been fired there, for a faint tang of powder was in the air, but we found no weapon. The blue glass lamp burned dully, fixing our eyes like a crucible, and a bit of smoke hovered over it like waving hands . . . But, in spite of it all, I know that before we came nobody had either entered or left that door!"

And, as later events proved, Sir John spoke the absolute truth.

II

Lamplight had made the thickening smoke in the room a yellow haze. Both Bencolin and Sir John Landervorne looked weirdly unnatural. Bencolin said:

"That statement, my friend, would be ridiculed in a court of law. We can prove nothing on the man now—don't you see? Under the circumstances of Fragneau's death, either the man Fulke or myself, the only other occupants of his house, must have killed him. Fragneau was stabbed about twelve o'clock last night. Merton disappeared at ten, easily in time for him to have gone thirty miles by motor. There is nothing more inconspicuous than the driver of an automobile at night. Now, then, at twelve-fifteen, or thereabouts, I telephoned you at your home, because I knew that you lived close to Merton. It was no burglar's work, because nothing

had been stolen at Fragneau's home; the only person who might have killed Fragneau was Merton, and I wanted to check up on his whereabouts instantly. There would be no possibility of his servants lying as to his movements if I communicated with *you*. Your butler told me that you were at Merton's, and had not returned. I left a message for you to call——"

"At twelve-fifteen," interrupted the Englishman, "Madeline, Garrick, and I were returning to my home. In that interval Merton had not appeared. The question being: if he were perpetrating a joke, why did he not return? We waited two hours before we reassured the servants and left. But in the vicinity of one-thirty, Merton *did* come back. We will connect that up with the story later. Tell me about Fragneau."

"The very devilish simplicity of it, my friend, is that I have no story. You know Fragneau. His hobby was astronomy; I will not say astrology, because it was there that the Merton-Fragneau feud began. Every time I have visited his house he has shown me some new device to keep out burglars. He had a big glass dome of an observatory on the roof, an open place, so that in this fanatical fear of intruders there was an iron fence, ten feet high and electrically charged, around the entire roof. The house being small, every window had its own protective fastening. On each of the two doors was a lock for which no duplicate key could be made! Imagine it—the place was a fortress. Fulke, a big, awkward, red-haired fellow, was his new servant. I remember his wooden face at the door when I arrived, hair tilted over its side like a vivid wig—and the white-lit dome uncanny up against the night sky, with Fragneau's shadow flickering over it.

"Facts—these. At eleven o'clock Fragneau went over the place, adjusted all his devices, locked his doors.

We had been talking, but he insisted on working in his laboratory as a nightly ritual. I was not interested, and went to my room to read. It overlooked the front stairs. At twelve I grew tired of reading, at which time I started for the observatory to bring him down for a final cigar——

"Fragneau sat before the telescope with a stupid grin on his face. His chest was heavy with blood where he had been stabbed with a bone-handled knife a very few minutes before. The glare of light, the white-pointed face like a goat's, the yellow shaft protruding from his chest, all calm as sleep."

"I summoned Fulke; the house was searched, the doors and windows found locked. Neither of us had heard an intruder. We calmly went about questioning each other; then I put in two telephone messages, to you and to the local police. That is all, except for one point. At twelve-thirty a man rang the door-bell, and asked to see Fragneau— Once," added the Frenchman abruptly, "when I learned that Fulke was a new servant, I conceived a theory as to the assassination. Now it is all dark, considering what you say, unless—" he paused, and smiled.

"Unless what?"

"Unless, in a manner of speaking, Cyril Merton washed himself down the drain. To give you more than an indication——"

"Bencolin," demanded the Englishman, "are you insane? Great God!"

"Wait! Please wait!—You would be insulted if I continued. My friend, I think the motive in this affair is money. Do you know who rang the doorbell half an hour after the murder? It was Mr. Julian Arbor."

III

A gust of colder air blew in from the foggy corridor as the door opened. Bencolin was still straining forward, elbow on the table, the fingers of his hand crooked toward Sir John. And as a third figure, lean and tall in its great-coat, came toward them, they had the appearance of people in a storm. The newcomer took off his hat, displaying eyes of a rather brilliant vivid blue in a face glistening like wax. The eyes struck Bencolin with the suddenness of rifle-shots; they had a wretched, terrible appeal.

"Hello, Sir John," he said hoarsely, croaking with a cold; "this the M. Bencolin you came to see? My name's Garrick, sir. Well, every dragnet in England is out for that damned murdering—Start a fire, will you?"

He sat down, shivering, and threw off his coat. His arm was in a sling.

"I—I just left Madeline. She was crying——"

There was an odd strained silence. Then Sir John got up blunderingly and began to heap wood in the fireplace.

"He didn't suffer," said Bencolin; "I mean——"

"I am glad to hear it," replied the young man. They did not see his face.

"My friend," the Frenchman began, "God willing, we will find Merton."

He paused, but the words had something like the ring of an oath. Then he looked at Garrick's arm. "The second victim! When did he attack?"

"It was about one-thirty. Sir, the thing is too incredible! Are you sure Merton is a *man?*"

"Steady!" warned Sir John.

"Well—I had gone to bed. It was bright moonlight in the room, hard and clear as glass. I was fuming about

Merton, just drifting to sleep when I heard someone cry out."

Sir John paused with a lighted match in his hand.

"I was at one window across the quadrangle," he interposed. "My room. I could not sleep. Then I saw a shadow move. The moon shone on a head that was perfectly white. Something began climbing the ivy toward a window on the second floor, and when I realized whose window I knew who that person was. I could not help screaming to warn Garrick——"

"It saved my life," the other said calmly. "When I sat up in bed a silhouette reared up over the window-sill, but I saw the white head. And then," he rushed on, "it came at a kind of bound, like a goat. The light from the open window was blocked as it got me; I felt the tangle of the bed clothes, the rip into my arm of a pain, blinding and sickish like ether. My arm began to grow hot, but I fought him. Somehow he tore away —Sir John, are you *sure* nobody left by the door?"

"I would swear to it. Listen, Bencolin, for your final riddle. After I cried out I ran out of my room. In the central hallway I met Dorset, the butler who took your message. I didn't explain, but I told him to hurry outside and stop anybody who came out by a window. Don't you see?—if we were in time, we had Merton trapped! Doors were banging open in the house, lights flashing on. When I reached Garrick's door the lights in the corridor were blazing. Behind the door was the furious wheezing and thudding of a fight; a chair clattered over; somebody began to run. The door was bolted, but it was flimsy wood. I battered it until the bolt ripped out. Billy almost ran into me—and before him there was a shadow. I switched on the lights, standing in the door, and for one instant the picture was hideous and sharp and motionless as wax-works. Billy, full white on the square of gray moonlight with a sheet

trailing him, his arm running red as though it were alive. The intruder was gone! We hunted the room over, after which I called to Dorset. He answered that nobody had left by the window."

"He was going for the door!" Garrick cried excitedly; "then you opened it in my face. And yet I touched him a moment before!"

Bencolin sat with his head between his hands; Sir John was standing by the fireplace without moving, and held the charred curl of a match. Fog had seeped into the room until the lamplight was all but obscured.

IV

Bencolin had not slept for twenty-four hours. If the man who had listened to the amazing recitals of Sir John Landervorne and Billy Garrick the night before had been neat, correct as a picture, then it was somewhat of an apparition which went stamping about Bell House the next day. Unshaven, with a battered hat stuck on his head like a helmet, the man resembled a conception of an early Goth. He had been seen early in the morning standing against a red tattered sky among the mists at the edge of the moat, and he was poking in the water with a walking-stick.

Anonymous.

(*There is the problem. Can you solve it before the solution is printed next month?*)



Nocturne

O think not I love thee less, dear,
When the sun is riding high;
But know that I love thee more, dear,
As night is drawing nigh.
For it's when the stars are burning
That love stirs deeper yearning
And the heart must breathe its sigh.

So I'll come to thee ere dawning,
Ere the day has shown his crest,
When all things hear the morning
In the hush that fills the west.
For it's when the stars are burning
With fire so slowly turning,
O it's then I love thee best.

Bramwell Linn.

I Shall Lie Quietly

It may be so, that these high-towering things,
These ageless pines, these hills of indigo,
These white-topped walls of sea . . . it may be so
That these are more than the small whisperings
Of this still garden where the ivy sings
In a thin voice beneath a wind; and where
Each spring the hawthorn spills into the air
Its tiny fragrance on white dew-wet wings.

But while the wind will hurry restlessly
Over these hills beneath a wintry sky,
Through these stark trees, I think that I shall lie
In a small churchyard dreaming quietly
Of orchards gleaming in a soft new rain,
Or larkspur lining a New England lane.

I. L. Hibberd.

The Man Who Ruled Events

POSITIVE convictions, a gift of oratory, and audacity are the qualities which have placed Mussolini at the head of the Italian government and given him an indefinite lease of power. A statesman will sometimes employ the methods of the political demagogue or even the revolutionist to accomplish his ends. Our own Roosevelt and Mussolini have repeatedly done this. Roosevelt would often let the end wished for justify the means adopted to obtain it; Mussolini, however, has gone much further than Roosevelt would ever have wished to go, and resorted to armed force to obtain power and retain it. But the aims of both these leaders have been high and their motives patriotic; the welfare of their country has been the object they have invoked and fought for.

The formation of the Fascist party in Italy and the rise to power of its founder were the direct results of the general social and moral demoralization caused by the war. In the years 1919 to 1923 respect of authority among the masses had reached an extremely low ebb, as had the power of the government and the ruling classes to enforce their decrees. Communism had increased enormously among the working classes. Bolshevists, sent over from Moscow for that purpose, were very active in spreading their doctrines among the workingmen of Italy, and the danger of a Bolshevistic revolution was a perilously real one.

An active agitation was carried on against all forms of government control, against the crown, the army, the church, the police, and the whole structure of society. The government was cowed, and took no effective means to oppose the movement toward Communism;

society seemed in danger of disintegration. Soldiers and civil guards were frequently attacked with a result sometimes fatal, and army officers were on some occasions forced to appear in public wearing civilian clothes to avoid being assaulted. The government, then, was so completely intimidated that soldiers were ordered not to resist assault, and as a consequence brave men who had fought in the trenches were often compelled to submit to the vilest indignities in public places—to be spat upon, to have their medals torn off and their weapons taken away from them.

The Communist clubs throughout northern Italy controlled the country for about two years. Workingmen were everywhere forcibly enrolled in these organizations, and those who hesitated or refused to join were often beaten or murdered. Their families were attacked, and their homes plundered or burned. It was a reign of terror which had the definite purpose of discrediting the government, which was powerless to prevent such outrages; of changing the existing order and establishing a Communistic control in towns and villages as well as the industries and public utilities. The workingmen attempted to run the factories, the railroads, the trolleys, and the telegraph, at which they enforced their authority by means of strikes. As a result strikes were a constant occurrence in every industry; prices rose to unheard-of heights and production was much reduced. The public utilities were in a high degree inefficient—corrupt, and operated with immense deficits. Even the peasants were infected with the prevailing contagion, and, being told by the Communist leaders that the land they cultivated ought to belong to them, they would seize estates and work them in common. Cooperative societies were everywhere organized in an effort to till the soil, gather the harvests, and run the factories.

It was Mussolini who rescued Italy from a Com-

munistic tyranny which was destroying the country, and which seemed likely to spread over the whole of western and central Europe. In March, 1919, four months after the signing of the armistice, he called a band of 75 young men together in his newspaper office at Milan, organizing there the *Fascio Nazionale dei Combattenti,* a society whose purpose was to oppose the Communists and defeat their ends. The founders of the order were almost all war veterans and members of the *Arditi* or Italian storm troops—fearless men who were ready to undertake any risk or lead any forlorn hope. The symbol they adopted was the *Fasces,* the emblem of authority carried by the lictors of ancient Rome—a bundle of rods with which criminals were wont to be scourged, bound together and enclosing the executioner's axe. Their uniform, the black shirt, the black fez-like cap and military breeches, was adopted from the *Fiamme Nere* or black flame squadron of the Arditi, and their marching air was the Arditi youth song, the *Giovinezza.* For a salute they had adopted that of the ancient Romans—outstretched arm with the extended hand on a level with the eyes. These young men realized full well that they were volunteering for a desperate service, in which blows were to be given and received, and no quarter could be expected; every man carried a revolver and a loaded cane.

The growth of the society was at first slow, and by the end of the first year it numbered only about a thousand members, most of whom were in Milan. These were organized into small and easily handled groups, the *manipoli* or bandsfull, composed of twenty or thirty men each under a chief—bands which could quickly be called together at a given place on special signals. The society adopted the stern discipline of the Arditi, and demanded the unquestioning obedience of its members. Its motto being, "No discussion, only

obedience," the Fascisti soldier had no right save the right of performing his duty.

After the first year the members of the Fascisti increased rapidly throughout the country, and local bodies were everywhere formed. A regular military organization was also adopted, so that the Fascisti soon possessed a veritable army, fully equipped, and enthusiastically —even fanatically—devoted to its leader.

The great increase in its numbers has been due to the appeal which the principle and objects of the society have made to the young men of Italy. Its remarkable growth was, in fact, an expression of the general youth movement which had been one of the outstanding developments of the post-war period in Europe. Notwithstanding the violence of the methods often employed in the first part of its history, the objects of Fascism were purely patriotic and unselfish; its service was in a high degree dangerous, its discipline as severe as the standards of morality demanded of its adherents. These features attracted generous and high-minded youths from all the better classes of society, who flocked jubilantly to its standard.

The early history of Fascism was the story of a fight between a David and a Goliath. Communism was the giant evil which puny Fascism fiercely attacked and fought wherever an opportunity offered. The ruthless methods of the giant were copied and improved by the dwarf. Street fights were of constant occurrence, in which thousands of men died. Communist clubs were burned to the ground; their leaders were often killed, and their homes burned also. The small Fascist groups did not count the numbers of their enemies, but a dozen would sometimes attack fifty. The Communists, of course, would retaliate in kind; they would kill, burn, and many times torture. During two years northern and central Italy became an inferno.

It was in 1921 that the Fascisti began to elect enough members to the parliament in Rome to become a factor in the political life of the country. The government still continued weak and powerless to check the disorders which were disrupting Italy, but the Fascisti had increased in strength both as a political party and a military organization. In increasing measure the Communists and Socialists were feeling the weight of that influence. When it finally became apparent that both Communists and Fascisti could not survive, the former party resolved on a general strike as a last desperate effort to crush their enemies.

The general strike was declared, and went into effect in the summer of 1922, but instead of ruining the Facisti it gave Mussolini the chance he had sought to launch his final master-stroke. He announced publicly that he would give the government 48 hours to suppress the strike, and, if it were not suppressed then, the Fascisti would themselves break it up. The government was, as usual, powerless, and Mussolini sent out an order for a general mobilization of the Fascist army in the neighborhood of Rome. By the end of October the imperial city was surrounded by an organized and disciplined army of 120,000 Black-Shirts, prepared to fight if necessary. Still the government refused to yield! It surrounded the city, in turn, with defensive works, and drew up an edict establishing martial law. It was the king who finally saw the light, for, in order to prevent the rushing disaster of civil war, he refused to sign the edict, compelled the ruling class to resign, and invited Mussolini to form a Fascist government. This was the Fascist revolution which placed Mussolini in power and gave his party the control of Italy which it has since maintained.

The Fascist régime has proved a blessing to Italy. Strikes have ceased; order and discipline have been restored to the public service; the martial budget is balanced; life and property are safe; the country is

prosperous, and its government is respected alike at home and abroad.

Benito Mussolini, the man who has accomplished this beneficent result, was the son of a blacksmith—born in the village of Podappio in northern Italy about 42 years ago. His remarkable qualities of leadership early attracted attention and, while still a very young man, he ran for parliament on the Socialist ticket. He was defeated and, having been involved in election riots, was obliged to leave the country. For several years he lived in Switzerland and in France. During this time he took up the life of a student and also worked for the Socialist party. Finally amnested by the Italian government, he returned to his country, where he became the editor of a Socialist paper as well as a leader of the Socialist party.

The outbreak of the war in 1914 found the Socialists opposed to the entrance of Italy into it. Mussolini, however, declared that Italy must join the allies, and he was consequently cast out of the party with the utmost scorn and contumely. Having thus broken with all his political associates, he went to Milan in November, 1914, and started a newspaper of his own, the *Popolo d'Italia*, in which he held the government up to ridicule for its weak-kneed neutral policy, and provoked immediate participation in the war. *"It is necessary to act, fight, and perhaps to die. Neutrals have never dominated events; they must always submit to them!"*

When Italy finally joined the allies in the spring of 1915, Mussolini at once volunteered and fought in the ranks for two years, until invalided out of the army because of wounds. He then returned to Milan and resumed the editorship of his newspaper.

Communism began to show itself in northern Italy and the Italian army about the time of the Russian revolution in the spring of 1917. The success of that

movement turned the attention of the Italian Socialists toward revolution and the establishment of governing powers on the Communistic principle. The defeat of the Italian army at Capretto was probably due to the active propaganda carried on by disloyal Socialist agents in the army against the government. And even at the end of the war, when the army returned victorious, the influence of the Socialists was sufficient to check public rejoicing and prevent the triumphal march through Rome which the government had planned.

The period immediately following the armistice thus found the stage set in Italy for the active propaganda for the Communistic principles of the Russian variety, and if Mussolini in the spring of 1919 had not organized the Black-Shirt Crusade, it is quite possible that Italy and perhaps France would be Bolshevik republics at the present moment.

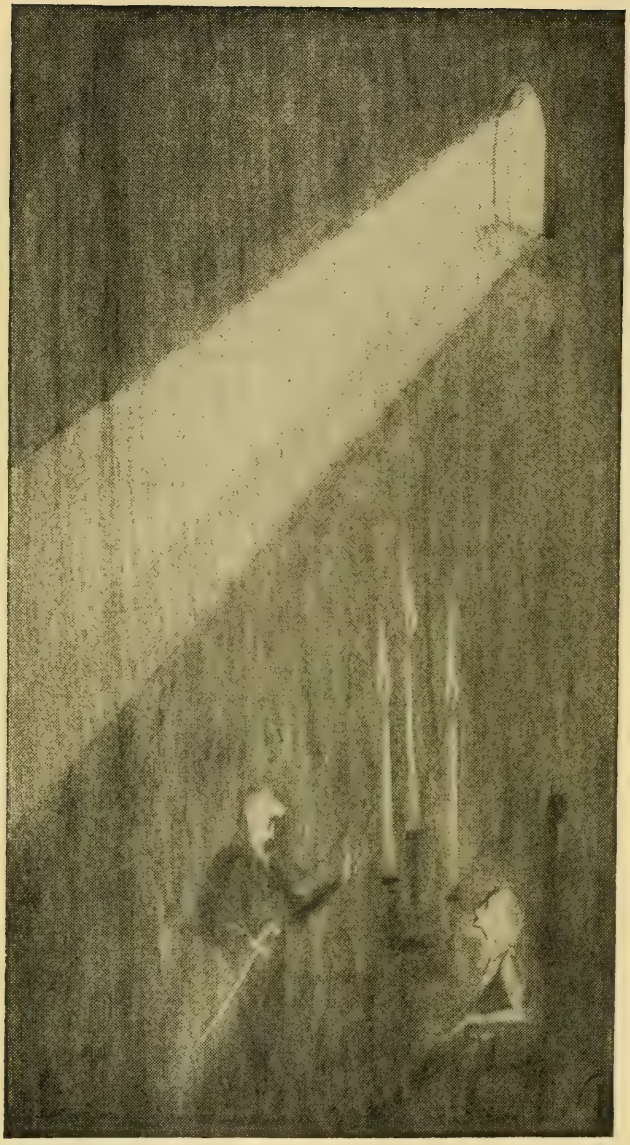
H. S. Pratt.

Barcarolle

Once in the garden of sunset
A white-brushed blossom blows
And its petals die in the western sky
Like the breath of a withered rose.

But there, in the garden of dreamland,
The poppies are centuries deep,
And the elfmen nod on the drowsy sod
That is hard by the river of sleep.

Robert Barry.



"In the carven chair she was hard and lovely."
The Blue Garden.

The Blue Garden

ROME! In that name the trumpets blare, in that name a million ghosts rise from their graves. For in the year of grace 1492 Rome had not yet crouched down among her ruins, and wept beside the inscrutable Tiber. Lorenzo the Magnificent was dead with the curse of Savonarola upon him, dead and white under the seven tall candles. And now from the Porta del Popolo to the Coliseum the mob thronged, tossing red caps. It hung in black clusters from the windows, it moved in dense-packed streets as you may see a wind move over grain. Shouting and buffeting; jingle of the jester's bells and rattle of armour. . . . Now they roar! Now the clouds over Rome open with thunder and rain as good Cardinal Sforza announces from his balcony at the Vatican that Rodrigo Borgia, Archbishop of Valencia, has been chosen pope.

Behold the might of Rome. Rodrigo Borgia, gray and wolfish, has assumed the name of Alexander—a shrunken figure in his mail, but likely to be more powerful an Alexander than the Macedonian. A clever man, peering about him for enemies to be crushed. Everywhere the steel fighting-men ride to do homage; north and south and east and west they come sweeping in with uplifted lances and hurtling pennons. Now the trumpets volley, blast after blast! Ceaseless trampling of hoofs, ring of steel. . . . By night fireworks make a blaze of the city, green-clad mountebanks dance in the flare to horn and zither, and there is hand-clapping and rollicking song. Immortal Rome . . .

. . . But on the far hills, where the olive trees shine gray by the moon, lived the young Francesco. In his wild shepherd's way he was of almost unearthly beauty. For Francesco was not yet sixteen, and he was a lad of

dreams and tears, whom the thought of jewels and velvet had made mad. By day he would recite verses to the sheep—swinging verses of his own composition, and presently as his voice rang to a climax he would shout, "Bravo!" and fling his hat into the air. The pale cheeks would be flushed . . .

By night he would steal again to the hills from his home, where, up against a lonely slope and the stars, a girl would meet him. On that slope was a tree, an old tangled tree that was laden with white blossoms. Just that, among the winds and the stars. Seated on a carpet of fallen blossoms under the tree, Joanna waited for him. He was scarcely older than she, but her quiet, tender smile was the smile of a woman, and in her eyes was a dark mirror of God. Tonight she saw him approach, brooding. And Joanna said:

"You are fevered, Francesco."

He stood there looking upon the moon, so that presently she joined him, taking his hand.

"I have seen her, Joanna," he answered. "Last night I wandered upon her by a blue pool in which a white temple was reflected, very near to here. I have seen my goddess."

She was crying, just a little. But the deep steady eyes smiled on him.

"Then you must go to her, my Francesco. You must go, because you are a poet, and know those things in which I am stupid. It means that we must part; I have known it many days. But oh, heart of my heart," she cried, "you will not forget?"

Thus she spoke to the vain foolish boy, patting his cheek and trying to keep back the tears.

"I will remember you when I am a rich and famous poet, yes, Joanna . . ."

"You—you are kind, Francesco . . ."

He kissed her quietly, and then he went away, up

over the hill of the tree, whence he took with him a white rose. And when he had gone she stared out steadily, with her lips twitching. Finally she sank down under the tree—motionless, with her black hair against the white blossoms, and her black lashes against her white cheeks. But more petals drifted down . . .

* * *

Madonna Lucrezia Borgia, with her yellow hair and her half-shut eyes, would wander among the flowers in the blue garden.

The old gods had not yet fled from Rome. The popes might humble Zeus, but they could not find Pan. He was off in the woods, piping, and you might see his brown sly face peering from bushes. Ever as dusk came the groves whispered with ghosts, and the moon upon the stone walks made you think of those you had loved before they died. For the hills are lonely, but pressing up and crying to you are the dead. It is one thing that man may not express—the deep longing, the doubt and ache and wonder—and moving through it all black Dante, with his lantern-lit face and eyes of pain. . . . Dark mother Italy. . . .

Here was Madonna Lucrezia's villa, away from the acclamation in Rome when her father was elected pope. Here lay the blue garden, and between lines of cypresses was the pool which mirrored the Greek temple at its end, and through white columns of the temple shone the stars. This night Madonna Lucrezia stood by the pool, the yellow hair in braids over the white of her cloak. Affairs of state had not yet concerned her; she was young, with soft shining life. Her eyes were clearest blue.

Francesco the shepherd boy appeared from the cypresses. He moved toward her, and he knelt by the pool against the blue-lit temple.

"Oh, Madonna," he said breathlessly, "I am here, for that night we met you bade me return. That was when I first loved you, madonna mia. And yet I am but a peasant lad, though soon——"

They spoke in whispers, brokenly, and sometimes the vain boy laughed. While she murmured, she gave him a rose in the way of lovers, which seeks to preserve memory in tokens. She gave him a rose from the red cluster she wore at her girdle. It had grown beside the water. And she told him how love had come from the dim waters, an ancient tale of a blind man, but she said that until the waters were all dried away love could not die. To the sophistry of smiling, moving lips he bent, and the white rose that he had taken from the hill fell all tattered at his feet . . .

* * *

Now history spoke with a voice of bugles. Weeks passed, and the armies of Rome were never still. How the gallant, crafty-eyed Cesare Borgia, brother of Lucrezia, had battered into cities and left them afire—how the French king trembled for his Italian possessions, —how Cesare went striking straight at Naples—these are matters for the chronicler. Fire, sword, and poison, ever the din of cannon while the pope watched greedily. Men shut their ears as all the devils of Lucifer went hallooing across Europe. The rolling of drums had announced a new empire. There had come a cruel set to Lucrezia's mouth when she contemplated her power. She laughed more often, and she planned more often; with her father and brother, she ruled Rome.

All this time Madonna Lucrezia's young favorite had been taken over by tutors, who flattered his verses because Lucrezia ordered it. There were tailors to clothe him in black velvet, cut with ermine, and jaunty caps. Rome loved him; he was so haughty and hand-

some, with his spoiled mouth. They cheered as he rode through the streets among the spears, lifting his eyebrows to toss gold to beggars. From Nicolo Machiavelli he learned statecraft; there he would stand, murmuring with lowered eyelids to the falcon on his wrist, while the tutors smirked about him, or he would engage in splendid swordplay to shouts of applause. But none ever heard of his poems.

One evening a troop of horsemen came to Lucrezia's villa, jingling in armor, with Cesare Borgia riding at their head like a centaur. Under the torchlight he stood before the gates, with his narrow pale face pointed into a brown beard, and the half-shut, sardonic eyes like his sister's. Then he smiled in a way that kindled the eyes—the suspicious and cunning smile of his family. When the gates were opened he strode in to Lucrezia.

She sat in a white room that was lit with candles tall as pillars, a round chaplet of fire. Shadows fell flat below them. In the carven chair she was hard and lovely, the bare shoulders and the rippling bright hair and the smiling mouth. Ugly, that smile was reflected between them, like a mirror . . .

Presently they walked in the garden, where the guard's torches glimmered red among the cypress trees. He spoke to her of battles and plans. Then he kissed her roughly, heavily, so that she breathed fast. . . . A watcher might have shuddered. . . .

"And so," he went on, "so, my sister, it is necessary that you take a husband. When nations do not know how else to arrange a quarrel, they marry about it. Here am I returned, after hanging all manner of people, and find that such exercise is to be set at naught unless we can make some swinish Spaniard your husband.—Ah, mother of Christ, but you are beautiful!"

There was a silence.

"Then as to another matter," continued Cesare,

suddenly brutal, as though his head had whirled about like a figure of Janus and revealed another face; "this Francesco of yours must be done away with, you understand? Our Spanish friend does not approve, nor does our father——"

"Our father!"

"Well, then, nor do I!"

"You are bruising my wrist," she said sweetly. And then she laughed. "Why, he shall be done away with; not because it is your will, but because it is mine. These self-confessed poets—bah, Cesare! He is a vain pompous nobody; it will do me good to see him humbled. Look you: the boy has a quick tongue; we will make him our jester. He shall wear bells and motley. Will it not be amusing to see that face which prates of greatness draped in a green hood—bells and motley——"

They were very near a marble seat by the end of the pool. A person had been sitting there quietly, fumbling with a bush of white roses. Now it emerged from shadow.

"I have worn them long, madonna!" cried Francesco.

He came slowly out into the moonlight, and the pale face was torn with puzzled sick wrath. He stared at them, the mouth struggling in hate. Now there was no jauntiness in his cap; his fingers plucked at the rose.

"You baby!" said Cesare.

Lucrezia saw that the whole pretense had fallen away with abrupt and ghastly revelation; she did not attempt to restore it. Instead she began to bait him, as she had often longed to do. She leaned and smiled.

"Why, yes; bells—— and a bauble for a shepherd's crook. You ought to thank us, Francesco——"

He knew that he was being goaded, writhing like a fly on a pin with these faces and soft voices before him. The horrible fury of it mounted . . .

"But was not his father a swineherd——" began Cesare in a tone of surprise; then with a smash

Francesco had come out with the truth about Cesare's own parentage.

Lucrezia had no time to finish her sentence, "He is fit to lead sheep into a shambles!—" when a rush of cloaks darkened an instant on the moon. It merged into a scream. Francesco had flung up an arm as though in a gesture of farewell, after which sword and dagger were flashing in the moonlight. Francesco had drawn just as Cesare lunged.

A surge of halberds, a crackling of bushes! The soldiers were crowding in with uplifted torches, a glare that lit the whirling blades. And in the midst of it there was Cesare laughing, and Francesco fighting by the pool, head erect and the white rose in his teeth. . . .

"Stand back!" Cesare shouted, gurgling with laughter; "let no man move——"

It became a distorted thing—Francesco's staring eyes over the rose, and Cesare's giggling. They shifted and stamped—*ring*—*ring*—monotonously terrible. Over and under—snick! that thrust grazed the cheek! A shuddering sound as a dagger-arm fell on a shoulder. Hands growing red. *Clack*—*ring*——

Silence; the men in armor stood motionless, holding up their torches, and Lucrezia was watching calmly, with a faint smile . . . *Would it never cease?* Wilder and faster! . . . Cesare had stopped laughing, and breathed in great wheezing gasps, exposing his teeth. The dirty swineherd's son—humiliation before his soldiers—brace! The boy's sword is out of line now; he knows he's done for . . . why, he's a coward; his eyes are growing wide! . . . The double riposte—and then, flash! straight in with the rapier. *Now!* . . .

"Joanna!"

It was a single wild cry, when the rose dropped from Francesco's teeth. They heard him cursing them in an unearthly voice even as Cesare withdrew his blade;

struggling, Francesco tumbled backwards into the pool. His face was only a moment in sight.

Cesare stood leaning on his sword, staring at the red-lit agitated water. And upon it now floated only the white rose.

* * *

That was a long time ago. It is strange how fierce overpowering people seem so small—and inconsequential —when they are riddled through with cross-bow bolts, as Cesare was seventeen years afterwards. People began to smile at him then; was he not dead? tiny and helpless on a petty battlefield like a mean dog. With him the might of the Borgia name was apt to be forgotten in knowing looks and quirks. Already before him his father the pope had been poisoned by young Garcini della Trebbia, another of Lucrezia's lovers. And presently Lucrezia's beauty, which had driven men (inexplicably) to crime, was leaving her. She was Duchess of Ferrara now, honored and a bit pitied.

There she sat, nodding far into the sixteenth century. Why, the great man now was bluff Harry, king of England, a handsome young blade, and one who could never be old and perhaps gouty like Lucrezia. The world was full of tournaments. Silks and fine words, lighted barges on the Thames, roystering ballads and plumed hats. Why was it so dark in Italy?

Brave with painted cheeks and dyed hair, though shrunken of face, Lucrezia would haunt Rome. To all who would listen she told of her lovers, laughing roguishly. She was carried about the streets in her chair, that she might peer out and ogle ever so slightly. To her maids she confessed that she had conceived a new passion, the last love of her life, but the only one—the only one! She yearned for this new leader in Rome, whom men called Il Duce.

Once she had met him, at a banquet to which her name entitled her an invitation. All about him bustled

rumors of strife; they said that he schemed to be dictator. The papal party would oppose him, and, of course, the worn people would sigh and rise again to fight. . . . A tall, heavy man was Il Duce, with a powerful face, repulsively ugly because it was scarred half-blind with sword cuts like an old door. One eye perpetually blood-shot, a misshapen nose, and a mouth not quite true to line, all brown with battle. He used to bluster about in full armor, a gusty figure that flayed and cursed. And yet somehow he did not seem so imposing, except to Lucrezia. She dreamed of new power at his side.

Uneasiness crept about Rome that summer day. Faint like an echo came a stir of what the city had once known—the Genoese twanging their cross-bows and singing, big men gulping down wine in the saddle and then clattering away hell-for-leather to some unknown place, striped fools doing their contortions before a crowd. But the old thrill was not there. A broken, blind pope sat in the Vatican and tried to be brave though the English king had laughed at him. Sometime there were Caesars. This was unconvincing. . . .

Lucrezia did not understand; with the pulse-beat of war all about her, she felt tired, and the bracelets weighed her arms. Her thousand courtiers—were that many people in Rome itself? she pondered. With the coming of dusk she left the city, bidding her escort carry her into the hills lest Il Duce should march in and cause any half-hearted bloodshed. That was how she came to the blue garden.

The blue garden . . . she had not seen it for many years. The old tenderness was in the air, more achingly beautiful because it too was about to go. Down the vista of cypresses she wandered, where the rank grass grew by a dried pool and by the naked columns. Her skinny face glistened in the moonlight, wistful. She was in half a trance. Il Duce had not seemed pleased with her coquettish ways, and the fashion in which she had tapped his arm with her fan. . . .

Was that a noise? With the vague haze of a sleep she realized that a troop of horsemen had come pounding up to the gates, where she had left her own retainers. The newcomers carried torches, moving among the trees. This could not be real. Now, if it should be Cesare, riding up to greet her after he had been dead so many years, all stuck through with cross-bow bolts—A blaze of torches in the temple, the pressing of many curious faces in steel caps. There was Il Duce, in rusty armor, standing out from them while he grinned with his hacked face. His thin beard waggled when he grinned.

"Duchess," roared Il Duce, "duchess, you are keeping a last tryst . . ."

She was bewildered. But she advanced coquettishly, swinging her skirts and greeting him with coy welcome. He came toward her, very pompous.

"Listen!" he said, "listen, and you will hear my cavalry go down to Rome. I have five-score men, duchess! There, you hear it? Soon they will sound the chimes of St. Peter's—and that will be a signal, madonna! It will be a signal for slaughter."

Suddenly she realized that it roused no emotion in her. He was thundering out the words with such boasting that it seemed a travesty.

"Once you told me," went on Il Duce fiercely, "that I was fit only to lead sheep to a shambles. Behold me now, madonna, and see what years as a soldier have done. Now, by the living God, you shall have your shambles in a city where you once ruled. Your slaughter, and I caused it!"

The sound of the army was faint. Here only a strutting, posing boy, with hacked face. Madonna Lucrezia looked at him, hysterical.

"You know me, then?" he said, and he leered. The beard was still waggling.

She shut her eyes.

"Francesco!" she murmured; then, faintly: "Oh,

blood of saints—Francesco!" After a long silence she spoke with petulance:

"You could have spared me this, Francesco; seeing you cut in the face—"

"I will be supreme dictator!" proclaimed the man in rusty armor.

"No, Francesco . . . No! you are crying . . ."

The face seemed absurd, with tears upon it, especially with the tears of self-pity which had sprung up from some time that was nearly forgotten. These two were simply an old man and an old woman.

Francesco turned with a snarl.

"I have hated you, Lucrezia! But I have won now," he said. "Here am I famous, a ruler, and what are you? Old! Pah, and how ugly! The night your brother knocked me in the pool and left me for dead, you did not suspect that I should return—like this—and laugh. . ."

"Yes! You are crying!"

But though she tried to be dignified, she knew that he had succeeded. It was merely his presence; it was merely that he saw an old woman . . . But there was peace in the garden, and calmness. It had never been so quiet there as when he moved over and took her hand. Old lost things were coming back like a melody. They were close enough to the ghosts to hear them whisper. . . . Presently these two were side by side on the marble bench, very subdued. It was not complete bitterness. It was that thing which man may not express—the deep longing, the doubt and ache and wonder, and moving through it all black Dante, with his lantern-lit face and eyes of pain . . .

"We have loved each other, Francesco——"

From far over the hills drifted the chime of St. Peter's that was the signal. Francesco raised his head. Even here Francesco postured, blinking his bleary eyes.

"The jester's bells!" he said.

John Dickson Carr.

The Song of the Sword

THE SWORD OF ACHILLES SPEAKS:

I am the blade that Vulcan made
And hacked from the ringing steel;
I am the sword of the Grecian lord
Who laughs at the death of the Trojan horde
That the blood-black bulls of Mars have gored
On the plains where the red stars reel!

I am the boast of Argos' host
Where the bolts of Jove abide;
My lightning flies from the windy skies,—
The burning home and the mother's cries
For the sapphire chill of Helen's eyes
That a king may have his bride!

THE SWORD OF D'ARTAGNAN ANSWERS:

Dancing, dancing, dancing,
Flickering and glancing,
Whirling, weaving, spinning in a breath.
Candlelight aflutter,
Soft the sounds I utter
Treading out a minuet of death.

Wine a-crawling ruddy,
Gauzy ruffles bloody,
Wrists that flash and twinkle in the gloom—
Falling drops a-spatter,
Drive and dart and clatter,
Red tears on the wigged white face of doom.

THE VOICE OF THE ARTILLERY:

We are the army Cyclops that whistle the hymn of the shell,—
To the blood-stained air our lips are bare and grin with the jaws of hell!
We cry the name of the searing flame where the far horizon runs
The note of fire on the marksman's lyre—the song of the monster guns!

The guards of the charging column, like finger-posts on the moon,
Where the maxims spit from the pock-marked pit and sing with the devil's tune;
We watch the night in the shell-flare light and cry to the crumpling Huns
The note of fire on the marksman's lyre—the song of the monster guns!

Frederic Prokosch.

Book Reviews

VERSE

EAST WIND, by Amy Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.) The second of Miss Lowell's posthumous volumes consists of thirteen sketches dealing chiefly with death and madness in the rural districts of New England. Too labored to be of much interest to the student of abnormal psychology, too crude in technique to satisfy the reader of short stories, the book will nevertheless have some appeal for the lover of poetry. Were its art more compelling, it would be depressing; as it is, its principal value lies in the frequent dramatic touches and in the deft strokes with which Miss Lowell has drawn many of the characters. In form, *East Wind* is composed of monologues and dialogues in various of the "freer" sorts of unrimed verse. At the worst there is nothing to indicate verse form except the fact that each line begins with a capital letter; and at best there is little to enhance the reputation of the distinguished author of *Men, Women and Ghosts*. *E. D. S.*

The Laburnum Branch, by Naomi Mitchison. (Harcourt Brace. $1.75.) Like so many first books of verse, this one fails to present a unified impression; the volume would have gained by a judicious pruning. But a swift unimpeded humanity makes some of the poems (as *Ravenna*) unforgettable.

Young Pegasus, a College Anthology. (Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $2.50.) This is the first of the collections of college literature we have seen that warrants publication solely on its merits; the contents (both verse and prose) are evidently carefully selected (with Harvard strangely predominating). And, thank the Lord, they are not overstuffed with the usual moons and purple curtains and Cheshire cats. . . .

NOVELS

Summer Bachelors, by Warner Fabian. (Boni & Liveright. $2.00.) Here we have the mysterious Mr. Fabian dilating further on the moderns; this time from the standpoint of the business girl. The relationship between convention and the young lady, marriage, and other systems are fully, if not ably, discussed. As a wild party it's a flop: the people seem to know of only one night-club and one rendezvous for tea. And this in New York, mind you. Oh well . . .

Cordelia Chantrell, by Meade Minnigerode. (Putnam. $2.00.) Meade Minnigerode does the Civil War. It is about as exciting as a history book, and as precisely told. The author doesn't go wrong because he never attempts to do anything. Cordelia is lovely, but somebody forgot to press a button somewhere.

The Silver Spoon, by John Galsworthy. (Scribners. $2.00.) Aristocratic prose for such as like to feel themselves seated in a literary Rolls-Royce: but the good old Forsyte gang is sufficiently interesting to us to eclipse the tedium of Politics and suchlike intrusions.

Nigger Heaven, by Carl Van Vechten. (Knopf. $2.50.) Van Vechten's far-rumored interest in the darker phases now takes the form of a quasi-serious study of the Harlem nigger. While a mastery of the facts in the case gives the book a serious air, nevertheless the merely entertaining passages alone are supportable. It seems a pity that a man to whom these seem so congenial should hark to the call of sociology or melodrama. We long for another *Blind Bow-Boy*.

Tampico, by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Knopf. $2.50.) This fancy writing about the Big Passions in the Mexican oil-fields gives us a pain. Of course if Mr. Hergesheimer is going to skip all about anywhere from colonial America to the Fijis it is reasonable to suppose that occasionally his flowers will droop. But it's high time for another *Lay Anthony* to come along. We're bored.

Beau Sabreur, by P. C. Wren. (Stokes. $2.00.)

Wild excitement, sword play, and good fun generally. Here is the desert of Beau Geste with villainous Touaregs and everything; and the hero is the dashing de Beaujolais. Don't pay any attention to the highbrows—this is a knockout.

The Valley of the Kings, by Marmaduke Pickthall. (Knopf. $2.50.) This author was introduced to many of us by Mr. Knopf's edition of *Said the Fisherman.* The man knows his East and presents it extremely well. This one deals with the unkind use made of a credulous Englishman by the native Iskander,—an altogether delightful figure. *Cela intrigue!* We wait for more of Mr. Pickthall.

Crewe Train, by Rose Macaulay. (Boni & Liveright. $2.00.) Miss Macaulay's clean-cut, unaffected way of writing seems more or less immune to lapses; *Crewe Train* is as good, certainly, as anything she has done. This acutely done story of a young pagan thrown in with middle class sociability, sheds a rather new light, incidentally, on one phase of English society.

Lavinia and the Devil, by Camilla York. (E. P. Dutton. $2.00.) The hero of this amusing comedy finds himself in the strange position of being between Lavinia on the one side and the devil on the other. But when it turns out that Lavinia and the devil are one and the same person with all the consequent complications, why then the imagination of the reader is stretched to the limit. The story is written in a light and thoroughly enjoyable vein.

Ways of Escape, by Noel Forrest. (Little, Brown. $2.00.) *Ways of Escape* does not triumph over its style as does Dreiser's *American Tragedy:* it is tedious and lengthy. In better hands the theme—that of the selfish dominance of a man in family and political life, and the gradual revolt of those under his dominance—might have been developed into a great novel. But it isn't.

The Apple of the Eye, by Glenway Wescott. (Harper's. $2.00.) If any young American has written a better

story than that of *Bad Han*, we have yet to see it. This is a farm story, but without the drabness of Ruth Suckow or the hypersexuality of Sherwood Anderson. The obscurity of the book is mystifiying, for it is a masterpiece.

That Last Infirmity, by Charles Brackett. (John Day. $2.00.) Mr. Brackett, who caused a light stir among the illuminati with *Week-End* two summers ago and since has been ditch-digging for the *Saturday Evening Post*, tries to be more serious in this "epic of a social climber," and without great sacrifice. Which doesn't detract, however, from the fact that his best vein is the light one.

Jarnegan, by Jim Tully. (A. & C. Boni. $2.00.) Jim Tully writes, of course, notoriously without affectation. He does a plain job—the varied and hectic Past of a Hollywood movie director, plainly and economically; and in spots the book is not without power. Such qualities more than make up for any harshness in style.

The Wrong Letter, by Walter Masterman. (Dutton. $2.00.) The best thing here is the preface by Chesterton. The style of the book is not intriguing and the love element is feeble. But there is no denying that one does wonder who the murderer is; and that's a lot.

The Detective's Holiday, by Charles Barry. (Dutton. $2.00.) You can not call this one bad; it is just unimportant. There is a vague sort of murder on the French coast, and the detective gets shot at occasionally, which will please you,—but no reader could wade through it. You just don't care how the damn thing ends.

Bellarion, by Rafael Sabatini. (Hutchinson, London 7/6; Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.) Renaissance Italy is the stage for another melodrama in which the warrior fights, —mostly with the heroine. A wealth of incident somehow does not make up for the 450 pages. But it's the best of Sabatini since *Scaramouche*.

Mannequin, by Fannie Hurst. (Knopf. $2.50.) Proving that Miss Hurst is ready to do almost anything when $10,000 are at stake. Bravo, then!

SHORT STORIES

The Incredulity of Father Brown, by G. K. Chesterton. (Dodd Mead. $2.00.) Here we have G. K. taking rabbits out of clerical hats in his most mystifying manner. These are the best detective stories of the year, and not even Conan Doyle has ever come within a pistol-shot or a knife-throw of them. We have haunted castles, winged daggers, vanishing men—and over it all the genial, lovable priest who plays detective.

Fraternity Row, by Lynn and Lois Montross. (Doran. $2.00.) The way the world likes to think of university life: glitter and glamour surmounted by a hero, lazy, sophisticated, popular,—and highly exaggerated,—developed in a series of short stories involving the exploits of this superior being. Very entertaining in parts, overdone in others.

Candaules' Wife, by Emily James Putnam. (Putnam. $2.00.) These are five of the old tales of Herodotus rewritten with charm and ease and detracting nothing from the original. They will appeal both to the lover of the old stories and to the casual reader who appreciates a delicate and graceful bit of writing not lacking in a certain sophisticated turn.

The Casuarina Tree, by Somerset Maugham. (Doran. $2.00.) The too infrequently used method of restraint is effective in Maugham's new stories of Malay and Borneo. We are given a tropical setting without a tropical style, and we are grateful. In spite of usually rather ordinary motivation, the stories are interesting and moving.

TRANSLATIONS

Tibetan Tales (Dutton. $5.00.) Another of the excellently edited Broadway Translations. We have found these volumes without exception meritorious. This one is entertaining enough for those who seek entertainment; for those who don't the introduction and notes are more than adequate. We only grieve that the book should be more bulky in format than its fellow volumes.

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVI HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1926 NO. 3

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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Song of The Jolly Roger

The wind is in the halyards and the death's-head sings before,
(But the dead men swing in a grisly ring and dance on the ocean's floor!)
Head on—to the roar of the plunging seas,
And the leap of the dazzling foam,
When the wild sails strain to the wind in pain,
Head on—to the ports of home!

We sank the Don in his devil-ship when the white gulls wheeled aghast,
And we struck the rag of the tattered flag that fell to the hot guns' blast!
Ho, the tops'l's out and the jib's about,
And the tide-rip running clear—
Over the break in the mad sea's wake
With the song of the buccaneer!

We bathed our hands in doubloons, we lighted the powder-trail,
We took the tack of the torn cloud-wrack abreast of the shouting gale!
Pull out, to the whirl of the rattling drum
Ere ever the fire creeps low,
Into the dawn when the mists have gone—
Swing to the oars and row!

The wind is in the halyards, and the death's-head sings before,
(But they're pounding up behind us—twenty Spanish ships of war!)
Now a cup, a cup to the life (fill up!)
Drink deep to your lover's vow;
Drink to the lass, and drink to the glass,
And—drink to the hangman now!

E. S. D.

The Shadow of the Goat

If you have read about the events that have gone before, of the man who vanished from a stone room, of Fragneau's murder and the disappearance of the white-headed assailant, you will need no introduction. If not, skip the following pages, for in them M. Henri Bencolin reads the riddle at last.

IV (*Continued*)

THIS was no England of the sort called merrie, of Robin Hood and warm leaves and gray goose feather. It was stern as the Norman. And the work which presently occupied the constables under Bencolin's direction was sterner still. Through the November morning they were wading in the moat.

When, after a while, he entered the big silent house, there were only a few servants for him to question. Their employer had not returned, and yet they were fearful to leave. While he explored every dusty corner he could hear the solemn tramp of feet. Finally he went upstairs to the tower room. It was there, in the afternoon, that those he had summoned found him.

The afternoon sun, an ugly rose color, shot across the room like a spotlight from the window embrasure. It rested on the closed door of a closet, which Bencolin had earlier in the day explored and found empty. In the middle of the apartment stood the table with its tiny goat's statue, so that the sun outlined on the closet door a monstrous figure of a goat. When Sir John Landervorne opened the door to the room he saw only that shaft of light in shadows, beyond which was the glow of Bencolin's eternal cigar. The Englishman shuddered, fumbling at his beard.

"That you, Bencolin?" he asked. "Ugh!—what a place! Shall we come in?"

"I see no reason," protested a voice behind him, "for dragging us up here from London! I told you everything you wanted to know last night." It was Julian Arbor who pushed past Sir John; though he seemed angry, not a muscle in his big white face moved.

"The matter is serious," Bencolin responded; "will the rest of you come in? Lord Brandon?—Thank you. And Mr. Garrick. Who's that?" His nerves were jumpy, and he leaned suddenly out into the light at the sound of another voice.

"Madeline insisted—" said Sir John.

"I did!" a little voice confirmed him, laughing. The girl looked light as though she might be blown by a wind, with a sort of half beauty in her face that was rather better than loveliness. White clad, she moved forward. "Mayn't I stay? You've promised us a solution, and I want to hear it."

"Sir John, this is impossible!" the Frenchman snapped.

"I won't go," said the girl. "I have as much right to be here as anyone."

Bencolin stared at her; at the sight of his face a movement went through the watchers. They knew why. In that room was terror.

"Merton is here!" said Bencolin.

That was it—terror. Sir John began thickly, nervously:

"Go out, Madeline; please go out. My God, what are you saying?—"

"He is here," went on the Frenchman, "he is in this room. Lord Brandon, stand in front of that door. The rest of you sit down, and, whatever happens, do not move."

In the half darkness somebody stumbled a little. Bencolin had stepped in front of the window. Against

the reddish light they saw his profile with the high hooked nose and bearded jaw. The energy had gone out of him; his shoulders were stooped, and he stared out thoughtfully into the sky.

"It's an odd case," he said. "It's the only case on record in which a man proves an alibi for his murderer. And it shows many curious things. For example, there is that appearance of Mr. Julian Arbor at Fragneau's house after the murder—"

"Look here," snapped Arbor, and he came into the light with his big white face intent; "I told you I was there, I admitted it. But what does that mean? It doesn't show that I killed Fragneau, if that's what you think! It doesn't show that I had any criminal intent—"

"Of course not," said the Frenchman, "but what does it show? I mean, you have been telling me what it doesn't show; now I ask you what it does show?" He did not turn from the window, but he went on rapidly: "And what does the white head of this midnight prowler show?"

"Why, that it was Merton." Sir John stared at him oddly.

"You are wrong. The white head shows that it was *not* Merton."

"Then you say," Sir John cried, "that Merton did not stab Garrick?"

"Not at all. Merton did stab Garrick."

"Well, why didn't Merton come in the window, then?"

"Because he was dead," said Bencolin quietly.

There was a sudden silence like the stroke of a gong. They all looked at Bencolin as though he had gone mad and were gabbling calm nonsense.

"You will find Merton's body in the closet behind you, Sir John," continued the Frenchman. He turned full about, and he did not raise his voice when he spoke again, but it had a horrible sound of finality:

"Open the closet, Garrick. One of your victims is inside."

V

Garrick stood looking stupidly before him, his hand moving in a tiny futile gesture. The others were perfectly motionless.

"We got his body out of the moat this morning," Bencolin said with dull flat monotony, "where you threw it. Open the door!"

A tiny space separated Garrick from collapse. He looked down at his feet. There was a trickle of water crawling from under the door.

"I—can't," muttered Billy Garrick.

"Listen! You killed Fragneau."

"Yes. I killed Fragneau." The reply was mechanical. Sir John suddenly sat down with his head between his hands.

"Shall I tell them how it happened?"

"No!"

"But I will, Garrick. You and Merton were in debt to Julian Arbor. You arranged this impersonation, you and Merton, so that by following your own example Lord Brandon and others would wager five thousand pounds. Really, some sort of plot was obvious when I knew that no such book as 'Contes du Diable' exists! Julian Arbor did not know, which was why he protested against a wager in which either of you two must lose. You are exactly the same height as Merton—Sir John said so—and of his build. When he went to his room he put into effect the genius at impersonation that Sir John has mentioned. He shaved off his beard, he wore a wig which he had prepared in that table drawer, and cosmetic touches under the lights completed the effect. It was his genius! Remember: candlelight! Nobody could detect it. There might have been a slip only in the *voice*, but you had a cold, the same cold you have now, and hence it was easy. After the door had been bolted on the outside and Merton had completed his preparations,

he went to the stairs and waited, flat against the wall by the lower door. On his way down he fired a blank cartridge, which was the one thing that would send the watchers flying pell-mell through the door. It was dark; Brandon had no candle, and could see nothing before or behind him except the lighted door at the top of the stairs. Those who came through the door felt only jostling bodies—Merton mingled with them and went upstairs again *as you*. You had already slipped down into the house and out of it; remember that Sir John did not see you from the time he left the tower room until after he had entered it again in search of Merton, and that he heard footsteps in the house. Nobody was watching any door except the one behind which Merton had locked himself. Nobody saw you go out. For the space of the next three hours *Merton was yourself*.

"But you had a deeper motive when you connived with Merton for this impersonation. Ostensibly it was a mere matter of winning the money bet by Lord Brandon and dividing it; that was how you obtained Merton's assistance. Your real motive was murder. Your real motive was in establishing an alibi for your presence at Bell House while you motored to Fragneau's home. Diabolical cleverness of it! You could not conceivably be accused of the crime when all unknowingly Merton had proved you to be at Bell House while Fragneau was being killed. And you meant Merton to be accused of the deed instead!" He turned to Sir John. "Think, my friend! Who would be the only person in the world who would have a key to that Fragneau house? Why, the man Fragneau trusted, the man who was his heir! Did that never strike you as logical? Fulke did not know, because Fulke was a new servant, and I nearly overlooked the possibility because you, Sir John, had sworn Garrick was at Bell House the entire evening. Garrick needed money; therefore Fragneau, he reasoned,

must die. The winning of a fortune, and Merton punished for the act. But because Merton had established his alibi, Merton too must die, or otherwise the plan would be revealed.

"What does he do? He lets himself into Fragneau's house, kills him, and returns. Meanwhile Merton, masquerading as Garrick, has been forced to go home with Sir John. He retires immediately, lets himself out of the window, and goes back to Bell House, where he has arranged to meet Garrick that they may change identities again before daylight destroys the complete reality of the make-up. At the edge of the moat Garrick meets him. Ah, don't you see it? The struggle by the water, where Merton, almost wresting the knife from Garrick before the latter stabs him, wounds Garrick in the arm. Then Merton's death, the sack filled with stones into which the body is stuffed, the disappearance into the water. It is done! For though police authorities might search Bell House for a living Merton, they would never search the moat for a dead one.

"Garrick, wounded, returns from Bell House to Sir John's residence. As he crosses the lawn Sir John sees him, but imagines very naturally that it is Merton, whom he has no grounds to suspect dead. Yellow hair in the moonlight makes an excellent 'white head'; try the effect of it for yourself. Garrick hears Sir John's warning cry; he knows that he is trapped unless—"

"Then," cried the Frenchman, "what occurs to this master sorcerer? Why, Sir John has fancied that Merton is attacking him; why not pretend that such was the case, else otherwise Garrick could never explain the wound in his arm? It dovetailed perfectly! Garrick strips off his clothing, dons pajamas, and tears the bandage from his arm, allowing the blood to flow. Something like four minutes elapsed before Sir John came to the room. Garrick scuffles with himself in the dark,

invents an ingenious story which is the only thing that will save him from discovery. Out of near-catastrophe he has produced another attack that will be ascribed to Merton!"

VI

The tensity had gone out of them all, and there remained only the ruin of tragedy. False emotional stimulant left a sickish after-feeling. Arbor and Sir John had moved away from Garrick. All the elaborate mummery that had gone into seemed cheap and tawdry as a music-hall illusion. Here was simply a felon.

Bencolin made a little gesture of weariness.

"Eh bien!" he murmured; "you do not find it pleasant, you do not find it even clever. It upsets every beautiful tradition of a story; not only have we shattered our hero, but there is not enough of the theatrical in him to follow a story formula and kill himself. Because reality is infinitely more childish than the stories about it. Messieurs, you have lived an allegory. What do you make of it? And how do you explain the chance that made Mr. Arbor, irritated by this blind wager of those who could not afford it, leave Bell House and go to Fragneau's to demand recompense for his nephew's debts?"

Rather absently Sir John put on his hat.

"Well—" he said without looking at Garrick. Lord Brandon opened the door. He had not spoken. There was nothing in his face but contempt.

Julian Arbor muttered, "You gutter-rat!" somewhat incredulously. A constable had come into the darkling room and was going toward Garrick. The latter's nerves were entirely gone; he had slid down to the floor, and Bencolin thought he heard him moan just once. The Frenchman was speaking softly:

"We should none of us fancy that we are devils. Merton did, because he could take any form at will,

like Satan, who appeared at the Witches' Sabbath in the form of a goat (that was why he kept calling your attention to the goat). . . . Somewhere we people of the old school thought that there was faith, and honor, and loyalty. We do not believe it now, Sir John. We have seen the other side of youth. . . . It is our last illusion, as the impersonation was Merton's. . . . We do not think it now, Sir John . . ."

It was almost dark in the room now. The others were all at the door except Madeline Landervorne. She had come up steadily, and she was bending over the man on the floor, and as she knelt her eyes glittered with tears.

"Billy," she said, "I don't believe them. I don't believe them!"

(*This tale is told. And the person who guessed the truth was Edward G. Taulane, Haverford, '30.*)

Second Tryst

Again she sat, now that the fragile moon
Was over the bridge, waiting, as she had waited
Once . . . when the dusk fell all the afternoon
Stealthily, lasting far into a belated
Misty sunset; so she was sitting again
Under this elm, by this thin stream, and so
Again she was watching the branches, which the rain
Left gleaming, move to and fro, to and fro. . . .

Always this elm, this stream . . . Her strong brown hands
Lay folded as once those frail ones, candid, still,
And, as the moon lay on it in slim white bands,
Calmly she turned her eyes to the waiting hill:
Always, always, she too would be waiting there,
Waiting, for a dark face with dark young hair.

Eric Hirth.

The Devil-Gun

I

ANSTRUTHER went only once to that weird twilight by the Black Sea. But since then he can never look at a key without shuddering.

Russia is the place for minds that are not quite sane, and Anstruther has often told me that the people he saw there were not human at all. In those days before the war they were brutes who seemed all the more horrible because they had the forms of men, with their square faces and woolly caps. They would stand motionless to stare at you in the snow—that snow which is not calm and holy, as of Christmas eve, but dreary and streaked on the black hills.

Two things only can a person say of Anstruther: he is one of the most powerful men alive, and he has a morbid dread of fire. If you give him the opportunity he will sit for hours with his big body hunched in a chair, and the grim face like stone propped on his hand while he talks about fire. It is uncanny. Fire—the agony of burning at the stake—what the martyrs suffered; you have to shut him up or he will set you shuddering. It was with this horror of fire that he went into Russia, gloomy and secretive like the country, to hunt a man who had barricaded himself there against devils.

Anstruther and his companion got a sleigh at Odessa for the drive through the most dismal country west of Siberia. You can imagine Anstruther sitting there with his big dark face unmoving under the astrakahn cap, like a god out of folk lore. He says the sleigh bells jingled incessantly; just that in silence . . .

Where he had picked up Noel Barnstow nobody knows, though I think that it was in London. Opposite Kensington Gardens there is a little hotel called Coburg

Court, and there the slim imaginative Noel told his story. It concerned Noel's father. If you remember the club gossip of fifteen years back you will recall the scandal when Major Sir Lionel Barnstow was cashiered from the Coldstream Guards. The disgrace forced Noel to leave Harrow, and probably had something to do with the subsequent death of his mother. Presently his father left England, talking hell-fury and throwing duel challenges to everybody. He disappeared into Africa, but in time there came the report that he was busy inciting the Simla blacks to revolt, that he was a Voodoo witch-doctor, that somebody was shipping rifles for an uprising that would shake the British empire. The government interfered, and Barnstow disappeared again. You might have seen him everywhere, crazy and headstrong as a comet; flaring and bursting and then slinking away . . . Now Noel Barnstow came to Anstruther with an account of a letter he had received from his father from Russia, written in his father's own powerful jumbled manner. It summoned him; defiantly, but with a strain of fear. At the end the paper was pricked around a blot of ink, as though the man had flung down his pen into it like a knife. Noel Barnstow wanted Anstruther to accompany him when he went to see his father, because he was afraid. He could never conceive of Anstruther fearing anything—which was right if you except fire.

They got their sleigh at Odessa, and Noel, who prided himself on being a linguist, tried hard to talk to the sullen automatons of men. The wind was terrific, so that they saw the faces through a blur of water, but up against the hard bright sky that shone in dusk there were squat black church-spires like the minarets of mosques surmounted with double crosses. There was an unearthly hush, as though on the evening of the Crucifixion, but with a mighty roaring force behind it;

and the big leering officers stamped and rattled their sabres, and on the steps of a church a piteous little girl, a match-seller, was trying to warm herself by lighting her own matches. They saw her blue lips and white face against the gray of snow and stone . . . Then the sleigh swung out, the bells tinkled with some semblance of life in that stark, silent place, the faces melted into a whirl . . .

Noel had been talking rapidly and steadily, craning his neck to stare about. Now he leaned forward, fumbling a cigarette in numb fingers. He was a pale, handsome chap, like an ineffectual fairy-tale prince who had somehow strayed into a cold world where he did not belong. There was a strain of aristocracy in the boy; you respected it all the more because of his father, but sometimes it was a bit priggishly apparent. He said,

"I couldn't stand living in this place, Anstruther! Look at them, the brutes; watch that one blow on his fingers! . . . I couldn't stand living here, Anstruther; I wonder how father does? These people—I mean—there was a Barnstow who fought at Agincourt, you know—"

It was just verging on the pathetic. Anstruther looked sideways at him; he answered gruffly, "I know."

The bells kept on jingling into night. Still the strip of sky shone white like a meteor, hurtling before them into darkness. It was all vast and empty as a cavern; lurch, swing, and the curling crack of the whip—bells singing, swinging drowsily . . . Noel's doze was broken when the driver drew up on a level waste. He got down to light the sleigh-lamps, and they saw his face by the yellow flame. It waggled and cackled like Punch's in a Punch-and-Judy show; it was ugly, with a misshapen big nose, and diagonally across it ran the weal of a whip-lash. He twisted it toward them, peering up in the bright halo on darkness. Vaguely the horses rustled. Then in a moment they were moving on, while the bells rose shrilly.

When the moon rose it uncovered the hills like a veil. Noel kept watching the shadows with fascinated eyes.

"Look!" he muttered, "up there over the trees—it's a church. Out here in this God-forsaken place; it's a church!"

Sheer black the edifice stood, black on the moon-gray sky among its stumpy trees that were like gnomes going in to worship. It was as though one expected those gnomes of trees to move, so that in their rigidity there was something closely akin to the horrible. The wind hung quiet now. The sound of tinkling ceased, and the driver turned.

"The gentlemen must go on alone," he said. Noel stared at the sleigh-lamp.

"Go on—where?"

"The man you seek," replied the driver, "lives there, for there devils may not attack him. But *I* will not go," he added, turning his scarred face.

"Buck up!" snapped Anstruther, and he put an arm around the young man's shoulders. "We'll go in; come, now . . ."

"But, my God! what's he mean?"

"Take your hand away from me!" cried the driver. "My masters, get out of the sleigh. I will not go farther."

"He says my father lives there," Noel babbled. "He wouldn't live there—listen, there was a Barnstow who fought at—"

"Give him his money, then! Here—hand me your valise."

They stood alone. The driver had whipped up his horses, and the lights went lurching away. They heard a sing-song chant like a prayer.

"I keep fancying that there are people all around here," muttered Noel. "Maybe there are . . . Anstruther, I don't want to go near the place! Listen, I

visited a leper colony in Br^{n}ma once, and it looked—"

"Don't be an ass!"

"I know; but there's something wrong with it . . . I wonder why they have those queer-shaped towers, and the double crosses. Look, Anstruther—please say something!" he added rather breathlessly; "there's one with a *triple* cross!"

He pointed, high against the dim-lit sky. Then he coughed, and began peering with eyes that were whitish under the moon.

"It's moving . . . I'm not crazy, I'm not nervous . . . I tell you that cross is *moving!*" The words kept growing louder and louder, flatly shrill.

"Now, steady—it's a man. He had his arms out under one of the crosses."

"It's looking at us . . ."

II

Anstruther had to knock many times on the big doors. Finally they heard steps. On a tall window above them a light ran up suddenly, so that the figure on the stained glass, a white saint, looked down at them. Then the door opened. Inside stood a negro holding a candle, a monstrous shiny fellow who smiled and smirked and regarded them with reddish eyes. He said in an uncertain voice, like one repeating a lesson,

"The master—inside—"

"He's wearing livery," mumbled Noel, not quite knowing whether to laugh "Anstruther, he's wearing the Barnstow livery!"

The big negro did not understand, but he continued to grin while he led them into a passage. In the torn finery he wore he was too grotesque to be absurd. They saw the light shining on ahead, through rows of pews in that forgotten church where the echoes trailed them like an army. The place had turned cold for Noel. He knew starkly that he was afraid.

The negro stopped by a door near the nave, and a light shone out. He drew himself up pompously; then he announced,

"Mist' Noel Barnstow!"

The echo boomed back. Again Noel felt the inclination to laugh, jumpily. And when they entered the room, the wild absurdity of it seemed too much. A fire burned on the hearth of a stone room, a dirty littered room with broken cups on the table and an oil lamp smoking above the mantelpiece. But before the fire stood a man. His face was almost as black as the negro's, and looked as though it might crumble like dust—wrinkled, with staring yellowish eyes and a mane of tawny hair. But what struck Anstruther was the fact that the huge body was clad in evening clothes, with white tie and shirt-front grimy. A rosary hung across the shirt-front in the manner of a decoration.

"You may go, Mortimer," he announced, waving his hand to the negro. The door closed. Noel bowed his head.

Then the man smiled with his crooked teeth, and advanced shamblingly. His eyes were grotesquely tender.

"Ain't you going to greet your old father, Noel?" he said, the eyes widening; "your old father that always loved you? We put on airs for you, Noel, we did—"

Noel took the old man in his arms. His face was white.

"Certainly, sir—certainly—"

"We want you to be at home here, Noel. My son! I c'n remember when you wasn't more'n a little thing," said the man coyly.

"Father," replied Noel with an effort, "I have a friend here, a gentleman from London. Allow me to present: Mr. Anstruther—Sir Lionel Barnstow."

The old man bowed, trying to make flourish of it. Anstruther bowed in return.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance," Sir Lionel said. "Oh, yes, and you're from London. From London! I sh'l be happy to have you look me up there, sir—very influential there . . . I sh'l give you a card to the Embassy Club, if you like . . . Noel! Ain't you glad to see me, lad?"

There was a silence. Then another door was opened by the negro. He cried:

"Lady Corinne Barnstow!"

Again in silence a woman came through the door. She looked thin and shrunken, and her faded eyes did not smile, though the mouth took on the semblance of a grin. Her scanty, straw-colored hair had been piled high, stuck with a red plume; she wore a flowered gown of a decade past, which swept out into a train and almost tripped her. Her cheeks were heavily rouged, and she glittered with glass jewels.

" 'Ow do you do, sirs?" she greeted them, curtseying, " 'ow d'ye do . . . Is that Mr. Noel, now? Well, ain't 'e the grand 'andsome young 'un, though—like his father," she added with a smirk.

"Noel, here's your mother; here's your new mother!" the old man cried eagerly. "Go and kiss her, Noel; ain't she pretty, lad?"

They looked at each other, these two. Each face was beaming, and the dark wrinkled one shone with pride . . . And then Noel did a thing that was magnificent to the point of caddishness, for he went quietly over to kiss the painted cheek.

"—'tendin bar, I wos, in Capetown, and along 'e comes with 'is fine manners and captures me 'eart! Sit down, won't you . . . Wot wos your name, sir? Mr. Anstruther? Y' know my son, Mr. Anstruther?"—she patted Noel's arm—"Barnstow's a grand name, sir. There was a Barnstow what fought at Agincourt, y' know. . . ."

Noel was looking very white. His father turned round and went to the table; he poured out a drink, drained the glass, and stared at them.

"Corinne," he said suddenly, "I can hear it now. It's a-walkin' . . ."

"My God!" Noel cried out, "my God, what are you talking about, father?"

"It's a-walkin'; Corinne, it might stick its hand through that door . . . Boy," he muttered, and went toward Noel with his yellow childish eyes wide, "you've got to get us away from here. I saw it last night! Don't you realize, Noel—it ain't alive—please, it's goin' to kill your old daddy! Sit down, all of you; it won't come in while we have lights."

He stood outlined against the red fire, holding an empty glass. Abruptly they began to think that in the old body there was terrific insane strength.

"Get the gun, Corinne; my devil-gun. . . . You don't know all about it, Noel. Listen: what's the most horrible thing you can think of? What in all the world would scare you most? Tell me, please!"

Noel did not reply, because he thought he knew. Anstruther spoke one word

"Fire!"

"Fire!" repeated the old man and laughed. He went on with a rush: "I know; that's all right. You don't imagine anything more horrible, eh? But I'll tell you, you never saw this thing when it was dead. I don't mean alive, but dead! It was a black man, a witch-doctor. I c'n remember the night I shot him—" Power was in Lionel Barnstow, a mighty force that drove his words to a cry: "Shot him! They don't know what I did down on that river among the niggers. The niggers thought they had me cornered that night, when the jungle fever was makin' them shrivel up and die howlin', and there was hot fog in the trees . . . They'd started beatin'

their drums; I could hear the damned drums going—*boom, boom,* just like that, all around me. Flat painted faces, niggers, with their fires burnin' by the river and shinin' on the black water. I had an elephant-gun. This Voodoo doctor came out with his side all hunched up in paralysis, shaking his throat and screaming to heaven—then I pulled the trigger. It tore his face wide open, but he yelled once before he splashed back among 'em in the reeds: one face out of that ring with their war-spears. . . . I wasn't afraid of him while he was alive. But he didn't come back lookin' the way he did before he died. . . . Can't imagine a thing worse'n fire, eh? Well, I saw this thing the other night. I came in my room, and lit the lamp, and there it was just sittin' in my chair lookin' at me—"

It was as though a climax had come like the clang of a bell. In an instance weirdness had changed to hysteria; everything appeared to move in the room, for the fire had sunk. Even Anstruther stared at the old man unwinkingly. Sir Lionel had assumed a lop-sided appearance, and his yellow eyes were the chinks you see in a furnace. He took a step forward. Then he fell—fell heavily, so that the lamp shook, and lay there waving his legs in the air like a beetle.

The woman screamed, "Lionel!—Lionel!" after which she set up a wail for Mortimer. From behind a chair she had taken a squat heavy weapon. Anstruther realized that it was an elephant gun.

"Y'll have to get away, sir," she told them. "Mortimer will take you to y'r room. 'E gets like this sometimes, when hit 's a-chasin' 'im—"

"You mean," said Noel, "that there is—"

"Hi saw it! Git up, 'oney; it cawn't 'urt you now; I'll shoot it agin. . . . It was a-standin' hout in the moonlight, and it 'adn't no face. . . ."

Sir Lionel lurched up. His lady was giving instructions

to Mortimer, who had thrust his grinning countenance around the edge of the door. They saw Sir Lionel lumber toward a table; there was a splintering of wood, and he had wrenched a leg from it. . . .

The last thing they saw as they backed toward the door was that firelit image—the figure in the dress suit, holding the table-leg, erect with dignity now and crying that he was an English gentleman, and, huddled in a corner, the staring bejewelled woman with the gun across her knees.

III

Mortimer took the two guests upstairs to a room. At every turn of the steps Noel thought he heard things wild as laughter. The wind swung and shook now; it had taken on a fierce pealing note like trumpets, so that the candle-flame made a fluttering sound. . . . They saw the tall negro's grin. . . .

Their apartment was high up in the church. Noel almost pushed Anstruther in, and slammed the door on the negro. He had seen much on that slow ascent. Once inside, they faced each other. It was a large room, stained damply, and with rough beds in the midst of a litter of church relics—cloths, candles, silver, and the images of saints, all dusty. At the left they saw a fireplace with a blaze; in front, dominating the wall that faced them, a monstrous window of stained glass. It represented Christ on the cross, a distorted figure, red-stained face under the crown of thorns, and all colors shining in the moon behind. . . .

"Look at that thing!" said Noel, standing with his back against the door. "It's cold in here. Oh, it's so cold!" He shivered. "They don't expect us to sleep here, do they?"

Anstruther began to pace about. They could hear the wind. . . . Noel remained motionless, looking at the

window. The fire threw so little light that in the dark chamber the window with its colors stood out in ghastly relief by the moon . . . . Anstruther kicked over a candlestick with a clattering noise. And Anstruther was nervous. They did not know what was to happen.

"Lock the door!" ordered the older man. He went over, turned the key, and took it out from behind Noel's unmoving body. Then he approached the fireplace.

"We'd better get to bed," he said heavily.

"I can't!—Listen, do you recall what father told us. He told us, 'I came into the room, and lit the lamp, and there it was sitting in my chair looking at me—"

"Shut up!"

"No. . . . You look—horrible yourself—"

Anstruther took out a cigarette. He stood leaning against the mantel with his eyes on the fire. Fire! Fire that was a menace, gnawing the wood. . . . He bent down, attempting to get a light for the cigarette, but, as he neared the fire, his hand trembled. He was close to it now; it stared him in the face squarely. Bright, burning brightly, glaring at him.

"I thought I heard someone *climbing*," Noel was saying in a far-away voice. Anstruther saw only the fire. But he went too close; he almost cried out as his fingers were scorched by it. He leaped back, and his hand unclosed, dropping the key into the middle of the blaze. . . .

Then he paused, turned half-way around. There was a silence so utter that it had a rush and force, as though a car were hurtling to crash against a tree. Noel stood strained, with his arms outspread on the door. . . . Anstruther's eyes went to the floor. On the square of the moon-brightness a shadow was rearing behind the shadow of the crucifix. . . . Suddenly Noel darted out an arm to point. His eyes were staring and fixed.

"Get the key out.—*Get it out!*" he muttered.

Anstruther turned. There was a crash from the window.

"*It's breaking the glass—*" went on Noel monotonously.

Another slow stroke hit the window, picking at it; the shadow hunched, and then, as the face of the Christ-figure was shattered away, another face peered in. . . . More glass was steadily cracked away. . . . Anstruther did not hesitate. He turned, and with a gasp he plunged his right hand full into the fire after the key.

Noel screamed. Every nerve went into his voice, every insane crying terror. He saw the whole window fall to an inrush of wind, and heard the thud as something dropped to the floor. Anstruther had pulled out his arm, half stupefied at the realization; the arm smoked and glowed. . . . Then Anstruther seized the poker that had lain there in the blaze. Noel saw him turn with the poker uplifted, its red tip moving in the gloom—over toward the window—the red tip going forward as Anstruther lurched steadily on. Something jumped at him. . . .

The red iron whirled and fell, staggering there in the air. The wind flung glittering snow swirling in; it shocked full over Noel, rousing him. Laughter came from under the moving poker-tip. In a tangle of shadows Anstruther was wheezing; a candlestick was kicked over. . . . And in the midst of it all there was Noel running over and pawing in the fire for the key, scattering embers about him hysterically.

The drive of wind had made an inferno of the place, whirling sparks through it. But the moonlight lay white on the floor, and only the shadow of the fight spun across it. . . . Voices were crying below in the church; Noel thought he heard somebody singing a hymn. He had the key now, and he did not realize that it was scorching his fingers. Hands were pawing at the door from the outside. . . . One of the beds thudded over, and the poker,

spinning, shot across the room like a flaming rocket. Anstruther's gasp was a gasp of bewildered pain. . . .

Then the door was thrown open. At the same instant Anstruther's big body came reeling out of shadows and drove to its knees among the sparks, panting. Against the window a silhouette reared up. But in the doorway, lit yellow by an upheld lantern, stood another figure—one with a red plume in its hair, and the light shining down its face. When the elephant gun crashed and blasted in fire full at that silhouette, Anstruther crawled round to peer up stupidly. The woman stood motionless by the door; she had not lowered the elephant-gun, but she was croaking, "Glory be to God!—"

The thing that had come upon them by night, and whom the woman had shot in the face as Sir Lionel had shot the witch-doctor, was flung back against the window-ledge. They heard it slide to the floor. Now there came only the boom of the wind. Utter quiet. . . .

With halting steps the big negro was carrying a lantern over to the window. They saw Lady Barnstow's red plume bob after it; then there was a scream. The woman had sunk to her knees beside a shapeless thing, and she was holding it to her breast and rocking back and forth. They heard her cry,

"Lionel! . . . Lionel! . . . Hi didn't mean to shoot you, honey . . . Lionel!——"

—*Caliban*

The Old Romance

See you the hoof-prints in the wood
That ghostly steeds have made?
Ah, there old Roland's charger stood,
And Charlemagne hath prayed!
See where the gleaming water weeps
With eyes of ancient tears,
And shines with helmets in the deeps,
And wondrous rows of spears!

"Are you living, are you living?" sang the ages,
"Is your touch upon our France, ancient France?
Are you with us in the glory of her legend and her story?"
"I am here, I am here," said Romance.

The poplar trees are thin and gray
In old Versailles, so long ago . . .
The ghosts of all the fountains play
For rustling footfalls, lightly gay,
And tapping fans, and hoop-skirts' sway,
The sound we vanished gallants know
In old Versailles . . .
They tread a slow dim minuet,
The eyes that beckon on,
The shoulders, dainty as perfume,
The silver laugh, the taunting plume,
The shadowed figures in the gloom—
The rapiers at dawn!

"Are you living, are you living?" sang the ages,
"Is your touch upon our France, ancient France?
Are you with us in the glory of her legend and her story?"
"I am here, I am here," said Romance.

Jehovah, Lord of the Thunders,
Our cannon shatter the skies,
Jehovah, Ruler of Wonders,
Behold how a Frenchman dies!

Into the press and the battle,
Into the crash of the fight—
Driven to slaughter like cattle,
Guide Thou our bayonets right!
Slow creeps the green fog that stifles,
Mark how the red river rolls,
Hark to the hymn of the rifles—
Glory to swift-speeding souls!
Sing the mad song of your fathers,
Sweep the wild battle-cry on!
Death rides the whirlwind that gathers,
Beating the drums for the dawn!
Jehovah, Lord of our nation,
Our cannon shatter the skies—
Jehovah, God of Creation,
Behold how a Frenchman dies!

John Dickson Carr.

Rendez-vous

Once, under these birches (they had been
Fragile and tender then, on that long night)—
Once he had waited, breathlessly, while a slight
Pale moon caressingly slid its way between
The wavering branches, over the dew-pale grass . . .
Nothing had stirred but one thin restless bough
Over his head. So he was waiting now,
Waiting, for each slow hour after hour to pass . . .

Then, on that one white night, long he had waited
For a small face, tenderly promised, moving
Dimly toward him, fragrant in the belated
Dewfall: that autumn night was ripe for loving . . .
And now, too, he was waiting by this tall tree,
For a gray distant face he could not see.

Frederic Prokosch.

The Full Coffers

A THIN air, as full as its thinness would permit of late summer smells, swept the grass. A fine rustle answered. The breeze dropped and left the more compact long-garnered heat of summer heavily on the little clearing. The closed cabin door shut behind him a thin space of rank grass, running quickly into very tall timber. Barton walked slowly around the edge of the room, smelling the gentle decay that hung in the corners, and with his eased breathing remembered the last summer which these smells but faintly rebuilt. The city had sent him away gently a year ago. Coffers full and quiet competence with its feet under the walnut desk had made the cabin—yes—well, something he had never formulated, because when tasted it had been so unchokingly swallowed that only the pleasure, not the solid pieces around which formulation clings, remained.

He knocked on the clenched window frame; knocked again more hardily and it swung to its length in yellow summer atmosphere. There a trail broke from the solid line of trees . . . at its end—his mind jumped the ill-repair, the mudded slipperiness, a bad narrow between two pines . . . where he'd cut his head (he and John had fished: and a cool gin drink drawn from its ten-hour burial in watery grass at the edge of the pool . . . this was fragrant on his lips: a tired content, almost the physical content of an orgie, was in his legs: coffers full and quiet competence with its feet . . .) then these two trees. John had shouldered him in and sewn one stitch with a candle-scorched needle. A pleasant scar it had been to show the quiet competence, when the Barton feet, tapping as the pen rushed huge sums on dusky blue paper, or as the Barton name excitedly ended a worthy document—competence quiet in the background.

He held his breathing and listened, trying to hear noises which he knew to be at the foot of the trail; as it burst out he laughed—the trout could not be jumping now. Morning was four hours dead, dead, doornail dead. The trout, coffers full, with quiet competence digested the spangled dragon-fly, the thin water-crawler, the invisible worm.

The next window was stubborn. The Barton hand, pen now laid aside, a gesture made as of a sword handed to a victor, coffers—wait, but were they? Was this last summer or last summer this summer? Did the law of topsy-turvy reign here as it so obviously reigned in the city? Full or empty, this window would open, and it did with the shallow unmodulated tinkle of glass, while the Barton feet nervously tapped the sprung board flooring. Rocking his body then from heel to toe he looked at the close mass of pines, standing hard to the cottage. Hard? When quiet competence comes in the door, love . . . no, not love, but danger, empty coffers . . . no, not coffers, but danger (no nearer to the word than that?) flies out the window. Hard, but the reverse is also true. The wall of trees however did not close the more piercing vision he seemed so suddenly to have obtained. The heat, the heavy railway rumble not yet dead in his ears, the yellow sunlight stiffening the color of the rank grass thin to the pine tree wall, the heat . . . he unbuttoned his collar and his throat swelled comfortably with his breathing. Was second sight urging him —no, that would have been of coffers and turned keys guarding the hoard, the hoard, the treasure for which the heart beats blood through the exciting moments of life. (In the Middle Ages when knights were bold and barons held their sway with full coffers, the stark bodies on the ended field of battle had iron keys at their belts: and in many a hall the women folk had their hips scorched, their skin festered to rottenness by a metal belt, a guard

against fleshly sins, that would never be unlocked. *The Literary Digest,* casually turned over while John, again John firm in pleasure as in business, quiet competence, dawdled and kept Barton in the smoking room of the Athletic Club, discreetly recorded one found in a tomb.) Such treasures as he had could not be put in Heaven. Being snatched on earth, on earth they needed care and an iron key. Full coffers full womanhood: money and family—the domestic circle should be still further girdled with preservatives of virtue. The key would hang at the strong man's belt, and when the strong man was stark on an ended field of battle, then . . . then . . . then . . . John, John, my friend John would whistle a different song and perhaps go to a land where metal belts were unknown, and the hips which gladdened other domestic circles moved unhampered. John, John, my friend John . . . and a stark body at the cliff's foot, an ended field of battle.

"This is getting to third sight." Barton spoke his first words since entering the cabin, and knew that he spoke aloud to the summer emptiness in order that a chain of thoughts, too pungent yet to be borne, should be shattered.

He had, though, borne them to this point, carried them through the full chatter of smoking compartments, from heated asphalt to his cabin. He had planned this bearing. The fruit could not be shuddered at. The empty coffer sheds no tears for its emptier, and when quiet competence goes out the door . . . Not third sight, nor second sight, but ordinary vision, clarified by the most emotional height to which Barton had yet wrought himself, saw through the tapestry of pines to the sharp drop of rock, uncarpeted. The fitting place, as even in the city he had seen, over which to shake an empty coffer, say a blessing on a battlefield ended—although a few half-maddened raggedly clothed ideas still rushed about on its surface.

He went to the third window. Loose in its frame, it opened easily, and with its opening the crescendo scream of a circular wood-saw sang in the cabin. Clifton . . . one easy mile along the rutted cart track . . . and Clifton now touched his memory with myriad fingers. Barton had never known his mind so full of the laid-aside paraphernalia of experience. Why should the ancient river, which in days before memory was made for him, had swept spring logs past the town . . . and in his memory had carried men leaping from floating tree to tree, rush back? The last seven summers, hot and eager from the full coffered city, he had easily spit through the open train window into this stream—no memories, simply spitting as he broke off a laughable story and stepped into the aisle to be brushed by the porter. Nor was this all—John, a small dirty boy in a torn shirt, paddled barefoot in the dust of the same street . . . and now John, John, my friend John . . . the endless necessity for locking things with a key in his presence. John growing with him shoulder by shoulder had never been considered as a memory, until coming into his apartment in the late spring evening, John had been there, kissing her and holding her in a curiously tight way while Barton stood by the curtain. Then, mingled with a slightly affected sob, John had become a memory. The sob had been affected, because the sob did not include his wife—merely was it the tribute of a tired man with empty coffers to the friend and to the memories of which suddenly and inexplicably he had become the centre.

The rutted track went into the main street at the Post Office and then to the railway station. Had a hat pulled low over his eyes and a strange driver saved the knowledge of his coming? The Doctor's house had grown no older, and the Doctor's sister, though she looked up at the sound of wheels, had not recognized. Davie Brown's office at the sawmill too, where sawdust, tobacco,

and the dregs of overturned demijohns floated in one's mouth when a joke was told or laughed at. That was safely passed too . . . Davie's feet had not dropped and his red round face had not bulged in the window. Safe here and so unsafe there . . . where money-bags sagged, where John, John . . . the strong man's belt had no key . . . there was only an ended battlefield. The flesh of the hips would not rot now, except in the leisurely manner in which his would . . . the invisible worm, coffers full, with quiet competence digested the . . . so with Helen, so with John—but not before he had whistled tunes through Christendom, not before he had made many memories.

It was stupid opening windows, when his plan so carefully formulated of solid bits—empty coffers, empty domestic circles—demanded execution.

Without a further glance, clairvoyant vision dulled, he went to the door. But there, out of sight of the track to Clifton, a human voice stopped him. Then his mind thoroughly cleared and settled, planned his actions for him and permitted no emotion to complicate its immediate decision. As they moved to the door, he, invisible, could escape quickly through the middle window. His legs moved in splendid response, as the legs outside brushed through the thin space of rank grass and rounded the corner to the door. Half-way through the window and there was a loud pound on the door panel. His emotions sprang up again, stopping further action . . . the door started to swing inward: so he sat flushed on the sill and called a polite, "Come in."

"Look at Barry!"

"He got drunk coming up on the train."

"Umm, that's why he sneaked through town, thought he'd sleep it off before we came along."

"Come off your perch an' shake, Barry."

Barton slipped to the floor and found himself swept

together in a rush of loudly human greetings, bawls, slaps affectionately administered, jabs blindly and lovingly given.

"No, no liquor in me, Davie. I haven't been here long enough. But give me time, *give me time.*"

"Barry, you look sick—city's eaten you up some since last summer."

"I know, Doc. This heat's too much for me now. I'm getting old, I guess."

"Old? Not a bit. You can still creep to the trout pool, can't you? And pull your legs to town for a drink? Hey, Barry?"

* * *

The concentrated mind, which Barton had for several days forced himself to maintain, thankfully broke. The common, well-recognized horde of things, with which his mind played like a happy child with old toys, were before him again. The stiffness, and too, the clarity of long contemplation of one idea, was swept aside in this return, and he, happily, because he had now no desire to do otherwise, gave himself up to the invasion. He cast no backward glance, felt no twinge. To the contrary he felt greatly expanded, because he had contracted himself for weeks, coldly shut out all things except the notions he had pushed about until they were shopworn. He sold them easily, at reduced prices as the afternoon wore on. A wave of companionship, meeting his expansion, carried him on and on. The talk, shouted, redolent of past summers, cheerily opened for him a gulf of renewal into which he fell. He turned over, lazily at his ease, answering questions drawlingly.

Davie's son was discovered rolling in the grass, and playfully smacked they sent him to town with a message for Jimmie—Jimmie was to come out and bring the "usuals."

* * *

The four men sat around a board table, smoking, talking, drinking. The Doctor dealt the cards.

"Why, I haven't asked you about Helen! How does she do now?"

"She's well. She won't come up here though, so she went off to the seashore."

"That's good. You've a fine wife there, Barry. What you'd do if she was like Mrs. Bennett down town, I don't know? The way that woman hankers after traveling men is public shame."

"I know what I'd do. Like these medieval knights did. I'd dress her up in a steel waist band and put the key in my pocket. Then I'd like to see a man get near her."

"No? Say, did they do that though? What if the husband got killed?"

"Why then they just rotted inside their belts."

"They *were* skunks *then*."

"Your deal, Barry."

His chips piled before him, Barton dealt with quiet competence, his feet tapped as he arranged and examined his cards; he looked around the table.

"How many cards for you, Davis? Three? Doc? One? Jimmie . . .?"

He spit through the window toward the closely massed pine trees somewhere in the darkness.

". . . one for you too? Well,—I won't take any."

W. A. Reitzel.

That Ye Be Not Judged

ELIZABETH pulled open the lid of the big, rectangular box and peered in at the mass of different length strings. She touched a short one and a high, sweet sound came out of the box.

The swarthy little music teacher laughed. "No, we do it thus. You see, I press what we call a key. Do you hear that sound? Now I press more and we have music. Soon you will play music as I do."

Elizabeth put the lid down and fingered about the keys for a minute. "You must play more for me, Rosso. I am carried up in the clouds when you press the keys as you did then. Take care that you do not abuse the magic power you have over me, for I am helpless under your spell of music." Then, looking at him laughingly, "My little maid, Ellen, whispered that it was a tool of the devil when the men brought it in this morning. She was afraid to look at it—can that be true?"

"In Florence our great churches have instruments much like this one. Where I played the priest told me I had saved more souls by my playing than he by his praying. 'The wicked men I cannot reach with my entreaties, you bully them into reverence with your solemn organ music,' he told me. 'They leave the church when I plead with them, but when you play, they stay 'til you are done. Could I gather here a band of angels with their golden harps, there would be no more wickedness in Florence—the people could not keep a wicked thought in their heads when such sweet music touched their ears.'

"Ah, no, it is a holy instrument—the virginal—in our language 'virginalis'—'proper for a girl'; my lord, your father, chose well when he had me bring it to you from Mersenne. The fine ladies of Florence would envy such a beautiful instrument." He flicked a speck of dust from the handsome case of tooled leather and polished wood.

"And you will teach me to save souls with my virginal, Rosso. That will be poor reward indeed for my hours of practice. Tell me, do you think I can get me a lover when I have learned to play as you do?" Rosso sighed.

"I have never had but one love," he said, "that has been my music. I have no room for any other. But your heart is large, my lady. You may love many things —that they will all find room in your heart I am certain."

"You speak prettily to me, Rosso. However, I will do well to be safe and not practice too often or too long."

Seated before the box, the music teacher ran his fingers caressingly over the keys. He chose first a few bars of an old Italian melody that took Elizabeth out on a leafy, silent lake-shore with the silver beams of an Italian moon rippling the blue-black water. The notes gave her an odd feeling of pain—there were so many of them—and so sweet. She untwisted a blue ribbon from her hair and wound it about her fingers; then she unwound it and tied it in an impossible tangle. The music made her feel so queer, like—she blushed red as it came to her—like being kissed by a handsome fellow with dark hair and ruddy cheeks. It was such unbearably sweet music she half buried her curls in a lacy cushion to escape from it and then strained her ears to hear better and drew up out of the cushion as far as she dared. Then, as she surrendered and sat boldly upright to listen, Rosso swung into a stirring march and the spell was broken; she was watching a scarlet and gold parade in flashing sunlight and when the handsome fellow came riding past on a white horse, she didn't blush and feel like being kissed—only a little.

"Yes, it is my only love. You think it is not enough, my lady. Ah, but she will always be true to me! I can never be jealous of her, for it is my delight to share her with others. When I am sad I spend an hour with her and

am glad again. I am satisfied to love her alone. Are you not envious of me?"

"I cannot believe you, Rosso. You must have loved someone once to be able to play as you did just then. But come, we must not sit here talking of love when I should be learning about your ugly black notes and rest marks. What does this jumble of printing mean and how can I ever tell which keys to press by looking at these dots and lines? Quick, Rosso, show me how I may do it."

The little Italian gently drew away the paper that Elizabeth was holding and laid it carefully in his case. "That is the sweetest song in Europe," he said. "I must see no harm comes to it even from such gentle fingers as yours."

"You do not trust me, Rosso, but I cannot be grieved. Father says no one is to be trusted in these times of treason and strife. I must not say a word about the king or the government, even to you, for the walls have ears and the judges call it treason to ask your neighbor of the king's health. A week ago the old farmer, Peter Orton, older than my grandfather, Rosso, was coming home from the inn a little tipsy. You remember how dry the weather has been? Well, old Peter said to his companion, 'It has not rained, I believe, since King Herod began to rule.' They said it was a treasonable inference and now he is to be hanged like a traitor."

Rosso darted a glance at her. "The wine played him a cruel trick," he said, and deftly shifting the conversation—"a man addles his wits when he gives himself to an evening of drinking—if it happens that he cannot afford to be without them he must pay the price, often a cruel one."

"In this country, yes. There are cruel men in England."

"A man must be cruel to be great."

"But father is not cruel, and he is a great man in the neighborhood."

Rosso thrummed a few bars of melody. "My lord, your father, is very interested in music," he said at length. "He knows many great masters in Europe. Virtung, who designed this wonderful instrument, is his close friend. You English are not as given to music as we continentals, though your poetry is often as musical as our sweetest songs."

"Will you play for father and me tomorrow, Rosso? I will find some English tunes and we will listen to them together, father and I." A gong sounded and a servant appeared in the arched doorway of the room. "You must excuse me now while I find father and take him to dinner. He has a guest tonight whom I have not met—an old acquaintance whose son I know well."

Elizabeth slipped betwen two heavy draperies of silk into the long hall. The music that still ran through her head made her gayer than usual. Donald's father was going to be at dinner with them tonight! "What a charming young girl," he was going to think. She would blush when they met. No doubt Donald had spoken of her to him and he might be very observant. "How embarrassing that will be," thought Elizabeth. She knew she would look flustered and maybe spill some wine. When Donald had come to their house once for some legal advice from her father, Elizabeth had showed him about the garden. It was spring time and when the walk was over, Donald was busy inventing excuses to come back to the house again. Thereafter each successive visit needed less and less excusing until now he used no excuse at all except the very obvious one that he was in love with Elizabeth.

In the big room at the end of the hall, Elizabeth's father, Sir Giles Howard, was playing a game of chess with his guest. They were deep in the game and pushed

the ivory men about the board for some time without speaking. The guest was an iron-gray man, strikingly sad and determined looking. An atmosphere of high strung nerves, so keyed up that he seemed almost ready to weep. He gave the impression of being a man who hated life thoroughly but was determined not to be beaten by it. However, he smiled pleasantly enough as Sir Giles deftly made off with a pawn, and pulled smoke through a clumsy pipe with evident enjoyment.

"My pipe has saved me until now," he laughed. "I marvel how our fathers played chess without them. A poor player with a good pipe may be a match for a master who has only the pure air of nature to help him win. However, I intend you shall pay for that pawn before long." Sir Giles arose.

"I'm afraid you will have to wait until after we have dined, if you will forgive me," he said. "We are about to go to dinner . . . Elizabeth," she had just entered, "allow me to present an old acquaintance, Sir Richard Bohun. Sir Richard, my daughter, Lady Elizabeth Howard. You know Sir Richard's son, Donald, who has called on me often, do you not, Elizabeth?"

Sir Richard rose hurriedly and bowed courteously. He saw a young girl, almost a woman. Dark lashes that curved out over pink and white cheeks and a pure, white throat. He instinctively straightened himself and offered her his arm.

All three chatted pleasantly at dinner. Even Elizabeth, who was little more than a girl, had acquired the faculty, universal among the upper classes of three hundred years ago, of carefully veiling her ulterior motives with a mask of inconsequential conversation that often brought out what would have been evaded were direct questions asked. To be sure, Elizabeth had nothing on her mind more delicate or unmentionable than Donald, but she preferred to dally about with the

subject and satisfy her curiosity with hints and allusions as a lady should and does. It gave her a pleasant, warm feeling to find out what she already knew—that he was in love with her, and she never tired of reassuring herself by making Sir Richard tell her so, though scarcely in so many words. If Sir Giles or his guest dropped anything of importance in their dinner conversation, it was not obtrusively apparent. They chatted about the new fad, the toothbrush, which was unsuccessfully struggling for popularity in the ranks of the more radical English exponents of sanitation. A queer twist of the conversation brought up the subject of the new plays that were showing in London, though indeed the censorship of the Puritans was not discussed.

After the meal was over, the two men went back to the living room and wine was brought. They were jovial after a good dinner and very ready to talk over the affairs of the county with each other. Both being men of the greatest importance in their locality, it was their custom to get together now and again to touch on local business and policies; what went on in the boroughs and how the constable's power was constantly increasing.

Sir Richard was relaxing more in his chair and puffing his pipe less nervously. He was slowly dropping off the strained nervousness that seemed usually to permeate his personality. The wine pleased him. Sir Giles was his friend, his pipe was lighted and he was seated comfortably, ready to have a pleasant talk. He was dangerously near himself. His mask of sophistication was slowly slipping off under the warm glow of the fire and the sweet coolness of the wine.

"Magnificent wine," remarked Sir Richard. "If you will forgive my using the new court term. I speak of it as magnificent because when I was last at court, the wine steward brought out some much like this in flavor

and strength—he used the same word as I to describe it. A man who may drink this wine and retain a cross temper is not a natural man. I, for one, often am tempted to sing."

"I often sang, too, as a young blade with a singing heart and a swift horse beneath me. But we cannot sing with a heart full of trouble."

"Your wine steward would have you sing again, however, my lord. Take care that he is a man of sober judgment and loyal principles and let him not be a crafty or meddlesome fellow. We will never know how many a poor man up before the king's council has had his life and goods taken or spared by the Wine Steward's judgment on what that august body should drink."

"I see you like to philosophize. I should say that if a judgment were so balanced that a bowl of wine more or less might swing it to and fro, it would be of little consequence which way it swung."

"Except to the judged, my lord."

"To the judged, you are right. I have always been the judge, never the judged. For me a decision is merely a matter of logic, of justice, of expediency. For another it may be a matter of life and death." Sir Giles spoke lightly but his evident sincerity made his guest wince. These hard, iron men! How he envied their ease and skill of decision! A man, a family, a nation, what was it to them if these were in the path of justice—and ambition? Stern men, that trampled ruthlessly on everything in their path. Sir Richard became strained and taut again. He could be stern, he could be hard and ruthless, he could be great and powerful—he *would* be great and powerful and it would cost him his happiness and his conscience. He laughed but the laugh was mirthless.

"And our finer feelings, our sympathies, why did our Lord give them to us who have so little use for them.

They mock us in our work of justice, they torture us in the evil we do. They would drag us down where there are none lower for our pity to fall on, and those are greatest who—" Sir Richard stopped abruptly. "Those who are greatest—he who is greatest—dangerous to talk about,"— . . . he did not dare finish the sentence.

"They who are greatest have least use for them," finished Sir Giles for him. That was all right. He would have said "little of them" which might not be all right. You could never tell.

Sir Giles thought his guest's evident seriousness quite funny. Sir Richard was a man grown up. Surely he could play the part of a man without having a woman's feeling about it. Englishmen learned that to take care of themselves was the first principle of any code. "Oh, we could never be without our sympathy, our friendship, our pity in times of peace and ease. It is only in war and strife that we must make ourselves hard without mercy." Sir Richard was thinking.

"Only in war and strife." That was a big exception in England. A noble, even a lesser noble, lived by his ability to bully, fight, quarrel, wrangle, struggle. With the men under him, with the men over him, with the parliament, with the church, with the—yes, he might admit it to himself—with the king.

Intrigue, plot, flattery, lies, force of arms—they were the weapons. How despicable they all were—and how necessary. The king—of course, he was the worst of the lot. Smooth, sly, deceitful, the king had done more to render Sir Richard's life miserable than any other ten men.

Had made his life miserable; and why should he be miserable with a manor house and land and wealth? Miserable when his wine steward and head gardener went about their work with light hearts. Or were their hearts heavy sometimes like his? Now there was religion.

He shuddered at the thought. His grandfather had been a devout Catholic and worshipped as one, he had been a devout Catholic too, but he worshipped as a Protestant, as a member of a church that he could never believe in, for beneath the crushing hand of the king he must hide behind an all-concealing cloak of hypocrisy or be smothered in the persecution that fell on all who defied the king's edict, and as much from a silly feeling that he should be loyal than from any fear, for Sir Richard was not really a coward. Right or wrong, his family had always stood steadfastly by and for the king. Here was a time when the king was wrong. Until a month ago he had sided with the king against his own conscience. Such thoughts were unpleasant.

"Shall we finish our game of chess?" he asked, "you have me in a corner but I might easily squirm out and make it uncomfortable for you."

"We will go back to it later and I will take up our five minutes before bed-time with finishing off your knights and attacking your king." At the word "king" both men started ever so slightly.

"Attacking your king." The words burned into Sir Richard's brain. Who was there dared to attack a king? Not he nor the twenty or more other country nobles and gentry in that part of England, who had felt the monarch's iron hand ever crushing them from above and the people clamoring and clamoring beneath for greater liberties. Taxes, religion, benevolence, forced loans slowly and certainly eating into their diminishing wealth. They all bore the same burden. How might Sir Giles feel under the burden of royalty? He would have just cause for grievance. The grandson of an earl—a younger son, to be sure—but still the king had sliced out enough in fines and toll to make this land a mere shadow of the great estate it once had been. He would like to know just how much Sir Giles loved his sovereign lord. Sir Giles

had no son and a beautiful daughter. He had a handsome son. Sir Giles was a widower, he had only himself and his daughter to live for.

Swish, patter, patter! a drumming rain beat on the small lead and glass windows. The red firelight flickered up across the faces of the two men. Sir Giles' fine blond hair—he did not wear a wig—tumbled over the dark wood of his chair and glinted in the ever-changing light-beams from the fireplace. A youthful looking man, thin-cheeked but pink and smooth; nose and eyes clear cut and fine like a woman's, fine and hard, too, like a delicate marble statue. "A man as handsome as you, Sir Giles, may enjoy the court and city more than the lonely green fields and forests of our country. Have you ever considered living at court?"

"I am too busy with my fields and forests to worry, and the court ladies bore me."

"A lady should never bore a handsome man."

"The court is for men who live by gifts and favors or who delight in plot and intrigue to get the wealth of another. I like better our simple country folk who can be trusted not to deal in lies and flattery." How much did Sir Giles love his king, Sir Richard wondered. It would be well to find out.

"No, we go about out own business here. Maybe that is why our estates grow smaller every year." Sir Giles did not move an eyelash.

"And," went on Sir Richard looking keenly at his host, "I hate to think that the lands my ancestors spilled their blood for are taken from me without a struggle to be given to—to an oily lawyer, to a flattering, cozening informer whose forefathers were afraid to use a sword or ride a horse for the old England our forefathers knew."

Sir Giles still sat motionless. Inwardly he was laughing. His guest seemed to wish to lead him on to talk

about the king. Well, he would see what Sir Richard thought himself.

"Much that you say is true," he said slowly, "but they are favorites of the king, it is all done at the king's order"—and he waited for Sir Richard's answer. Sir Richard's nerves jumped taut. He had stepped in.

He drained the last of a huge wine flagon and his thoughts wandered for a moment to where the sparks snapped up out of the dying fire. Things he had thought before flitted before his mind and half formed plans and ideas that he had always kept half formed—pushed back.

Twenty or more nobles—"No, we go about our own business here." "It is all done at the king's order." He *would* be great and powerful. His family—his uncles —one of the most powerful in England. Sir Giles' family, powerful, too. Twenty or more nobles, they felt the iron hand crushing. How much did Sir Giles love his king? Twenty or more nobles, how much did they love their king?

Sir Giles must be handled carefully. He would be evasive.

"Ah yes, it is all done at the king's command." "And the king can do no wrong," pursued Sir Giles but his half mocking tone belied the words.

"You say the king can do no wrong?"

"I have been so told." They were silent a minute more.

"The king is to pass through this part of the country soon. He may do one of us the honor of paying a visit," Sir Richard spoke. "An honor indeed, though sometimes a costly one. Once, many years ago, the king stopped at the castle of one of my relatives—by marriage—the Earl of Oxford. It appears there were more soldiers about the castle than was allowed by law but the king said nothing. At the end of the visit, after being royally entertained, he bade the Earl good-bye with much ceremony and added as an afterthought that his attorney

wished to speak to him. That speech cost the Earl ten thousand pounds."

"No man, however great, is safe from the king's displeasure."

"The king is never hard to displease." So Sir Giles felt the king's hand, too. They were treading on ground that earlier in the evening they would have scrupulously avoided. Both of the same mind, why did they not bring forth their ideas more frankly? Sir Richard was beginning to form ideas that he was afraid to think of. Surely Sir Giles was his friend. He would not lead his guest on to say anything treasonable and then turn informer. In fact, he was as ready as Sir Richard himself to speak on the unpopular policies of the king. But policies—no, they must condemn more than policies to carry out all the wild schemes and half-laid plans that Sir Richard felt fermenting in the back of his head.

"But it is hard to be displeased with the king."

"There are some who find it easy."

"It goes hard with them, nevertheless, if they are open in their displeasure"—a pause. "Therefore," went on Sir Richard, "let us not be open in our displeasure."

"You are very kind to speak for us both."

"Do I not speak for us both?" Sir Giles thought a moment.

"We have long been friends, Sir Richard. I see you would like to speak your mind. You have my promise as a friend and a gentleman to keep whatever you say in confidence. I am interested because I may—a—sympathize with your views." The firelight played on his fine mouth and cold, clear eyes as he was speaking. A delicate marble statue!

"There are many men in this part of England who feel as we do."

"But they are not here. Are we interested in what other men think?"

"We may do well to have them on our side."

"And what do you speak of as our side, pray?"

"Our side against the king."

"Ah!"

"The king is making a journey through this way soon."

"Ah!"

"There are many nobles in this part of the country who are on our side."

"Ah! You speak wildly, Sir Richard. Time was when men plotted to take the king's life—long ago, men who might become kings themselves. We do not use murder today—unless it be legal murder. And you, I hope, have no illusions about becoming king."

"We do not use murder today. No, we do not use any weapons at all. That is why our lands grow smaller every year and our taxes more. The king's son is a boy, in this part of England are two great earls, distant relatives of ours. Think, Sir Giles Howard! If the king died while riding through the forest, who knows who might rule England? We do not use murder today, that is true, unless it be the legalized murder of the royal criminals. We do not use murder today, we use intrigue and the king has proved himself more than a match for us at that." Sir Richard spoke as in a trance. He had committed himself. Could he persuade Sir Giles to join him in some wild plot?

"Your speech takes me suddenly, Sir Richard. I cannot speak with you without much thought. I confess what you suggest has never come into my mind 'til you mentioned it just now." "He lies," thought Sir Richard, "and though I am not as displeased as surprised, I think the idea a bit impracticable and foolish." Then, speaking, "However, it is getting late. Let us retire and think about what you have suggested. Our

sober judgment in the morning may be very different from what our wine-heated brain gives us to think tonight. I will talk more with you tomorrow evening. For the present, let us get to bed and sleep out foolish thoughts."

The rain was still beating and whirring outside the window and the fire was a mass of glowing embers—a time for bed and sleep. The men bade each other good-night and Sir Richard was shown to his room.

It was some minutes, however, before Sir Giles left the chair in front of the fire. He was thinking over what had passed between him and his guest. A wild scheme—still there was a chance, a chance it would work and then—then he would be an earl, or what? And if they failed—it was more likely to fail, too—why then he would be a corpse, his daughter penniless. He had no moral scruples, of course. But he could not afford to mix in any scatter-brained plot that would ruin him and his family with him. No—his thoughts were interrupted by a servant who stepped in from the hall. A messenger, it seemed, had just arrived with a letter. A messenger—what a queer hour. He had been fed and his horse taken care of? Very good, and the message? A letter. Very well, he would see him immediately before bed-time. Send him in. He has no message but a letter. Bring the letter and a light.

Beneath the flickering candlelight Sir Giles opened the wooden box that contained the letter. He started and bent nearer to view it more closely. The Seal of the Wardrobe! That meant one thing—it was from the king. And in English. Yes, it was from the king.

"The king to Sir Giles Howard, Greeting.

"Whereas by the laws and customs of our realm, which we are bound, by the oath made at our coronation to observe, all our lieges within the same realm, as well poor as rich,

ought freely to sue . . ." unimportant, what was it he wanted? Sir Giles was halfway through "*. . . of the great and outrageous oppressions and maintenances made to the damage of us and our people, in divers parts of the same realm, with divers maintainors, instigators, barators, purveyors and embraceors of quarrels and . . .*" there was trouble somewhere. The purport was beginning to flash through Sir Giles' mind "*to discover and inform us of those who, of late, by subtle imagination and by art, and device may plot treason or harm, or quarrel, or rebellion, against us and our state . . .*" He had guessed right. And more "*. . . wherefore we command and charge you . . . to be executed in all points . . . to your own great reward and advancement and to our peace and order in the realm.*" It ended. "*. . . Given under our seal of the wardrobe at Westminster, the twelfth day of May. By the king himself.*"

Sir Giles carefully laid the box and the letter on the red embers. And he smiled as he watched the flames devour greedily what a messenger had brought him all the way from London—and from the hand of the king.

He smiled and the firelight playing in his fine golden hair added a satanic redness to the graceful head. His eyes gazed steadily at the fire while he thought, still and motionless. A delicate, marble statue. Then he turned and went to his chamber.

* * *

The next afternoon was bright and cheerful. Elizabeth, Sir Giles and his guest were seated in the newly created music room and Rosso had just seated himself before the virginal.

Elizabeth handed him a sheet of music and he struck the first chord—a resounding major. Sir Giles listened to him unconsciously. He was thinking about the letter he had received from the king. Should he warn Sir Richard that the king was suspicious of the nobles in

that part of England, or should he let events take their course and gain the king's reward by disclosing the plot before it became ripe?

One way, he thought was the duty of a friend and a gentleman who did not betray a confidence. But who was a gentleman when he would lose an earldom by it? The other way was the path to advancement and greater riches. That was a path that any Englishman would like to follow. Was not Sir Richard willing to sacrifice his king to advance himself? . . . What was that tune? . . .

Rosso pounded out the solemn chords of a hymn. Slow and rhythmical the great major cadences rose and fell. Sir Giles was entranced. "Come, come, come to the Lord!" the music rolled, solemn and slow. "The Almighty glory of God, the Father, the judge, the judge of all men!" The thought smote Sir Giles like a hammer. The judge, was not *he* the judge of men? He, the great Sir Giles Howard, was never judged. And the music said he lied. Eternity, power, majesty were in the music, the notes seemed every one symbols of the Heavenly Power that would sometime fall on every man who would betray his promise to a friend—that he might be greater in this world below.

Suddenly the fear of the Lord, with all the primitive passion that it inspired in the medieval man, swept over the listener. Sir Giles was trembling like a child, fascinated, awed by something more than human. He felt his resolution dissolve within him in the solemn harmony from the instrument. And never did he once think of stopping the music or leaving the room to escape from it. He was under a holy spell that it would be eternal damnation to break. Rosso was playing with the fervor that had sent the wicked men of Florence from the church in tears.

Boom, boom, every chord seemed a blow. Judged, you will some day be the judged. Doom, doom, doom,

there is a doom, doom, a solemn doom. Fear the Lord, the Lord Almighty . . .

The music softened to a whisper. Now it was pleading, soft, gentle. It flowed along even and slow. Fragments of thought flashed through Sir Giles' heated brain. He relaxed a moment from the stone-still spell that Rosso's passionate music had cast upon him. "The merciful, the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," it was saying to him now and the slow solemn rhythm of the bass told him of the power behind the pleading sweetness of the melody. And now, with a crash, it swung into the grand chorus. Oh, the power! How could a mere man defy the power that music expressed.

He let out a restrained breath, at last, Rosso had finished. Sir Richard was speaking to him but he did not hear. He would wait 'til he was himself again, he was mad now. He had laughed at Sir Richard. Who was the man now? Who cringed like a dog and trembled like a leaf?

Elizabeth was sorting over the music. "What shall you play now, Rosso? I have an old Saxon war song, thrilling—it will make a coward fight like a demon. It was put to music in London a few years ago. Shall we play it?" She paused a moment. "Or, no, here is a love song. If I had the words I would sing with you. Play it for us."

Rosso had not touched the keys thrice before a new pang had touched Sir Giles' hard heart. His daughter—that tune—his dead wife. His daughter, the thing on earth he loved most. And who on earth did she love most? Was it he—or was it the son of the man he would betray . . . the son of the man he would have hanged as a traitor? But then—he might marry her to the son of a duke; she would like that better. Again the music told him he lied. How sweet it was. He had loved to sing that song as a young blade with a singing heart and a swift horse beneath him, sung it to—to the lady who

was dead. She had met her Maker face to face, could he? Would she wait for him in heaven 'til eternity because he wanted gold and power? No, no, no! Never! The old love in his heart seemed to swell with the music 'til it was about to burst—burst for joy, and off in the dim clouds he saw—he saw the vision of her face looking down at him from heaven. He laughed—not the cold hard laugh that he had laughed since *she* died but a laugh of joy, of gladness. The world was a world for love and joy and—friendship. Happiness, that was what he wanted—happiness and love and some day he might meet her there in the clouds. Happiness—not power.

The music stopped. His eye turned to Elizabeth, who was strangely blushing—blushing red. He wondered why. Then their eyes met—and he knew.

He rose and turned to Sir Richard. "If we may be excused, I will ask you to come with me to the next room for a moment. Sir Giles Howard, who will be some day the judged, has something to say to you."

Ira B. Rutherford.

The Coward

Where others laugh, I see
The tragedy of souls misunderstood.
Where others scorn, I feel
The yearnings of a heart that seeks to tell
Its song of love or sadness.
The unheard utterings that others cannot find,
Beneath the mask of shyness
Or of fear, are plain to me. Why then,
When others laugh, do I
Laugh with them, even though I see
The tragedy of souls misunderstood?

David Hughes Dillon.

New Books

THE MONTH'S BEST FICTION

The Orphan Angel, by Elinor Wylie (Knopf. $2.50.) It is rather difficult to criticize Mrs. Wylie's books in conventional phraseology, for the simple reason that they are among the most unconventional novels in the English language; meaning merely that they aren't quite like anything that has ever been written before. *The Orphan Angel* is a fantastic pastel of the poet Shelley and his adventures in this fine country after the year 1822 . . . and it is a Shelley infinitely more sympathetic, and probably quite as true, as the one in M. Maurois' *Ariel.*

It is in her style that lie Mrs. Wylie's greatest strength and only weakness: among her very many images, some convey little, others seem forced; but again some are exquisite writing. *Voilà,* "And although his eyes were still the stars of a wilder heaven, he was brown and ruddy as David, his tints were fierce, partaking of the subtlety of flame, and his feet burned up the long white miles like magic" . . . both extremes. Not only a good book, but an important one.

My Mortal Enemy, by Willa Cather. (Knopf. $2.50.) There is absolutely no flaw in this finely penciled tragedy of an emotionally unfortunate woman; there can be only one word—perfection. The story moves swiftly and finally through the medium of Miss Cather's crystal-clear style. And if there is a lack of color and permanence in the portraiture, it is a sacrifice necessary for the suspended effect of brevity and simplicity.

The Dancing Floor, by John Buchan. (Houghton-Mifflin, $2.50.) In any of his novels John Buchan writes the wildest melodrama with the grace of Keats.

His characters have such a rollicking don't-give-a-damn air that they are all lovable, as is especially Sir Edward Leithen, the said English lawyer, who meets terror and battle with the old Greek gods in the valley of The Dancing Floor. The evil-doomed House of Plakos, fire and gunplay, and the dream that haunted Vernon Milburne for seven years—these are fascinating enough elements without the presence of quite a delectable heroine.

VERSE

Peter Rae, by George Dickson. (George Allen & Unwin, London. 3/6.) It seems as if we had had about enough war literature. Still, this isn't bad of its kind; it has an easy natural style, and it *rimes* . . . The poem, briefly, represents the author's opinions all the way from prostitution and the early church to prohibition and art.

The Cattledrive in Connaught, by Austin Clarke. (George Allen and Unwin, London. 5/.) Most of this collection is so tangled up in poetic language and obscure Irish mythological allusions that we can't quite decide what it's all about. One or two of the shorter poems, however, are recognizably excellent.

The Isle of Mistorak, by A. W. S. (George Allen & Unwin, London. 6/.) The author was wise to refrain from signing anything but his initials. Stilted, artificial versification. The best thing about this, as about the other verse from the same publisher, is its handsome printing, together with a passable binding, which is a true rarity in this country.

Frost Fire, by Arthur Crew Inman. (Small Maynard, $2.00.) *Silhouettes Against the Sun*, by Arthur Crew Inman. (E. P. Dutton. $2.00.) Our Mr. Inman's two new books differ greatly. *Frost Fire* produces the good old love of nature and a real sincerity to drown out the odor of platitudes like, "Ah, that is to live indeed!"

and references to "death's pale kiss"; some of the longer poems we might call significant, if we didn't so loathe the word. The *Silhouettes* are in his former, quasi-cynical, vein and very individual verse form. Occasionally his rather tiring penchant for epigram gives us a really penetrating one . . . but only occasionally.

NOVELS

Early Autumn, by Louis Bromfield. (Stokes. $2.00.) An old woman (mad) who lives in solitude in the north wing of the mansion, a wild Irishman and two apparently malevolent persons, male and female, interested in doing good in their own way, all give the book a mysterious air. The elements of doom appear in the sinister past of the Pentland family, modifying its present, but a good deal of melodrama forces the book to a lower level.

Heaven Trees, by Stark Young. (Scribners. $2.00.) This is a special brand of *apfelmus*, guaranteed pure. Will any kind reader give us the English text of the following sample, "They were long hands, white and shining and beautiful; all her body was darkened by her hands." That a man capable of writing splendid prose should so forget himself seems a shame.

The Sun Also Rises, by Ernest Hemingway. (Scribners. $2.00.) Mr. Hemingway definitely showed himself a master of the short story in *In Our Time*. And his new novel has all the advantages and disadvantages of a string of short stories: the dialogue and individual scenes are brilliant, but unity is sacrificed to a succession of individual climaxes. But most emphatically worth reading.

Summer Storm, by Frank Swinnerton. (Doran. $2.00.) Whether Mr. Swinnerton's *Weltanschauung* has changed, or whether he is using a new method of attack, we don't venture to say. We have always infinitely admired his people, but these seem pale and green. His

style and analysis, though, are, as always, impeccable; Mr. Swinnerton will surely never write a very bad book.

The Cubical City, by Janet Flanner. (Putnam. $2.00.) A first novel, and promise of even better to follow. The characters are a blonde scenic designer, a sentimental and sensuous Jewish producer, and a somewhat dull young man. Setting: New York. Though it is a bit hard to get into you should like it.

The Avenger, by John Goodwin. (Putnam. $2.00.) They lock up the hero in the jug, and he's innocent, and then there's hell to pay because he gets out in a couple of days. All the stock characters of melodrama are present for a *Count of Monte Cristo* in modern dress. But nevertheless, "My man!" says the heroine, "where did you learn mercy?" It's a good enough book.

Dry Martini, by John Thomas. (Doran. $2.00.) This is the story of a thirsty expatriot in Paris. If you are cynical or think you are cynical, we suppose you'll smile quietly at the clever conversation of the book. If you aren't, you'll laugh whole-heartedly at it. But, like a dry Martini, the book is easily finished, leaving only a faint glamor and a tingling sense of pleasure.

Blindness, by Henry Green. (E. P. Dutton. $2.00.) The process of rebuilding a life. The story starts as the diary of an English school-boy and then, suddenly, blindness, and finally, the acquisition of a new philosophy. Good, but not exceptional except for a charming originality of description. The book is strongly introspective and describes, in detail, the psychological reactions to sudden blindness.

Angel, by Dubose Heyward. (Doran. $2.00.) Unlike *Porgy*, the author's first book, the canvas of Angel (and it is in ways a fine portrait) is slashed by the superficial violence of the plot; especially toward the close of the book. A good novel of the Kentucky highlands, but that's about all.

The Widow of Ephesus, by Mary Granger. (Putnam. $2.00.) A first novel, remarkable for its pathos and for its beautifully rhythmic prose. The author builds up a titanic struggle between a woman's passionate loyalty to her first great love and her desire to live again fully.

LIGHTER FICTION

Winnie-the-Pooh, by A. A. Milne. (Dutton. 2.00.) The charming adventures of Pooh, a bear of small brain, piglet and Christopher Robin. Even better than *When We Were Very Young*. You will find yourself repeating phrases from sheer delight at the sound of them.

The Sly Giraffe, With Some Account of The Wise Old Man Who Dwells in Tai-Poo, by Lee Wilson Dodd. (Dutton. $2.00.) This is gorgeous nonsense, without even the slightest pretense of being otherwise; and somehow, through it all, we are given glimpses of a really delightful personality—that of Mr. Dodd, presumably.

TRAVEL, BIOGRAPHY, ETC.

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Denatured Africa, by Will Streeter. (Putnam. $3.00.) Here we have a decidedly novel (and agreeable) approach to the travel-in-wild-lands persuasion of literature, and if we guess right, it won't be the last of its kind. There are four parts—Why, How, What and What of it,—the best possible résumé of the book.

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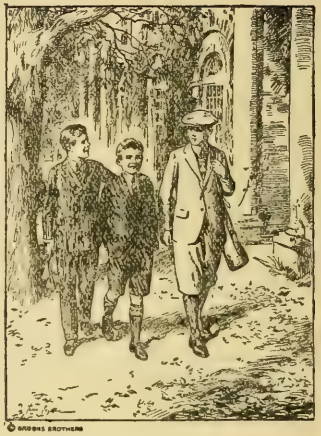
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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVI HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1927 NO. 4

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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"Throned in State."

The Fourth Suspect.

The Fourth Suspect

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF M. HENRI BENCOLIN

CONCERNING DETECTIVE STORIES

Even aside from monetary motives, the great interest displayed in THE HAVERFORDIAN'S *first detective story has assisted in inducing the author of "The Shadow of the Goat" to write a second mystery for his M. Bencolin to solve. The editors believe that it will be found, if anything, more bewildering than the first. There is a persistent rumor that M. Bencolin is a real person, and the author wishes us to state here that no such person actually exists, though his prototype may be found in the present Prefect de la Seine. At any rate, here is a second challenge to anticipate him in discovering a very elusive murderer.*

IT HAS always been a matter for wonder to the Paris newspapers, which adore the spectacular, that M. Henri Bencolin did not rise to higher rank in his profession, and that he was not head of every detective bureau in France. The sober ones shook their heads, opining that it was because he had far too much imagination, so that he worked out his cases with an eye to the dramatic rather than to truth. They cited, for example, the murder of his countryman, Jules Fragneau, which had caused so much of a stir in England. True, the little Frenchman had solved a problem which baffled the best heads in Europe, but he introduced so much unnecessary theatricality that his man almost escaped. On the other hand, more knowing people decided that the innate sentimentality of the man

worked against him; at odd moments he might be found dreaming at the opera, or buying wine for Bohemian friends on the left bank, or consorting with beggars whose obviously false tales drew large sums of money from him. He, whose business was truth, never seemed able to detect a falsehood which was practised on himself. Nevertheless, when a member high in the War Office wired for help in a matter which had kept the lights burning late in the departments of government, there came the reply, *"We are sending you the best in the business."*

High up burned the lamps that night on the Quai d'Orsay, over the black Seine and the tracery of lights, the singing lights of Paris, as murmurous as an old waltz. Like all good Frenchmen, Bencolin loved his Paris. He loved the pink-and-white flowered trees, the hurdy-gurdies, the gaiety that is almost sadness. And something of it all touched him when he entered Villon's office in response to his superior's order.

In the big oaken room sat Villon behind a great plateau of a desk. He claimed descent from that other Villon who had once grinned over Paris like a gargoyle, and he had an odd intent expression on his face now—large and bald, with a loose under-lip. His eyes were all pupil-points. The capacious head was said to contain more information than that of any four men in France, and it was likewise said that he never forgot a fact. He merely sat and stared at the door until Bencolin's knock roused him. Then he rose.

The little detective came shambling in with his rather apologetic air. Bencolin's eyes were kindly and squinting; Villon could picture the stooped figure, black beard, high nose, all redolent of cigar-smoke, even with closed eyes. Bencolin had a top-hat stuck rather rakishly on his head; his cloak sagged after him when he advanced to the desk.

"M. le comte," he said; "my greetings. Your agents found me listening to Mme. St. Marie's singing. I gathered that the message was urgent."

"Sit down, monsieur. A cigar? My dear Bencolin, I sent for you for obvious reasons. We have not forgotten your work on the 'newspaper' murder of the Rue des Marchands, nor your more recent adventure in England (though we were forced to deprecate your assumption of authority there, monsieur)." Villon nodded his big head slowly, like a wooden mandarin. Then he said abruptly: "You did well to listen to Mme. St. Marie, my friend."

Bencolin sat down and lighted a cigar. The office was silent a while, almost as though it were empty under the brilliant light.

"She sings divinely," Bencolin remarked, blowing a cloud of smoke.

"Bah! I must correct you there. She has no great voice; she will never appear in the opera. She is only a gipsy, a winking red-haired gipsy whom men want to kiss because the sight of her affects one like the touch of her. And yet, my friend, last night I thought that she was guilty of murder."

He spoke unemotionally. Bencolin shrugged, and waited. His companion looked faintly disappointed, the pin-point eyes blinked, but he went on:

"In these days after a great world war, it is almost ridiculous to speak of spies or espionage. Yet there is such a man near Paris. He is a spy exactly as von Stumann was a spy ten years ago. For what reason, or in the employ of what nation, we do not know; that is the worst feature. Why does one have spies in peace-time? Who should be interested in knowing what goes on in our councils? What of our finances, our battleships, our code-signals? We do not publish such information broadcast, yet this man has it, because

we have detected him. And we cannot punish him, monsieur, because the world is at peace. Such information may be even more deadly to us now than ten years ago. Italy, England, America, Germany. . . You have often been called upon to investigate the spy of war, my friend. Now you are called on to investigate the spy of peace."

"And you want me to discover who he is?"

"No!" Villon said triumphantly. "We know the man. But you have been summoned because he was shot through the head last night. Listen to me, Bencolin. The person who called himself LaGarde had a brilliant mind, a mind handsome as his face was handsome, but he was indiscreet. He carried with him constantly some paper whereon was written his commission, *and the name of the government which commissioned him.* We know it because we have a letter, in a very childish cipher, boasting of its possession. Some say he had an accomplice, a woman, but we do not know. Don't you see? Living, LaGarde with this commission was a danger. But dead, he may be fatal. That commission has not been found. If it chances to be found, and published—" He was growing excited, so that the big form underwent an odd alchemy like jelly into stone—"published, it might mean war. There is an international etiquette; publicly, France could not overlook such a breach of it. And France does not want war. Let us suppose, M. Bencolin, that a nation, which we shall call X, were for some reason prying into our secrets, and that every newspaper in France carried news of it—or that it even got outside the proper channels. Ah, you see the consequences?"

For a long time Bencolin looked at his cigar.

"M. le comte flatters me with his confidence," he said.

"For an evident reason! You must find that slip of paper—identification card, if you will—and bring it to us.

And when you do that, monsieur, you may be able to discover who killed LaGarde. This time, as in the Fragneau case, you will be dealing with a vanishing assassin. Your department boasts that you have never been beaten. But here I think that you will be beaten at last. . . Because, my friend, it is all as simple and baffling as life. We have seen this incredible thing occur, yet we cannot conceive of an explanation. Someone shot LaGarde, after which the murderer disappeared. There was no trickery, no stealing away in half-light or any such mummery as the Englishman Garrick perpetrated. He merely vanished . . . Let me tell you the story."

Villon rose heavily and lumbered to the wall. He turned off all the lights except the desk lamp; when he returned to his seat Bencolin was in shadow. But the official sat there motionless as a monstrous bald idol while his lips fashioned the words slowly and clearly, and the pin-point eyes did not waver in their stare.

II

If you know Mme. St. Marie (said Villon) you may possibly know M. Patrick O'Riordan, the drunken Irishman who is her husband. Sometime we shall be forced to give O'Riordan his dismissal from the secret service bureau; when he is sober, there are few better men in the department, but his erratic conduct cannot be pardoned by that. He saw three years of the most horrible blinding fighting on the western front; after a series of insane stunts he was railroaded to Paris, full of gas and shrapnel. He had the cross of honor, but he had no right arm. . .

I saw him once in the Bois, quite thin, with eyes wretched because he who was so handsome had his right sleeve pinned across his chest. He was riding on a

fine black horse, and beside him rode a girl with blood-red hair bound around the white of her face. It was Mme. St. Marie. I said she had no great voice, but, ah, my friend, who can forget the night war was declared, when she, very young, sang "La Marseillaise"?—with her wild hair streaming and every beautiful vibrant thrill in her body! That night, monsieur, one heard again the drums of Jena and Sedan.

O'Riordan met her on one of his rambles about Paris, as I have said. They were crazily in love, but they did not marry for a while, because he volunteered for intelligence work. He wandered all through the Balkans, the great tall Irishman with his drunken grin; he got through the German lines on sheer nerve, and once he was seen in Constantinople, riding like a lord in a German general's motor-car. When the armistice was signed, he came up from the East, singing, and married Mme. St. Marie.

Now I must gather up the narrative. I suppose you have heard enough of the man LaGarde to consider it natural that since he has been in France he should have paid attentions to Mme. St. Marie. Handsome man—hands like a musician and eyes like a poet, but slightly fat. Women used to rave over his beautiful hair; yes, and I did not know that it was a wig until I saw it slipped partly off, while he had a bullet-hole through his head. He had an establishment some few miles up the Avenue de la Défense; literally, the house used to be full of women. Last night he gave a masked ball.

I warn you that you are going to meet odd characters in this affair. Had it not been for one of Patrick O'Riordan's two guardian angels, O'Riordan and I might not have gone out to LaGarde's house. At least, we should probably not have gone that night. Of these two guardian angels, one is a little Turk named Gomboul, whom O'Riordan brought back from the Balkans—a chocolate-colored fellow with shiny eyes and teeth

like a tame tiger. O'Riordan frisked him out from under somebody's sword, so that Gomboul is annoying in his constant attention on his master. He waddles around after him, fanatically fearful that somebody is going to hurt him, all daggers or smiles, mumbling "Yus, master." He will throw back his head and intone long passages from the Koran like a dog crying to the moon. . . Then the other person is even more of a religious fanatic, in a way. It is a dried-up woman, a crooning soul who has been housekeeper for O'Riordan. Her name, to be exact, is Celeste Gratin; she has the air of a stone virgin, with a slight moustache like such women, and eyes that follow one around in the manner of a picture. She is religion-crazy. Sometimes, O'Riordan has told me, you will see a wild ridiculous scene, with her shrieking the Ten Commandments at the heathen, and he bawling out his Koran with head back, while O'Riordan sits in a corner applauding and drinking brandy.

Well, then! For nearly a month O'Riordan has been away on a government mission. It had to do with LaGarde; specifically, he has been attempting to discover what government sent him. No success, my friend! And in the meantime, all very cleverly, LaGarde has been doing his own secret-service work. He has hunted the hunter, and he has stalked the hunter's wife. You see the trend of affairs?

I met O'Riordan at the Place de L'Etoile; he was flushed and despondent, but he talked with eagerness about seeing his wife again. He had returned unexpectedly, with only a wire to me, and he planned on surprising his wife. . .

I shan't soon forget his expression when we arrived at his apartment on the Avenue des Bois du Boulugne. In the dusk it was quite empty, but shadowed with blowing branches and filled with the scent of flowers

from the trees outside. You could almost feel someone stepping lightly over the carpets. But she was not there. Instead this moustached, grim-eyed woman sat in the middle of the drawing-room, telling her beads.

"She is gone," said Celeste Gratin, rising and clenching her mannish hands. "May the good God have mercy upon her soul for hurting you! She has gone with M. LaGarde, to his house, and she has taken a valise."

III

Subsequent events (continued Villon) are confused in my mind. I remember that O'Riordan sat down to wait; he steadfastly refused to believe that Mlle. Gratin spoke the truth. He said, trying to smile, "She'll be in, Villon; she'll come in from shopping—there! isn't that her laugh in the hall? Of course!" But she never came. Celeste Gratin went out, mumbling; I heard her rifling among drawers in the next room, and presently she stalked out of the aprtment.

It grew later and later, until O'Riordan's talk of shopping-tours became a rather ghastly farce. He paced up and down, smoking cigarettes. Nor had he bothered to turn on any lights, so that I could hear his steps go padding about in darkness, or see his spectral figure move across the moonlight in the windows. I must have fallen into a doze. When I awoke he was shaking me by the shoulder. He had turned on every light in the room, and was standing with a big black cloak billowing around him, a weird and lofty form with white staring face.

"Get up, Villon!" he muttered. "Get up. We're going to LaGarde's place. By God, I can have it out with him in more ways than one! I'm going to get to the bottom of this thing if I have to kill him, and I'm going to find out about Sylvie. . . Is your car still downstairs?"

That drive was a stormy roaring race. O'Riordan was at the wheel of the roadster; I can remember only a stream of lights, the screech when he jumped on the brakes, the people scuttling past us like chickens—black silhouettes on the windshield. We turned right at the Boulevard des Lannes, then left up the Avenue de la Défense. I was wide enough awake when we got out on the open road. White road, rushing in the car-lamps, and the scarlet A's on the stop signs reeling and falling behind, with the call of the horn screaming before us like a battle-cry.

Presently we smashed in through a tapestry of trees, eerie and ghostly like flying clouds. The wet perfume of gardens, the swish of leaves, the gleam of a statue—we mounted past them and stopped lone as on some deserted windy height. There it stood, forlorn under the stars: the house and the gardens that were strung with vague lights. Yes, I tell you the gardens glowed all naked, but the house was black except for one illuminated window. And the rustling branches, and the gravel drive rutted with car-tracks, all looked uncanny as though an army had passed. It was then that I remembered: LaGarde had given a masked ball that night. It must be near dawn, I decided, for the guests had gone. Nothing moved in those lighted gardens.

We got out of the car; we moved over the lawn rather breathlessly. Then, close to the house, we saw it, full black on the yellow oblong of the window. It was a shadow, rearing up like smoke, and it was the shadow of a woman. O'Riordan muttered something. . .

We were almost at the steps when we heard the sound of the shot. It was unmistakably that, and it had come from the room of the lighted window. O'Riordan broke into a run. He leaped the porch stairs, he had knocked open the door of the house before my wits were aroused. When I reached the front door I saw him in the hallway,

terrifying as a cloaked god, and he was surging his shoulder at one of the doors. When I heard it tear open, and saw him half fall inside, I noticed another thing in that blank corridor, where a single lamp beamed high. It was a little brown figure, gibbering like a monkey under the lamp: it was Gomboul, the Turk.

I went quietly to the shattered door. O'Riordan was leaning against the jamb, and his head was bowed.

"I thank God," he said, "that we are too late, monsieur."

In the middle of the room, partly facing the door, a man sat throned in state, except that his legs had a curiously sprawled look. He was in velvet and satins, white wig of the eighteenth century, all white in the sombre furnishings of the room. Incongruously, one hand lying on the table beside him held a lighted cigarette, from which the smoke went up very straight. Just that lonely figure, head on one side, looking at us through the eyeholes of a white mask. But in the center of the forehead, like another eyehole in the mask, there was the round red blot of a bullet-mark. Then, as we looked, a little streak of red shot down from it across the white mask.

From the doorway O'Riordan suddenly asked, "*Where is she?*"

That was a last bitter tangling of strings. There was nobody else in the room except that grotesque dead man—nobody else. I examined it with care. No one hiding. There was one full-length window, fastened on the inside with sliding bolts and a catch. Obviously it would have been impossible to step outside and lock that window from the inside. And as for LaGarde locking it after he had been shot, that was just as impossible; death was instantaneous. We had both been watching the door of the room, and we had seen nobody leave. Certainly the person who killed LaGarde could

not have left, *yet that person was not in the room.* Secret entrances? Quite out of the question, as we discovered; besides, my friend, that is a sheer wild device of melodrama, and one does not find such things in prosaic country houses. Suicide, then? Again out of the question, because there was no weapon.

Name of a name! The whole matter was appalling. And it was so aimless. I remember what a horrible significance small details had: O'Riordan, in a sort of daze, meticulously taking the cigarette from the flabby hand and squashing it out on an ash-tray—it was a home-made cigarette, and it crumbled; then Gomboul, sidling in with a scared look. In the doorway behind him a lot of faces had begun to peek in like curious chickens—servants. The insanest gabble went up, and when we took the mask off LaGarde's face, so that the eyes peered out, Gomboul began singing out his religious chants. O'Riordan cursed him into silence, after which he demanded in English, what the hell Gomboul was doing there.

"Master say, 'Take care Sylvie,'" the Turk answered; "I haf followed. Master, she go in this room, after she dance. Master, she not here now."

O'Riordan's slow eyes moved as though they alone were alive in his face, from Gomboul to me, and then to the dead man. Then he made a little sniffing, shrugging motion, after which he turned his big back and went toward the door.

When I followed him to the porch the dawn was brushing out over the trees, drowsy on the eyelids. The garden-lights glowed on the gray. There was a faint rustle of birds. And in the middle of the lawn, like a figure in mist, stood a lone woman, looking at the house. It was Celeste Gratin. . . O'Riordan sat down on the steps.

"I'm tired, Villon," he said. "I'm so tired. . ."

IV

Quite suddenly M. Bencolin realized that the quiet voice had stopped speaking. The little detective had sunk so far down in his chair that his elbows over its arms looked like wings. His cigar had gone out.

"Well!" grunted Villon, drawing a long breath. "What do you make of it now?"

Bencolin accepted another cigar. He got up and went wandering about the room, his head forward and bobbing on his shoulders. Then he paused.

"With all this evidence," he remarked, "why has not Mme. St. Marie been arrested?"

"Because, my friend, she has a perfect alibi!"

Bencolin struck the desk. "Monsieur," he said wildly, and he flourished the cigar, "are you now so blind as to doubt the existence of a God? It was the one chance for which I had been hoping. Ah, yes; you are going to tell me, are you not, that she was seen outside the house before the shot was fired?"

"If I doubt the existence of a God," replied Villon politely, "at least I cannot doubt the existence of a devil. How does monsieur know? Yes, she was seen getting into a motor-car on the other side of the house just as we approached. She must even have seen *us*. We have witnesses in the form of a couple who were coming over the hill behind LaGarde's house, and who met her face to face. We shall not pry into the reason why they were abroad at that hour, this man and woman; they are lovers, and their business was at least honest. We are withholding their names; monsieur sees? But they are well-known peasants. Mme. St. Marie has bought milk from one; she recognized her, and called on her today for identification. Yet," said Villon, "I think that all three are lying. The thing is incredible! How did she leave the room, if she did not shoot LaGarde, with the Turk guarding a bolted door, and the windows

locked? And who *was* the woman in LaGarde's room, if not she?"

"Ah! Well, M. le comte, how did she leave the room even if she did shoot LaGarde? As for the second question—stay a moment! This matter of the paper with LaGarde's commission: you searched for it?"

"We searched the house from cellar to attic; we have been through all LaGarde's effects very carefully. No, monsieur, we have not found it. The paper *must* exist—"

Bencolin laughed. He seemed very lively now.

"Yes, of course. . . My friend, a great American once wrote a story. . . No matter! Now tell me, if you will, where was the window of this room?"

"It faced the lawn, opening on the porch. As one entered the room, it was on the left-hand side, at right angles to the door."

"You see the significance of that?"

"No."

"And the cigarette? Monsieur does not see the significance of that? Of course not; being on the scene, you were blinded." Bencolin put on his hat thoughtfully, hunching his shoulders under the cape. Then he went to the door.

"M. le comte," he said, "I have a theory. I do not know whether it it is true, and there are parts of it which are as puzzling to me as to you. I shall want time. And now may I bid you good-evening? I shall want to walk the streets a long time to think. Paris at night-time! Is it not fit subject for a dark romancer, another Villon with singing heart and swinging tankard?"

Villon was annoyed. He blinked his eyes slowly. "No," he admitted, "I have no theory, because I am a man of facts. I can conceive of none whatever to fit this business. Can monsieur suggest any?"

"There are many, many theories," responded Bencolin, with his hand on the door. "Consider! There is the theory that while O'Riordan was rushing into the hallway ahead, M. Villon himself went along the porch and fired through the window, using, let us say, a Maxim silencer, and that afterwards he locked the window on the inside, unnoticed."

"Ridiculous! What of the shot we heard? What of the woman in the room? You do not imply that I am telling an untruth—"

"Naturally not. The idea is, of course, ridiculous. But M. le comte de Villon has said that there could be no theory. I know that it is not the true one; nevertheless, it is a theory."

"But who," cried Villon, rising up like a mountain behind the desk, "was the woman in the room?"

"I may be wrong," answered the little detective; "yet I think that it was Celeste Gratin."

"It means, then, that she is guilty?"

"No, my friend, nothing of the kind," said Bencolin. "It means that she is innocent."

And he bowed politely as he backed from the room.

V

In the springtime of Paris, which is a blue dawn over a city of old ghosts, there was a window in the Avenue des Bois beyond which white trees moved. And framed in the window sat a girl all in white, except for her unbound red hair. Hers was a paleness like ivory, with drooping eyelids and a slow curving smile. But something of the lift and defiance of the falcon's poise was in her profile, the falcon as well as a frightened bird, so that her blue eyes were truly as those of one who explores the sky. Beside her there knelt a tall quiet man,

with his dark head bowed, so that in the peace of it all there was something closely akin to a shrine.

When M. Henri Bencolin entered through the portieres, a trailing apologetic figure, the man rose.

"Come on in, old top!" he said, and the voice had a thrill that woke the picture to life, as though tapestries assumed vital form. "I was expecting you, after our conversation this morning."

He stood there, vibrant with his laugh, and the empty sleeve was almost unnoticed in that warm light. Sylvie St. Marie smiled too.

"M. Bencolin? Of course I know you! Who does not?" she added, shrugging. "Please sit down! I should hate to consider you a police officer." (The falcon, head back, gay, defiant, poised.)

"Do not inconvenience yourselves—" said Bencolin rather fumblingly. He glanced round at the maid in the doorway, who was retiring. Then he sat down. Patrick O'Riordan seated himself beside his wife.

"I bring bad news," Bencolin continued, "but I bring you news that will set you free. I know the truth about LaGarde's death."

He said it simply and quietly, blinking at them. Sylvie St. Marie looked at him with unmoving eyes. (The frightened bird, steadying for flight.)

"When I left you this morning, M. O'Riordan, I discovered something. . . I learned that the woman Celeste Gratin has killed herself. Let me finish, please. She drowned herself in the Seine. They got the body out this morning, with a little silver crucifix twined about the neck. She had already written a note which she just addressed 'To the police department' confessing that she had shot LaGarde. She confessed to a crime she did not commit."

Bencolin was leaning forward, speaking in a low voice which held the others motionless. The wind-touched

bright room, the shadows of white blossoms, the little black figure who addressed them very gently.

"She thought that she had killed LaGarde. Listen, she meant to kill him. She loved both of you, but she loved M. O'Riordan best, for she could not see him suffer, and she could not let go unavenged this thing which she considered so blasphemous. When M. O'Riordan returned she got a pistol from the next room. By hired car she went to LaGarde's house. The guests were departing. Through the window she saw LaGarde and Mme. St. Marie in that room. . .

"You perceive it? She waits, praying there with the pistol in her hand, driven to a frenzy, moving in the moonlight. LaGarde is talking, at his ease with mask up and lolling over a chair in his white-stockinged finery. The last car has gone. She raps on the window!

"No," cried Bencolin, "she does not know that a wife, playing alone against LaGarde, has been attempting to find out from him what she knows her husband is attempting to find out in another country. She enters the room, this maniacal woman, and at pistol point she orders Mme. St. Marie out. There she stands, and when Madame has gone she pours out every cold taunting fact she knows. M. O'Riordan is back! He has discovered the whereabouts of his wife! He will kill M. LaGarde. . . There, it is the humming of an auto in the drive. LaGarde, furious, rushes forward in the dim light. She fires.

"Then she goes out by the window, unseen as Villon and O'Riordan pass the corner of the house. *But she has missed her aim.* She has lodged the bullet in the dark panelling, where only a search with a glass will reveal it. LaGarde knows that he is trapped, unless he can be his calm, debonair self and insist that nobody was in the room. He locks the window, pulls down his mask, and, attempting calmness, lights a cigarette when he sits down in a chair facing the door. . .

"You, M. O'Riordan, breaking open the door, face to face with LaGarde and seeing no one else in the room, conceive that he has shot her. You fired through the folds of your long cloak, and, using a Maxim silencer on the pistol you had prepared for this event, you killed LaGarde in his chair."

VI

It seemed incredible—not these amazing statements of M. Bencolin, because they had about them the quiet clarity of truth—but that in so short a space of time Sylvie St. Marie should have undergone such a transformation. The falcon tossed its head, the body became stiff, the hardening lips suddenly grew rather horrible. You thought of no childish simplicity now. She shook back her red hair.

"You killed him!" she said.

O'Riordan shrugged; he tried a little laugh.

"That's it," he replied, blinking his eyes, "you've guessed it neatly. I was going to confess there, because I thought they would accuse you, but when I discovered you were out of the house. . . Now I suppose I'm arrested, eh, old top? Well. . ." He stood there, tall and dark, playing aimlessly with the empty sleeve. Then he said, "Oh, my God!" in such a voice that it gave away his self-control, and he shuddered.

There were no lamps at the shrine now. Vaguely M. Bencolin recalled that the Furies were supposed to have red hair. Sylvie, whose face was a weird thing between tears and hate, went to her husband and began tugging grotesquely at his sleeve. Her eyes were wide open in their stare.

"You killed Francois!—You killed LaGarde—May God blast your soul!" she cried, striking at him. "I loved him! I never loved anybody else, do you hear

that? I never loved anybody else—" Then she turned round, with the tears on her face. But she began to smile.

"Well, monsieur le gendarme," she added, triumphantly, "now that you have been so good as to tell me, will you go and report the matter to the authorities, or shall I?"

Bencolin had risen. He looked as though he could not believe what he heard.

"Madame means," he muttered, "that she would betray her husband?"

"There is a telephone here," the woman answered, "yes, there is a telephone here; by your arm, M. Bencolin! My husband! I knew LaGarde before I knew him. I loved LaGarde. Well, you simpering idiot, will you get me the police department, or whoever it is? You know the number."

"To hell with you!" O'Riordan suddenly shouted, and he laughed. "I'll call them myself. Here, give me the 'phone!"

Bencolin was angry too, but the little figure was clothed almost with dignity in it. "I have a commission to execute for madame," he said, and he bowed and took up the instrument. Then he stood looking at them over it with eyes that had become glittery.

"We shall give them the information, yes," he went on; "yes, and because I was mistaken in madame, we shall give them other information, too, which I suppressed because I thought you loved the man who will be guillotined for you. We shall tell them, madame, who was the accomplice of LaGarde in the employ of another government—who was the spy who, because she was married to a French official, could obtain the information LaGarde wanted—we shall tell them whose name besides LaGarde's is written on that identification card"—he gave a number into the telephone—"and,

finally, we shall tell them where that damning identification card may be found. I should have been fool enough to have concealed all this for the sake of a man who loved France only less than he loved you. Take part of your information or all of mine—but, in the name of God, let there be an equal falsehood or an equal truth! . . . Madame," said M. Bencolin, extending the telephone, "here is your party."

The telephone buzzed and tinkled with a tiny voice. Bencolin was still holding it out to the motionless woman when O'Riordan burst out laughing.

"Right again!" he cried. "I knew it all when I came back, but I was going to be treacherous enough to conceal it because of—Sylvie. I had discovered where the piece of paper was that contained the names, and when I saw that self-rolled cigarette in LaGarde's hand after the murder I even squashed it out to preserve it intact—But how did you know all this?"

"A man of such fastidious tastes, smoking a rolled cigarette when he had on him a full case of manufactured ones?" queried Bencolin. "What does it suggest, especially as we have the police hunting for a missing paper which they will swear is nowhere about the house? Does it not at least require an examination? Then, when one finds Mme. St. Marie's name on the cigarette-paper also, it will explain that her husband knew, because for no reason at all he attempted to put it out—that in itself would first have drawn my attention to the cigarette. In LaGarde's haste he took out of his case the one cigarette he had always intended to save. Why, how obvious it is! The murder in particular, as linked with it; could LaGarde have been holding that newly lighted cigarette if he had been shot at the time we saw the shadow on the blind?—he died instantly. Could he have been sitting *facing* the door, at right angles to the window, and be shot through the middle of the

forehead by someone at the window? And, above all, could there have been a bullet-hole in the panelling if Mlle. Gratin's bullet had taken effect? No! Or, consider this: LaGarde was wearing his mask down when he was murdered. Can one expect that during this tetê-à-tête with Madame St. Marie he wore it down? Or does one rather infer that he pulled it down after both women had gone? Only one person could have shot him, from his position, and that was a man in the doorway. Who alone had stood in the doorway before the murder? O'Riordan. Who alone wore a costume that would enable him to conceal, say, a silencer—"

"Put down the telephone, M. Bencolin," interrupted the woman. She looked at him defiantly. "You have won, I suppose. What do you intend to do?"

"Nothing, madame. Have there not been tragedies enough in this ghastly affair? And would not exposure interfere seriously with—madame's career?" the detective said. "Because of her husband, I shall not make these revelations, but I shall be watching her henceforth. And monsieur? Look out of the window; you see the Arc de Triomphe? Once I saw him ride under that. . ." Shamblingly, apologetically, Bencolin gathered up his hat and stick. "You flatter me, madame, you flatter a poor simpering idiot of a gendarme. I have lost."

VIII

M. le comte de Villon was exultant when Bencolin came to call on him that night. They sat as they had sat two evenings before, in the big lighted office; but now Villon regarded his companion mockingly.

"I have often wondered, my friend, where you get your reputation," Villon observed. "I understand now. Monsieur has been reading too much fiction. He loves to puzzle, he loves to hint. And yet without

phenomenal luck he can do nothing." He smiled in his expansive fashion. "Did not monsieur assure me that Mlle. Gratin was innocent?"

"I fear so," Bencolin admitted, and he sighed.

"Yet we have her confession. You see," went on Villon airily, "it is all very simple at bottom. Now that we have it explained, I could not swear that the window was locked on the inside. I do not doubt that I was merely mistaken about the window. You know, of course, that I suspected Mlle. Gratin from the first. I have given my explanation to my own superiors, and they agree. Ah, it is splendid!"

"M. le comte is to be congratulated," murmured Bencolin.

"It is nothing. Again, my friend, you failed signally to locate the paper. *I* have done that! Stop, monsieur; let me explain. Is it not odd that the great Bencolin should have been beaten by a woman?" asked Villon merrily. "This afternoon Madame Sylvie St. Marie came to me. She explained why she had been in the room that night. She had been aiding her husband, trying to find the paper herself! From him she stole the paper, and, as LaGarde sought to take it from her, she destroyed it before she could read it. It is a pity that we do not know who employed LaGarde, but at least the paper is done away with. *Madame St. Marie told me to search no further for it.* Ah, there is a woman, Bencolin! I admit that I was mistaken in her."

Bencolin smiled very faintly.

"And all your brave mysterious talk," continued Villon, "was a rather amusing fraud. Bencolin, Bencolin, will you never learn that the true brain scoffs at theories? And monsieur had the temerity to suggest to me some weird tale of a Maxim silencer!"

"Yes," returned Bencolin, smiling again, "I fear I had the temerity to suggest that also. . . Parbleu!"

he added, searching in his pockets; "I have no cigars! Well, here are some vile cigarettes. I have been forced to adopt LaGarde's method of rolling them myself. Will monsieur le comte honor me by accepting one?"

"In your honor, Bencolin—thank you. It gives me great pleasure to smoke this way, as LaGarde smoked, and smile at you as he must have smiled could he have known the strange theories you would build up. . ." Whimsically Villon took the cigarette. "You are a bad manufacturer, my friend. This has a wilted appearance. You must have tried several times before you rolled it correctly."

They both lighted their cigarettes. Villon kept talking, pointing out one fact after another. He was in high spirits when Bencolin finally rose to go.

"Well, good-bye, my friend," said Villon, nodding his big head. "Perhaps we shall have need of your romancing another time." He flipped his cigarette out of the window.

"Did madame by chance tell you where the paper was hidden?" Bencolin asked, his hand on the knob, his old top-hat askew.

"Alas, no! Except that he carried it with him. I did not pry into these secrets of hers," replied Villon, winking. "And yet I confess it irritates me that I did not find it. Apparently the whole thing was right under my nose the whole time!"

"M. le comte," said Bencolin, making a flourishing salute with his stick, "speaks more truly than he knows!"

—By the Author of "The Shadow of the Goat."

When We Rode Down to London

When we rode down to London town
Full out of the Druid morn,
And laughed and sang till the long road rang
And leaped with the bugle horn,
Old Rupert's ghost was with us then;
We heard him slap to the leather—
The wild halloo of his phantom crew
Sped on through the dancing heather!
Ah, titled up was the daybreak's cup
Till the wine of the west wind spills,
And book of God was the ancient sod
Full traced in the runic hills!
The wild rose yearned for the falcon's wing,
We heard the thrum of the old bow-string,
And the horse-hoofs beat to our sword blades 'ring
When we rode down to London!

When we rode down to London town
I thrilled to your love's first glance,
And my heart kept time to the song sublime
That breathed of a new romance. . .
The rose you held was a fleeting smile
From an elfin world apart,
And I saw it fall from the garden wall
Full into my waiting heart!
Oh, care's aside when the gates are wide,
And over the worn gray drawbridge ride!—
For you were there in the night beside
When we rode back from London!

Richard Westcott.

The Haunting of Tarnboys

IN OLDEN time, there was an earthquake at Tarnboys once in every seven years. It was a very strange thing that the center of it was always the village church, and that the church itself never fell down or suffered the least scathe, while all the other houses had a woundy bad shaking, and there was not a one but had some sort of crack or hole in it. This was a very sad thing, for the people of Tarnboys were poor folk, who could ill afford to have their houses knocked to pieces once in every seven years.

But this is not the whole of the marvel that befell on the seventh year. For it would seem that the graves of such as were not resting sweetly did throw forth the bodies, and the dead did become quick and did walk abroad; and the ground crawled with the foul vermin of Hell, and the air was reeking and nauseous, and filled with filthy daemons, warlocks and hobgoblins, that did shut out the sun or the stars and make a grievous din with howling and screeching and the whir of their great black wings.

All the people crowded into the church, to pray to Saint Anthony, their patron. There they witnessed the greatest of these wonders, for albeit the prayers were somewhat incoherent because that the vehement movement of the building did set the good folk rolling one against the other, and their jaws rattling about so loosely with fear that they made but a sorry jangle of the words, yet nevertheless the good Saint Anthony heard their petition and came in person to aid them. Every man could see him as plainly as the shaking would permit, stumping up and down among the poor mortals on the pavement, as steady as any ship-master, with his staff in his hand and the little bell tinkling merrily at the end of it, and with his great fat pig snorting along

behind him; and old Gaffer Poney hath still the hole in his face where the very reverend hog of Saint Anthony did trample him when he was a lad. All the while that Saint Anthony stalked up and down among the poor souls that were tumbling about on the floor of his church, he did direct the labors of a great number of right fair and luminous angels, the which were busily holding together ever stick and stone of the house. In this wise the people of Tarnboys preserved from death and the altar of God from desecration.

The earthquake continued for three days. When it was over, you may be very sure that the folk were exceeding glad to stand on their legs and breathe regularly as aforetime; but this pleasure was short-lived, for every man's house had been most ruinously battered and rended, and moreover, the devils and hobgoblins had wrought more havoc within than if the place had benn sacked by a band of fierce soldiers.

Everyone supposed, naturally enough, that the town lay under a curse of one sort or another, for that the legions of Hell should choose to make their abode there for three days in every seven years; but what puzzled them was that there should be such a mighty quaking of the earth with the holy church right in the thick of it. Some said that this was the Witches' Sabbath, held every seven years there at Tarnboys, in the land of England, but others said nay, that one unshriven, unhallowed, and accurst lay beneath the church, and they pointed to the tomb of Roger de Gunder, a Baron of Tarnboys in old time and a very murtherous, wicked wight. This sepulchre was covered by a fair slab of brass, whereon was wrought the effigy of the old lord, lying in full armor, with his name, degree, and prowess writ out in the Latin tongue; there also was the brazen effigy of his good dame, lying by his side. No one would have suspected this place of aught ill, had it not been

situate in the exact center of the nave, and had there not been strange noises and rumblings which could be heard at any time, if one but laid one's ear against the brass.

Now the word of this thing spread far and wide, so that travellers and even holy pilgrims would come to the barony of Tarnboys, in the land of England, to stand in the village church and see Saint Anthony and the angels holding it together; but they went away with loose joints and sore bones, such was the jolting they received, albeit they did intone loud praises unto God and to the worthy patron of the village, and did give alms with a free hand unto the poor people thereof.

Now it finally befell that when the appointed time for the earthquake was drawing nigh, that two mighty men came unto Tarnboys with the other travellers, each having in mind to put an end to the disturbances that beset this place, that he might make a display of power before the world. The first to come was Count Rudolph of the Hunderwald, a warrior of mighty strength and valor, who was deemed to be of the progeny of the giants of old, so great was the size of his body; he rode into the village which a company of stout soldiers at his back, for it was his design to subdue the evil sprites by force of arms. This man was a great braggart, of a murtherous and blasphemous humor, who did break bones as regularly as other folk break bread or go to Mass.

The second great man to come to Tarnboys was Bishop Arnold of Quentville, and a beautiful sight he made, as he rode into the village followed by a great number of lords and retainers, lay and ecclesiastical, with many fine banners and crosses among them. It was his design to remedy the evil by prayers, processions, and other churchly devices, to which purpose he had brought his gallant retinue, with singing boys and musicians and jeweled coffers filled with the relics of many holy saints.

Now there came also a third great man into the village, and that in a manner strange unto the greatest wonderment. For he rode thither all the way from the city of Amida upon the back of a great fiery comet and when he came overhead, slid down from the sky upon a streak of forked lightning. Zagoraldus was the name of this third great man, and as ancient as the moon was he, and as learned as the sun. The purpose of his coming was little more than idle curiosity, as he himself affirmed to me when last I was at Amida. And although he was but slight of limb, yet was he so ferocious of aspect and the manner of his coming so marvellous, that the people gave him without complaint a whole house to himself. Thither he brought a great peck of small vials and little black boxes and the stuffed skins of strange reptiles, hanging in the air, and living creatures, very hideous to see, which he kept imprisoned in glass jars. But few paid any attention to these matters, because everyone was taking sides in the great rivalry that had arisen between Count Rudolph of the Hunderwald and Bishop Arnold of Quentville.

Every day there was stabbing and cracking of skulls in the contention as to whether the devils of Tarnboys should be driven away by the soldiers or exorcised by the priests. The Bishop and his company must needs bolt themselves fast in their inn, nor ever durst to budge therefrom for fear of Count Rudolph and his men; and the Count would surely have burst the doors and entered, had not the angels Gabriel and Raphael stood above the house with flaming swords in their hands, to protect it; so he tramped up and down before it in great dudgeon, slapping his armor with his fist, waving his great battle-axe in air, and shouting out loud threats and boastful words, all the while that his men were going about the town hanging and killing such as took the part of Holy Church.

As the time for the earthquakings and the devils drew nearer, the strife became worse rather than better. For this reason it seemed to many that the town of Tarnboys would have to wait for redemption from its woe, since the lords ecclesiastical were held by force in their tavern and the soldiers could hardly hope to prevail against the daemons of Hell, being excommunicate and under heavy ban and anathema by the solemn action of the Bishop of Quentville himself. But God did not intend that the efforts of these two worthy men towards the relief of Tarnboys should be wasted on one another, as you shall see.

One fine day, Count Rudolph rode out and called loudly upon the Lord Bishop. The Bishop poked his head from the window, making a wry, inamicable expression upon his face. Then Count Rudolph did him grace right courteously.

"My Lord," quoth he, "a weighty proposal hath been conceived within me."

"Tut, tut," said the Bishop, "Be not concerned thereat."

"Suppose," said Count Rudolph, "that I cease from hostilities against you and your folk, and that you in return remove the bans which have been placed upon me and mine. Then suppose that when these troubles do begin, that you take refuge in the church, where you will have the advantage of conferring with the blessed Saint Anthony in person; if I have not cleared these vermin from the streets by the end of the first day, then you shall begin in whatever manner best pleaseth you, on the second.

"Very well," said the Bishop, "*et justus superabit.* The third day shall be one of praise and thanksgiving."

"We shall see," said the Count, and thus they parted, each thinking to see the other put to shame.

On the night before the troubles were to begin, Count

Rudolph drank his fill and went to bed as if nothing were afoot, telling his men to be ready at crack of dawn, for that he did not intend to give battle to the daemons till they had lost the advantage of darkness. All the other people jammed themselves into the church as tight as they might squeeze.

At midnight, the village of Tarnboys began to quiver a little, this way and that, and there were rumblings in the earth and the sky. The air became fetid and murky, and strange shapes began to appear in increasing numbers and ever the weird din that they made grew louder and louder.

Count Rudolph of the Hunderwald had ordered that every crack and cranny in his inn should be stopped, expecting to issue triumphantly therefrom at daybreak. Nevertheless, he was betimes awakened by a warm, soft body of exceeding weight that lay upon his abdomen and held him firmly in his bed; it had eyes. Bye and bye, it began to crawl nearer to his face, working its great, flabby body along on stumpy legs. Count Rudolph bawled out for his esquire, very nearly choked by the weight on his chest and by the foul breath of the monster. When the incubus was close enough, it gave him a gash in the cheek with its tongue, and anon its fat, glutinous lips were feeling stupidly over his face for the wound. He raised his arm and dealt the creature a mighty blow, so that his fist sank into the hot carcass as far as it would reach; thereat the beast vanished through the wall with a terrible shriek, leaving a black pool of maggot-filled devil-gore on the bed.

The young esquire, gray-faced and wild-eyed, staggered in, carrying a torch that burned green and sparkled strangely. There he found his master standing naked, wiping the blood from his body with the bed clothes, bawling out loud curses, and swearing that he would clear the house of devils if Master Satanas himself were in it.

"The house is given over to Belial," said the young donzel, terror-stricken, holding to the door, for the place shook as if it rested on jelly, "the men can scarce do on their armor for that they be attacked by ghosts and goblins and ghouls and witches and warlocks and incubi and succubi and lemures and lamiae and iblees and jinns and afreets and the souls of the infidel damned, and by vampires and basilisks and harpies and furies and all manner of beasts and fiends, and there be a fire-breathing dragon in the kitchen and a two-headed amphisbaena hath been smashing the tuns in the wine cellar, and if it cometh out again in liquor, God help us." But Count Rudolph heard him not, because of the uproar around them.

"Mum wum, yam wam, quotha!" he yelled in a very terrible rage, "Leave off this coward's talk and bring me mine armor! Buckler and sword! Mace! Gisarme! Axe! My poisoned poignard, you dog! We shall clear this place of vermin!"

When he was dressed capapie in his armor-proof, My Lord strode down the stairs to his men, dealing great blows to right and left at the devils, as if he had spent all his life warring with imps in the murk and stench of brimstone fumes, with the ground rocking beneath him.

When he had mustered his soldiers, he set about driving the assailants from the inn. Never, I ween, was there such fighting since the rebellion of Lucifer. Right valiantly did the mortals wage war upon the fiends, but the more they slew, the more did crowd into the tavern, for devils have a great love of combat and strife. Fiercely their swords drove through the darkness, aimed at the bright eyes of the fiends, while the arrows of the enemy rained upon them and the dead and wounded lay deep about their legs. But the timbers of the house were cracking and rending overhead, and

therefore Count Rudolph set fire to the place by cutting off the head of the flame-breathing dragon that had gorged itself in the kitchen, and led the remnant of his company into the street, while the devils stayed to revel in the roaring yellow flames.

Now Rudolph of the Hunderwald was a captain that knew defeat when it came upon him. Therefore he and his men set about fighting their way to the church, there to seek refuge. But not one succeeded; for some were struck down by the arrows and poisoned tails of the daemons, and some were swallowed into the cracks that opened in the earth. Only Count Rudolph was left alive. And the farther he went, the more difficult the passage became, for the church was the very center of everything. He found it at last, rolling about like a ship at sea, with the tall steeple waving this way and that in the whirling, roaring darkness above, and he could hear the sounds of the people within. Up he stepped to the door, leaping over the gaps in the earth, with his shield above his face and his sword waving around his head. Crack! Crack! The whole church rolled over against him of a sudden, and so smote him that he was thrown, rattling and gurgling, head over heels, down into a great chasm in the road which probably had no bottom. Before he had gone very far, he was pluckt forth again by an angel, and haled away to the house of Zagoraldus the magician. This place was as steady and stolid as the city of London, despite the hubbub around it. The angel took off his helmet and dried his face with a sweet-scented cloth.

"I am Zagoraldus of Amida," said the magician, "I believe you came to Tarnboys for to fight with sin; to that purpose I had one of my angels drag you from the pit into which you fell."

"Thank ye," said the Count, as an angel brought him a steaming goblet. "Yea, good master magician, an it be

fighting, I stand at your service, and in any combat whatsoever I pledge mine honor to acquit me right valorously. You and I shall be partners in this business, for know that I am Count Rudolph of the Hunderwald, of whose mighty deeds you have undoubtedly heard bruit, and me thinketh that you be a greater captain of angels than My Lord Saint Anthony."

"Anthony seeketh purely for holiness, and hath not the scientific mind. He hath borrowed the s rites that serve him from the host of Heaven. *My* angels," said the old man haughtily, "are brought by mine own puissance from the planets and the stars!"

I shall tell you of what was happening in the meantime at the church of Tarnboys. There, indeed, was Saint Anthony, too busy to think of anything but the preservation of his sanctuary; and there was the Bishop of Quentville, sitting on the floor of the chancel, very doleful and in the dumps for that all his retinue, and especially the little singing boys, had fallen sick at their stomachs from the motion of the church: things were in a terrible way, and there was no hope of even gathering enough people to carry the banners and candles and images and the relics in a procession. The Bishop hoped sincerely that My Lord of the Hunderwald was being rent into little pieces outside. Anon, as the saint came jostling by, the Bishop arose and caught his arm and begged a word.

"Look you," said he, "this thing must be stopped at the root. Can you not lend me enough angels to make a procession with the holy relics—the sacred nail parings, milk of the Virgin, all the rest, you know—Quentville—"

"Good Heavens, no!" cried Saint Anthony, very impatiently, "Don't you see that I haven't a one to spare? Look out up there, Yzron—there's a loose brick coming out right by your left hand! No! There!

That's right! Holy thorns!" The old man was beginning to weep, out of pure worry and excitement. "Why do I have to be plagued by devils all my life? When I get into Heaven, then they come to defile my holy places." He was blubbering hysterically on the Bishop's shoulder.

"There, there," said Arnold soothingly, trying to disentangle the sacred hog from his cassock. This failing, the two sat down abruptly on the floor.

"Now, there is one way in which you might perchance employ your office ecclesiastical to advantage," remarked the good saint after a short space. "I suspect that the tomb of Roger de Gunder, over yonder, hath some connection with this mischief. Suppose that ye open it and make sure that there be nought but holiness within, as befitteth such a place."

"It shall be done," said the Bishop, "and you and I shall be partners in ridding the village of Tarnboys of this pest, for that we have the forces of Heaven on our side; *justos deducet Dominus!*"

Then the sexton brought his tools and Bishop Arnold set men to work, prying at the corners of the brazen effigy, whence came strange scratchings and weird voices raised in Hellish din. Holy water was made ready, and the sacred relics of Quentville. Such of the priests as were able, chanted *Magnificat* and *Domine quasumus.*

All the while that the men in the church were struggling to raise the great slab of brass, Zagoraldus and Count Rudolph were making good use of their time.

"You may have observed," remarked the sorcerer, "that the center and source of all this disturbance is the tomb of a certain Lord and Lady of Tarnboys in the church of Saint Anthony."

"No, I didn't," said the Count; "I wish I had."

"The soul of the Baroness of Tarnboys is now among

the blest," said the other, "but her husband is not to be found in Heaven, Purgatory, nor in Hell, where he was most to be expected. Therefore it would appear that this Sir Roger de Gunder hath escaped the Pit, his proper home, and sleepeth still in his own tomb, snoring very comfortably indeed, for many people have heard the sound, though they reckt not what it was; and in every seventh year, some great daemon, with a legion of attendant devils, cometh ripping through the earth to pass a riotous three days with him. Now I will drive away the daemons by mine art if you will but go down into the tomb and bring me the head of Roger de Gunder, for it is well that a mortal man should do this thing."

This pleased Count Rudolph well enough, and they shook hands upon it. Then they went into a little square room all hung with black, and lighted by one silver lamp that hung from the ceiling. On the floor there was a circle drawn in blood and around it writing, to wit: "ADONAI JAH SABAOTH EL ELOHIM ELOHE ZEBAOTH ELION ESCRREHIE," and other mighty words in the Hebrew characters.

When the two had entered the circle, Zagoraldus drew from under his robe a little golden seal, curiously graven, and spoke the conjuration to the ministering angels of the Powers:

"I, Zagoraldus of Amida, a servant of God, call upon thee, desire and conjure thee, spirit Scheol, through the most holy appearance in the flesh of Jesus Christ, by his most holy birth and circumcision, by his sweating of blood in the garden, by the lashes he bore, by his bitter sufferings and death, by his resurrection, ascension, and the sending of the holy spirit as a comforter, and by the most dreadful words: Dai, Deorum, Ellas, genio Sophiel, Zophiel, Canoel, Elmiach, Richol, Hoamiach, Jerazol, Vohal, Daniel, Hasios, Tomaiach, Sannul, Damamiach,

Sanul, Damabiath, and by those words through which thou canst be conquered, that thou appear before me in a beautiful human form, and fulfil what I desire. *Fiat. Fiat. Fiat.*" And when the fair angel appeared, he commanded that he bring spirits to assist the company of Saint Anthony in holding the church together, and to comfort the poor folk within.

"My Lord, it shall be done," quoth the angel, and vanished.

The Zagoraldus drew forth the seals of the spirits of the planet Mars, and spoke as follows:

"I, Zagoraldus of Amida, cite thee, spirit Emol, by Deus Sachnaton, Luil, by Acumea, Luiji, by Ambriel, Tijlaij, by Ehos, by Jeha, by Zora, Ageh, by Awoth, that you appear before me in a beautiful human form, and accomplish my desire, thus truly in and through the anepobeijaron, which Aaron heard and which was prepared for him. *Fiat. Fiat. Fiat.*" And when the kingly angel did appear before them, he commanded that all the lesser devils be driven away, and that the damage that had been wrought in Tarnboys be repaired, and that all that had been lost be restored, and that the town be protected from evil for all time to come by the spirits of the Planet Mars.

"My Lord, it shall be done," quoth the angel, and vanished.

The Zagoraldus drew forth a third golden seal, all sparkling with little jewels; this he laid upon the ground, and raised his arms above it, as he spoke the conjuration to Schemhamphoras.

"I, Zagoraldus of Amida," he cried in a loud, clear voice, "cite and conjure thee, Spirit of Schemhamphoras, by all the seventy-two holy names of God, that Thou appear before me and fulfil my desire, as truly in and through the name Emmanuel, which the three youths Sadrach, Mijsach and Abed-nego sung in the fiery

furnace from which they were released! *Fiat! Fiat! Fiat!*"

Thereat the room grew strangely warm and brilliant, waves of light followed one another over the black curtains and the letters of blood upon the floor, albeit no shape was visible.

"Schemhamphoras," said the magician, full courteously, "let the evil spirit in the tomb of Roger de Gunder, Baron de Tarnboys, be driven thence."

"Master," replied a very sweet voice, "she hath already come out of the tomb." And so saying, the lights faded and were gone.

So these two set out for the church, hot foot, to learn what was happening there; and a queer sight they made: the little old man in his long black gown, and the great giant in his battered armor, all besmeared with devil blood of many colors. The sun had risen long before, but the darkness was not yet fully dispelled by the bright angels who flashed hither and yon; scarcely a daemon was to be seen, save here and there a barguest or empusa, whose hideous ugliness is not repelled by the light of Heaven, as with most devils. Phantoms and spectres were hurrying about in loud distress, and the uneasy dead, with their bare bones or with rotten flesh hanging to them like soft pudding, were scurrying off to the burying ground, trailing their ragged shrouds behind them.

"Lilis! by the breastplate of Moses!" shrieked the old man when they entered the church.

Sure enough, there was the goodwife of Satan herself, so foul and lecherous a hag that the blood grew cold to look upon her, and she was flying about the nave of the church, screaming, gnashing her teeth, vomiting vermin and blood, while her eyes flashed sickness and woe upon the folk beneath. There too was the open tomb of Roger de Gunder, and Saint Anthony, and the Bishop

of Quentville, with banners trampled, the relics upset and everything in wild disorder; the earthquake, at least, had ceased. The people rushed in mad panic towards the door, and Zagoraldus raised himself and his companion a few yards in the air to allow them to pass underneath.

Very soon the church was empty of all save the Count and the magician, Saint Anthony and the Bishop, who were standing tight clasped in each other's arms, and the very reverend hog, that lay panting on the floor. I, too, was there, but no man wotted thereof, for I had wrapt me in the great gonfalon of Quentville and laid me away in a dark corner. Then did Lilis swoop down from aloft and knock the Bishop's mitre from his head with a triumphant screech; in so doing, however, she burnt her fingers upon Anthony's halo, and retired behind the rood screen, gibbering mournfully.

"We must have the angels take her away," said Saint Anthony tremulously.

"Pooh!" said the magician, "as if the angels could manage Lilis."

"I'll call the saints of Heaven, I'll call on the Trinity!" screamed the other.

"The situation," quoth Zagoraldus very coolly, "demandeth one who can call on the Arch-fiend. Lilis, if you don't behave and that right shortly, your husband shall get wit of these doings." Whereat Lilis flew to the window, bellowing hideously; there she met her handmaid, Ogere, who had not the temerity to venture on holy ground, and the two vanished away in the distance, although one could still hear their ugly yelling for a long while after.

Now it fortuned that when Count Rudolph had made himself ready for battle, and leapt down into the open tomb, that he found the body of Roger de Gunder with

the soul fled from it; nevertheless, he hewed the carcass to pieces ere he clomb forth again.

"*Lauda anima!*" cried Bishop Arnold, as he peered down into the hole. "Lo, the wicked soul hath been driven away to its appointed home by virtue of the holy relics of Quentville!"

"What's that?" said the knight, and he began to swear and blaspheme most vilely, much an angered by this saying; and there might have been harsh words and violence between them, there in the house of God, had it not been that each was in great haste to be home among his own people, to boast and brag of having driven Lilis and her brood from the village of Tarnboys, in the land of England. Thus, each blazed forth his own fame as loud as he was able; but you and I know the truth of the matter.

"Well, master magician," sighed Saint Anthony when the two had gone, "*I* am going back unto the eternal bliss of God's celestial Paradise. I am sorry that you cannot accompany me."

"Not a jot of thanks, I suppose," said the doctor, and thereat he blew a volley of sparks from his nose, that fell a-coursing down his beard and lay winking on the floor.

"Well, that idea of calling on the Devil *was* rather clever," and this was the most that Saint Anthony would allow him.

"What say you of all the angels that I sent—all these Powers that came in the nick of time?" Zagoraldus spake hotly, in an injured tone. "I brought them especially from Heaven to save your feelings; I might have brought nine times as many from the stars, and I got me more of them than you could gather in seven years."

"But after all, you are only a devil-monger," for Saint Anthony would grant him no credit in the matter, and not without cause, methinketh, since he himself had

striven so long and so honestly to remedy this evil. "There was dirt in the business somewhere. They may have been devils in disguise for all that I know." He was beginning to disappear.

"I doubt me whether you could tell the difference between agthodaemons and cacodaemons!" screamed the old sorcerer in a rage, and with the red flames dancing up behind his eyeballs. "You are an insipid, faith-healing funda—" But Saint Anthony had vanished.

The old man sighed deeply, his little gray eyes gazing afar into the dim future, and then, awakening, shot through the roof and away to the tall tower in Amida, there to resume his age-old search for the root and source of knowledge.

Francis Jameson.

Sketch In Light and Shade

They often wondered how she still could be
A spirit so undaunted, who had lost
So utterly all that there was. And she
Each morning rose and went out in the frost
On to the fields, and there would stay till late,
And drive the cattle homeward; and they said
How strong she must have been, how hard the fate
That smote so hard but could not bend her head.
So said the townsmen; but they never knew
How tremblingly she lived, how delicate
Her porcelain-heart; and how, one sullen day,
The rain beat dully and a norther blew,
And by the window all alone she sat
And softly wept the afternoon away.

C. C. Sellers.

Sonnet

—And now I see the fragrant, golden East
Arising from a mist. It seems to me
A kind ephemeral joy on which to feast
My darkened, weary eyes. He, lost at sea,
Who greets at length his gracious native shore,
Which he for days with sinking heart has sought,
Breathes not one prayer, or praises heaven more
Than I for this enchantment sweetly wrought.
From lofty mountain's height I breathe the air
Fresh with the scent of roses, while below
On rolling plains the jeweled cities' flare
Soothes my soul; again I seek to know
What wonders lie beneath, should I descend
To that cerulean sea where rivers end.

W. K. Alsop, Jr.

There Is No Silence

There is no silence in the sleeping city.
The half-gaged breathing of a mighty Cyclops
Fills up the pores of Silence and it cannot speak.
But it is waiting with a friend, Eternity,
And it can afford to wait:
No city is eternal.
There is no silence in the sleeping city:
But there shall be.

Bramwell Linn.

New Books

THE MONTH'S BEST FICTION

Galahad, by John Erskine. (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50.) About all the synonyms for brilliant have been exhausted on John Erskine's work, but nobody seems to have remarked on the saneness and strength and beauty of it. Whenever you read these intimate views on far lifeless characters of history you get rather the impression of being hidden in a closet in the wrong room; it's devilish uncomfortable, but you realize that the characters are real people. Lancelot with his armor off is a different person altogether. Guinevere, with whom discretion is the better part of virtue, comes to life startlingly: a beautiful, scheming, vengeful woman who loved not well, but too wisely. You get Galahad as a very likeable prig—Galahad, son of Lancelot. And the amazing thing is that though Mr. Erskine takes all manner of liberties with Malory and Tennyson, nothing of the beautiful is lost. He has not destroyed the most splendid legend in history; he has simply vitalized and kindled motionless knights on tapestry, nor has it any of the vulgarity of the *Connecticut Yankee*. There is another element, too, for the real hero of the book is the wise, chivalrous Arthur himself. We understand now why the man was king. . . And behind all this glitter of cleverness there is a war of stark tragedy and satire, in which the mocking of Gawaine and Guinevere has no part. In the book you will find no roaring of trumpets or war-drums, no dragons killed or Holy Grails pursued, but it is none the less absorbing for being true. The scene of Guinevere at the bier of Elaine is unforgettable. Mr. Erskine ought to take up biography. He might almost make a human being out of Calvin Coolidge.

Tar, a Mid-West Childhood, by Sherwood Anderson. (Boni & Liveright, $3.00.) This ranks with *A Story-Teller's Story;* and in a very definite way it is its counterpart, in being the penetrating study of a child, as the earlier book is one of a man. Individual passages strike true, but the portrait of the boy Tar lacks somehow vividness. Anderson has attained a unique style of writing, lacking in restraint, unaristocratic, but in its way very fine.

Wedlock, by Jacob Wasserman. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50.) Jacob Wasserman, with the gloomy power of Ibsen and Tolstoy and a searching analysis that is deeper than either of these, wrote *Wedlock,* and it was brilliantly translated into English by Ludwig Lewisohn. The product is a study of marriage which escapes the dull and the didactic, and which is illuminated by the charming Marlene, daughter of the Frederick and Pia Laudin whose struggle in wedlock is the theme of the book.

The Sardonic Smile, translated from the German of Ludwig Diehl by Louise Collier Willcox. (Houghton-Mifflin, $2.50.) Into a Europe furrowed by Napoleon's guns was born Heinrich Heine, poet and pseudo-philosopher. Here is his life in a novel which is memorable for a gallery of portraits and a vivid-colored panorama. There is Heine, the dark brooding Jew, with the cleverest and bitterest tongue in Germany; mean in himself, but grand in all the things he unconsciously inspired. There is Sefchen, the hangman's daughter, whom you will like so much that you will be sorry she has so small a part; old Solomon, Heinrich's uncle, proud as Shylock; the lovely Hildegarde; Bach, the drunken student who thought that he could never compose the poetry he felt;

and the calm mighty Goethe. The scene moves from Germany to Italy, and then to France, where on his deathbed Heine at last meets the Lorelei he has sought. And one can best understand the growth to power of the book by the plain headings of its divisions: "Harry—Henry—Heinrich."

VERSE

The Singing Crow, by Nathalia Crane. (Albert & Charles Boni, $2.00.) A couple of years ago, a very young girl startled 'em all by writing poetry. It wasn't especially good poetry, but it was excellent for her age, and all that; everybody was pleased except the janitor's boy. She had written one set of verses beginning, "Oh, I am in love with the janitor's boy—;" then the janitor's boy, who was thirteen, came out indignantly and declared that there never had been anything between that little Crane girl and him, and never would be. Now she has written a book of verse called, *The Singing Crow*, which in spots is as good as anything in recent years—it actually is! A little child is leading them. You will do well to read the *Ballad of Valley.*

Forge and *Static* especially. Yet sometimes she runs wild and tramps all over the keys of her poetic piano. Like another young lady, when she is good, she is very, very good, but when she is bad she is awful.

NOVELS

What Really Happened, by Marie Belloc-Lowndes. (Doubleday, Page & Co., $2.00.) It is undoubtedly prejudice, but we cannot enjoy Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. Maybe it's her name. Maybe it's the fact that we once read a most stupid, tiresome thing of hers call

From Out the Vasty Deep. This is another story in which a mysterious figure sneaks in and drops poison, apparently, in somebody's drink. Then there is the chase, until the reader, if he's curious at all, simply turns to the end of the book and sees how it comes out. The most deadly part of a detective story is the middle two-hundred pages, spent in accusing people the reader knows damn well are innocent. Some day a genius is going to get over this defect and entertain all the way through. It is not Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

The Hard-Boiled Virgin, by Frances Newman. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50.) We don't know anything about Frances Newman, but we sincerely hope she is human. The heroine of this novel has a sincere ring about her character; she sounds authentic enough, but we never read so much brooding about virginity, even in *Way Down East.* The whole breathless action drags on interminably for two hundred pages or maybe three hundred, while the author throws dice with the reader as to whether or not Katherine Faraday shall suffer worse than death, and by the time somebody gets up enough nerve to seduce her the reader doesn't care anyway. Katharine Faraday is a kind of intellectual Gorgon who is born late in the nice nineties, reared in pruriency and strict morality; she ends up brilliantly by writing a play called "No Sheets." The book is quite free of fornication, but the most uncannily suggestive we have come across in a long time. In its suggestive cleanness it is quite nasty. We prefer Iris March.

Ninth Avenue, by Maxwell Bodenheim. (Boni & Liveright, $2.00.) The slums of New York as seen through the Palmer family: the father, a retired bartender, managing his prize-fighter son; the mother, weak and worn, trying to manage the whole family; Mabel, gold-digger, running with a fast night-club set;

and Blanche, the elder sister, who is trying to escape from 9th Avenue. Then there is a taint of Negro blood . . . but read it for yourself. The deep feeling in the book is adroitly glazed over by the bright wise-cracking surface of Broadway.

LONG AND SHORT STORIES

Kyra Kyralina, translated from the French of Panait Istrati by James Whitall. (Knopf, $2.50.) Istrati started to learn French, we are told, only seven years ago; and already he has very definitely enriched French literature. The three tales in this book are exquisite, each in its way—*Stavro, Kyra Kyralina,* and *Dragomir.* It is a long time since we have seen narrative handled with such sheer skill.

Broken Necks, by Ben Hecht. (Pascal Covici, $2.50.) A group of sketches of the modern city (Chicago, we guess), sordid and cheap. The studied attention to disgusting detail will, if you are built as I am, amuse you; I am afraid that is not the author's intention, however—in fact, it is hard to say what the author's intention is. The thing does, however, give you certain flashes into the depths of the city and its life. But disappointing after *Count Bruga*—very.

Joanna Godden Married, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Harper's, $2.00.) The title story in this book takes up much the greater part of it, unfortunately; it is a very poor sequel to *Joanna Godden. Joanna Godden* simply wasn't the sort of book that one writes a sequel to, and Miss Kaye-Smith should have known it.

But there is a tiny story only a few pages long hidden in the middle, called *Mrs. Adis:* Miss Kaye-Smith *can* write with power, and it is slightly sad that only this small masterpiece shows it in the present volume.

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVI HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1927 No. 5

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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Song of the Legionary

Shall I see you in the brown leaves
And will you think of me?
Shall I see you in the twilight
By an old and tangled tree?
You smiled, and all so duskily;
Your touch brushed lightly by,
As linnets brush the white rose-bloom
And, pierced with singing, die.

In the brown leaves, in the brown leaves, ancient footfalls rustle far,
Steps of lovers in the brown leaves, deep beneath a single star . . .
Elfin moon-wings, bright with magic, touching soft as finger-tips
Till the brown leaves know in silence kisses warm upon the lips.

Shall I see you in the brown leaves
When the wandering song swings back?
Shall I find the tender hedgerows
All along the lonesome track?
We come! We come, all proudly
In the dim October eve—
He who gropes and smiles in blindness,
I with empty, pinned-up sleeve!

In the brown leaves, in the brown leaves marches on the ghostly drum,
Steps of soldiers in the brown leaves, singing low, the lost ones come!
Crackling, crackling on in silence, past the old and tangled tree—
Shall I see you in the brown leaves then, and will you think of me?

Pygmalion

"MR. FERGUSON isn't in? Oh, all right, I'll just walk through to the studio and wait for him. You needn't trouble to show me the way. Thank you."

Joan Ingram spoke decisively. She walked across the hall and down the passage, and so out and across the yard to the studio. She opened the door and went in, closing it quietly behind her, and stood for a while motionless on the door-mat.

The room looked bleak and pallid in the light of the late winter noon. The fireplace was a heap of charred black wood and grey ashes. An easel, draped in a dull white cloth, loomed up in the centre of the floor, like a patient, watchful phantom. On the walls hung, here and there, pictures in gold frames, lost and pale in the gathering dusk. Everywhere, there was litter and confusion; empty packing-cases, a broken, bursting divan, tousled cushions, straw, crumpled-up tubes of paint, lying about the floor.

Joan Ingram looked out of place in this ghostly, untidy room—a virginal Diana, golden-haired, young blood eloquent in her cheeks, grey eyes steady and clear; slender, erect, alert. She glared at the comfortless disorder of the studio with a frown, half amused, half scornful. All this would be altered, for Luke's sake, when they were married. When they were married? She frowned again. If they were married, rather. She remembered why she had come. As she pulled off her gloves, she gazed curiously across the room at a door, shrouded in a green baize curtain. Yes, she was jealous. She hated secrets. She pulled a key out of one of the pockets of her fur coat and stared at it, without seeing it.

Then she walked quickly across the room, and pulled the green curtain on one side, and inserted the key in the lock. It turned.

She paused. What right had she to come prowling like a thief into Luke Ferguson's studio, to wrest his secret from him, behind his back? Wasn't it dishonorable —stupid jealousy—unworthy of her? She walked back to the crazy divan, deep in thought, her head bent. She dropped her gloves on the divan listlessly, still thinking and frowning. Then she raised her head with a sharp, decisive sigh, shaking herself free of doubt. She took off her hat and threw it down beside the gloves, and then her coat across the gloves and hat.

She walked round the walls of the studio, gazing at the pictures. "Always landscapes!" she sighed impatiently; "always trees and skies and clouds! Never faces! Why doesn't he go back to faces? Everyone knows that he is a portrait-painter. He does these things all right, but everyone says his faces were wonderful. Why can't he finish his portrait of me? Why won't he let me see it? Has he lost his skill?"

She turned and looked at the model-stand with the high-backed antique chair upon it. How many hours had she spent, sitting there, silent, unmoving, while her lover toiled at his canvas? It had been happiness at first—the tense, creative silence, the flickering sound of the brush, the cries of children in the distant, noisy street, her lover's dark eyes flowing over her face and throat and shoulders, like a warm tide of summer. Then it had been pain. The dark eyes became dreamy, blind, unseeing; they gazed through her, beyond her, with faint suspense and splendor and regret; the children's voices fainted into thin air; the brush fell to the floor; silence had straining, ghostly ears, straining ghostly eyes—for the vision, for the voice. Once or twice, she had stirred, had spoken, and then her lover

had slowly wakened from his trance, gazing at her with a puzzled frown.

And when she went to look at her face on the canvas, it was always blurred, always sightless.

"My dear, I can't do it, somehow," he had said; "I can't get your face. Your eyes. . ."

She had insisted on his painting her portrait as a wedding-gift. She had her own good reasons for making this demand. She and Luke Ferguson had met casually at some social function. She had been unaccountably drawn towards this dreamy, absent-minded artist. He had seemed to respond. Other meetings had followed, and in the end, quite suddenly, Luke Ferguson had asked her to be his wife. She had been proud, she had been happy. Luke Ferguson was a man well worth marrying, and there was mystery about him.

"Do get him to go back to portrait-painting" her friends had said, on hearing the news; "why, don't you remember, Luke Ferguson was all the rage ten years ago. No one could do eyes better than he did—you know, angular and heavy-lidded. They were always more alive than all the rest of the face put together."

And *his* friends had said "If you can get Luke to chuck all these second-rate landscapes of his, and take to portraits again, you will be doing him a good turn, and you will be doing Art a good turn, too."

"It's one of the great mysteries," others had told her with knowing smiles; "why, almost over-night, Luke Ferguson turned from portrait-painting, which brought him in thousands, to landscapes which any silly boy could paint. A disappointment, somewhere, I should suppose."

Joan had set herself to work to sound this mystery, for Luke's own good. And, for his own good, the first task that she had laid upon him was a portrait of herself. But the mystery was still there. The portrait was not yet finished.

She walked over towards the easel, and pulled the cloth aside impatiently, and stared at the face upon the canvas in the winter-laden gloom. Of course, it would be an empty blur, without eyes, still! But was it? Two dark eyes seemed to be staring back at her with a steady gleam. She drew back in surprise. Then went to the wall and turned up the lights and came back to the easel.

Yes, there was her face, radiant, cold, dauntless, unutterably pure in outline, crowned with golden hair. But whose were those dark green eyes, staring back at her with a restless, furtive mockery—the eyes of Astarte in the face of Diana? *Her* eyes? Anger, pride, humiliation, surged through Joan like a mad rush of sea. She raised her hand and struck the picture across the eyes.

For a moment she stood stunned, yet quivering, then she ran quickly across the room to the door behind the green curtain. Here was the answer to the mystery. Once she had come into the studio, unnoticed. This door was wide open. Luke was in the room beyond, standing before a picture in a gold frame on the wall opposite the door. At the sound of her voice, he had turned round sharply, with a white, startled face. Quickly he had come out of the room, had closed and locked the door and drawn the curtain. He had said nothing to her; she had not dared to ask. And he had never let her go into that room.

Joan pushed opened the door. She turned on the switch in the wall at the side of the door. The room was drenched in light. . . She saw her lover, white-limbed, his eyes ablaze, his lips parted on the fire of love and triumph . . . in his arms a woman, tawny, golden-limed, sinuous, snake-like . . . with dark raven hair . . . her head was turned away from him . . . her eyes were alight with restless, furtive mockery . . . a long, sidelong, downward glance, half ashamed, half triumphant. . .

"My dear, I had no idea you were here."

Luke Ferguson was standing on the threshold of the studio, one hand still on the door-knob. Joan stood in the doorway of the mysterious room, staring back at him in tremulous silence.

A change came over Luke's face. He saw the big open door, the lighted room, behind her. He lurched heavily across the room and gripped her by the arm.

"What do you mean?" he said, shaking her roughly; "how dare you come creeping in here behind my back?"

Joan faced him squarely. "Let me go," she said, coldly. He loosened his grip. She went to the divan, and hurriedly began putting on her hat and coat. Luke stared at her dully. When she had finished, she turned to him.

"I have come to say Good-bye," she said.

"But why?" stammered Luke Ferguson.

Joan pointed at the portrait of herself. "How dare you put that creature's eyes in my face!" she said, in a voice, quivering with suppressed rage.

"That creature?"

"Yes. In there. You've always loved her. Not me."

Luke Ferguson dropped on the divan with a groan, and sank his chin on one hand.

"But, you don't understand—there is no such creature."

Joan looked at him, bewildered and incredulous; "I don't care," she said at length, "but I won't be always second to that. Good-bye."

She turned and left him. For an hour Luke Ferguson sat brooding on the divan. Then he rose and went through the door and stood gazing at the picture. He stood and gazed, and then suddenly he fell on his knees, with his hands to his head.

"Oh, damn you!" he cried, hoarsely; "will you never come! And will you never die!"

C. G. Baker.

Sonnet to a Lady Called Beatrice

I shall go now; some distant time may quicken,
Perhaps, this sudden coolness to fire again.
But now, I say, I shall go forth unstricken,
Unscarred; now I have had enough of pain.
You shall go there, I here. Let us leave unspoken
These empty words: here nothing needs be mended,
For there was nothing here that could be broken.
Let us call this thing clearly, cleanly ended.
Certainly this is far less intricate
Than that slow-wandering from room to room
As through a haunted house, marveling that
It should so suddenly be shrouded in gloom.
And if, perhaps, one more young dream lies shattered,
Well, some day we'll forget that even that mattered.

Eric Hirth.

Last Lullaby

Softly, sleep softly, under the stone,
Crooning the low wind's breath,
Under the gray of the lilacs lone,
Sweet with the smile of death. . .
Sleep, sleep on to the rustling grass,
Brushed with a leaf-light air,
For the years are the shadows of birds that pass,
Dark but a moment there . . .
Over the moon on the wind-song blown,
(Softly, sleep under the sod);
You are not lonely, under the stone—
You are no stranger to God.

J. D. C.

The Cross and Crown

"Wherever God puts up a house of prayer,
The Devil too erects a temple there."

ROBERT MARTINS did not know the source of his trouble. He only knew that the Parson plagued him mightily, nigh took away his breath each tithing day with those demands. The illegitimate son of a passing English father, he had no way of knowing about the curious remnant of law that stood between him and his joy. Come from herding sheep in Scotland, he had herded sheep on Dartmoor. He had crossed the moor in mid-winter with a sottish "younger son", and this gave him a name to be drunk to in the houses where shepherds gathered. In the *Black Bull* at Clanerton, far south, a thin little man with a grizzle of beard under his chin, who sat at the back of the room, rose and bowed and drank. He felt fame and looked about him for a public house to call his own.

When the *Cross and Crown* at Wenston above Dart, ran to the end of its lease, Robert wrote to the "younger son," and came to his point very simply, putting honestly, "Dear Mister" and recalling old times, which "he hoped as weren't forgotten, particularly Davie Hettrick's daughter at Brown Vale. She as did so well now from what he heard, and though no names was ever mentioned, Davie knew where they could be got, and had been at him many's the time, just so he could get a quid or two for present need. 'But no', said I, every time. . ." And then close by the bottom of the sheet he wrote about the *Cross and Crown* and how a man could get it from the Company for three hundred pound and a small note which he could manage himself in less

than three year all going well. Davie Hettrick, it seemed, had spoken of five hundred as being none too large to set up a girl. He ended with a "humble servant" and his own full name.

The Company at Exeter that owned the *Cross and Crown* had despaired of getting the house into any hands at all, let alone into good ones. There were, attached to it ancient privileges which made it a difficult place. When Robert Martins came to their office and spoke his mind and showed three hundred pounds, he was treated kindly given friendliness when the question of original stocking was discussed, blessed with a longer note than he had expected or felt, in his enthusiasm, he needed; but he did not have called to his eye a small section in the lease. Robert did not read intelligently, and believed what he was told, and did not think of inquiring into what he was not told. The lease was signed, properly enough. The *Cross and Crown* was painted cream outside, and chocolate color in; and the bottles, glasses and mugs of the Company, along with its kindly-given brown wood bar and brass pulling handles, made a brave sight indeed. Forty pound that brown wood bar had cost, and the other things, though they did come from the dismantled *Sheep Inn* in a back street of Exeter, still made a grand picture. His mother would have prided herself in this son, cou'd she have seen him now, his sleeves pulled up away from froth and slops, his face healthy still from the moor air and excited now by a good run of customers; and the fine chocolate walls and settles round about with country folk in work-stiffened breeches polishing away at their seats. She, poor soul, was dead of a lung and buried near Staveness Head—in Heaven, too, for her goodness, and like as not seeing it all with glad eyes.

Over the bar and looking between the Guiness and bitter beer handles, Robert could see through the open

door and take survey of his situation. Close against the Church he was; at least folk came through the lich-gate and turned into the *Cross and Crown* before they would turn in under the West Porch. And across the path the tombstones of the Acre stretched in rows, now this way and that, to the edge of the hill. Then that valley piece with Cotter's Rise on the opposite side. Samuel Barnes, an Essex man, lay on the other side of the path, and he had a grand shiny stone with cutting so deep a man could almost read it from behind the bar. A spark he'd heard, as some talked over their beer and eyed that very stone. A churchyard made a young man think and thinking made him thirsty, and then he'd talk too, so a publican's life was good day in day out. Perhaps not Sunday mornings, for his customers of Saturday looked clean and gloomy then and went by to the Church. But Sunday afternoons again and in they'd come, and talk more cheerful than ever. So things looked bright enough.

No one ever saw the Parson but on Sundays, and some would say then in the *Cross and Crown* in the afternoon that Parson was looking shaky. Robert did not understand, he never saw the Parson at all—but he could not ask questions and keep his place as a public character.

Matthew Price came in and looked towards the corner where the old man sat. He jerked his head to Robert, who took a pint of bitter to the corner seat. The old man drew the mug to him and stood up. He looked towards Matthew solemnly and spoke in a high pitch, "I rises to you," he said, and drank with slow sips. "I likewise bows," answered Matthew, and drinking he went to the corner where they both sat down. Robert stood as near as he well could.

". . . used to be a man could get drunker'n much for thripence."

"That'd be when Jim Henslow had this house?" asked Matthew.

"No, afore 'im I remembers it. When Parson came, Dr. Smiley dying away after the rheumatiz, Henry Hartshorne 'ee took this house. A rare strong man Henry was, and I remembers clear as glass, because then Sam'l Barnes—out there now—(drinking and jerking his mug towards the Acre) died and while 'ee was bein' buried, bottom end of 'is coffing dropped in and Henry 'ee 'eld up with it while two, brothers they was, got into Sam'l's ready grave and fixed ropes. We 'ad beer all round after that, Henry bein' mightily up over 'is power."

"My father as knew 'im, called Sam'l Barnes a 'eavy man," said Matthew questioningly.

"I seen it done myself," cried the old man excitedly, "Summer it was, and 'ee'd on'y just took this house. Made 'is näame by it 'ee did, and I seen 'im myself a-doing it."

"Well, and I ain't against you. My father—'ealth and may 'ee live long and sweet—it was that told of 'is 'eaviness. I wonders after that, that's all."

"I drinks y'ur beer and g'ves y'u greeting, but to wonder at a man's speech is beyond all . . . seeing with my own eyes as I did and all, and telling y'u." He sullenly kept his peace.

"No offense and 'ealth," said Matthew stolidly, "And mightily powerful or no, Henry came to a bad end, and that inside my own memory. That too, no more than Jim Henslow did in this same house after 'im."

"Samewise a man could get drunker n muck for thripence in my time," said the old man.

Robert sat down at the table.

"I knew a Henslow chap in Taunton seven year ago at August. Could it be 'im? His house in Taunton was the *Coachman's Rest* and a properly kept place it

was too. I heard as 'ee'd left it. Odd that, for though 'ee was a tykish little chap and 'is wife too, their house was a good un."

"Yes, it was 'im, for I heard talk of a *Coachman's Rest.* After Henry Hartshorne died, which bad luck and then drink lead 'im to, the Company wrote for Henslow and with rare bargains 'ee come down. Often's the time I've heard 'im complain about the Company leading 'im on with grand offers and 'ow d'ye do sirs, but yet never telling 'im about what really caused trouble. Not that I seen quite clear what 'ee meant, but something any mattter brought 'im quartern trouble."

Robert looked at his brown wood bar. He stroked his bare wrist, and then, with both hands, the table.

"Henslow was a good 'un for drinks and making customers feel as they was happy," he said thoughtfully.

"That 'ud a done any other place but 'ere. The *Cross and Crown* 'ere has got itself a näame among houses, and owners be shy over 'ee." The old man put a hidden idea into his words.

Robert put on his publican's manner and asked in a large voice, "No spirits but them by the bar, I hopes?" But there was some small uneasiness in the question at that—he knew a thing or two about other houses, he did.

The old man appreciatively laughed. "No spirits 'ere, but leaves folks happy feelin's." He laughed again, "But Parson 'ee do say now. . ."

A tall man with white and yellow skin, with thin hands easily jointed and fine, with black clothes and a front-to-back collar, came through the door and walked to the bar. The old man stopped in his speech: Matthew touched his forehead with "Afternoon, sir": Robert went across the room to meet him.

"Martins?" asked the Vicar, not softly at all.

"Yes, sir.'

"I merely came to remind you that August fifteenth, two Saturdays distant, is tithing day. In the case of the two men who preceded you, I found that day a very difficult one. I was unable at the time, and have been since, to understand why both Hartshorne and Henslow became excited and found it unpleasant to face the fact of their relation to the Church. To you I thought I would give adequate warning—Hartshorne and Henslow were so surprised whenever we met about this." A wry smile ended his words.

Robert felt sick as he looked at his lovely beer handles.

"I hopes that no trouble will ever be meant or given, sir. I'm not one to keep folks' dues from them, least of all from Church."

"I trust you'll be seen in Church, Martins, but I have small hopes, based on my experience with your predecessors. I believe they both felt that their support of the institution I represent was more than adequate. So I have small hopes. Good-day." He slipped noiselessly through the door, wavering thinly as he passed the windows, growing dimly more and more vague and tottery as he threaded through the tombs to the Vicarage gate. Robert walked behind the bar and thought of Hartshorne and Henslow, his predecessors, who had gone before him, and of Parson's tired hint that he was one in a chain. What comes before seems to make out that something very much like comes close after. Anyhow, when the Saturday came, he could be made to do only as the law allowed, even if all the Parsons on earth were vexed blue. Law was law, and that way honest but simple men kept their heads up.

The law allows, Robert Martins found on the fifteenth of August, not only the means by which honest men exist, but many strange and unneccessary additional things. He counted from the tap-room till that morning the small sum which the Church took from its own

property. So much was honest dealing. And in good faith he wrapped it in yellow paper and handed it to the Vicar in the early afternoon. That thin and cheerless man far from taking it kindly, unwrapped the paper and counted the money. He looked up and softly, but with a tone Robert didn't like, said, "You too, Martins? Will there never be a man here with whom I can deal straightforwardly? Please bring me your lease, Martins."

Robert took it from the drawer below the till, and Parson read him a bit that was a twister for all he heard in it. "Whereas the aforesaid inn is within the precincts of the church and it adjoining property, etc. . . vide 11 Carolus II cap. 25, sec. 4 concerning such ownership and the monies deriving therefrom. . ." His uncertain face drew an explanation from the Vicar. *The Cross and Crown*, his tidy proper place, being as indeed it was church property, and belonging to the Company only by long lease, paid to the church one full third of its income.

So much for his fine situation with Samuel Barnes across the way. This was what a man paid since folk turned into the *Cross and Crown* before they went under the West Porch. Henry Hartshorne, he took to drink, he did, and here it was; Jim Henslow, good enough man at Taunton for any house, sank away here he did. Small wonder it was the brown wood bar came for a whisper from Exeter on the Company's wagon.

"I'll see what the sum comes to, sir," he said slowly, "And send it by Tommy 'ere in the morning."

"Of course, I'm sorry, Martins, but you won't. This must be very business-like, and you will send me a proper statement of your takings. From that your rate will be prepared." In three minutes he had again faded across the graveyard and in at the Vicarage gate.

Robert, and Matthew, joined later by Timothy Achen, considered the affair.

"This then 'twas that druve Henry and Jim away? Well, man can't be surprised it did," said Matthew.

Robert who had been stolidly thinking since mid-afternoon, broke in, "'Ee is a nasty one though, coming about and speaking so quiet and nasty as 'ee do. Biting at a chap's back that way, so a chap can't think nor argue. What I'd tell 'im now were 'ee here 'ud be—to law you must go Parson and prove it in law black and white. But with 'im in the afternoon there was no talking, so short 'ee was."

"Henslow, 'ee did go to law, much to 'is sorrer," said Timothy mildly. Timothy helped in the Vicar's garden.

"Talk 'ee did too, about how this extra penny came handy in his purse, which I calls speaking too plain to a man's face. I c'ud a told 'im about how we gets on, but no word 'ud 'ee give me. And 'ee the gent, cutting in sharp with 'Send me the account, Martins': so what c'ud I say but 'Yes, sir'."

"Fine flowers 'ee grows in 'is garding, what wi' such good stuff draining into them from the churchyard 'ere," said Timothy looking through the window and spelling with his lips the cutting on Samuel Barnes's gravestone.

"Oo cares about 'is buggin' poesies," cried Roberts, "Like master they be, draining the dead while 'ee drains the living."

"Henry said much the same as you," said Matthew comfortingly, "And 'ee drank, making jokes about Parson. In 'is cups 'ee could sing of Parson too: not that Parson ever did more than smile and let 'im run on, even though they did hit home now and again." He broke unsmilingly into song,

"Our Parson be a fine man,
Like Squire, of high degree:
Although 'ee taps the tavern till
'Owever deep it be.

"And when the till is empty
Our Parson peaks away,
And aims to keep in dopey sleep
Till come next tithing day.

"'Ow sorry we should be, my lads,
'Ow sorry and 'ow sore,
If Parson from 'is greedy dreams
Should never rise no more."

Stopping suddenly, he added, "Henry sung that grand 'ee did."

"Not far wrong," said Robert appreciatively.

And Timothy, "'Ow did Henry know about that dopey part, I wonders?"

"Henry had knowing ways, and though 'is nose *was* short, it ran through most thin doors."

Timothy remained silent while the visible effort of thought played over his face. At last he turned to Robert who had been watching him, and said, "I've knowed this for some years, but never once did it pass my lips. Working for a fam'ly's much like being of a fam'ly, and a chap don't squinge 'is fam'ly's deeds about, do 'ee? No, I've said up to this very minute: but 'ere you goes, as I sees it, along the säame road Hartshorne went, and Henslow too. Mayhap, what I tells 'll help. Parson ain't no Christian man, 'owever fine 'ee do preach in church, and I knows it gives joy to 'im to rub a poor man about. 'Ee needn't press you and another man wouldn't. Nor do 'ee need the money, spite of all 'is words. From wicked love 'ee do it. Now . . ." he paused, "Now . . . where do 'ee come by 'is wicked love? Many's them in the village 'as wondered. That's what I knows, and that's what all things considered I tells you now." He refreshed himself at this point and Robert sat looking at him with almost exaggerated attention.

"Some summers past, I 'uz digging in the beds under 'is lib'ary windows. Low they are and a man can see in. Well, I 'uz turning up earth and sudden I looks up, and there, midmost the room stood Parson, 'is right sleeve turned back. In 'is other hand 'ee held a shiny pusher-like thing, and shove it 'ee does 'gainst 'is wrist and then stands stiff like 'ee was tied to a ramerod. Out 'ee goes then, and soon 'ee comes up to me where I 'uz tying up roses by the gate, 'aving cleared away hasty. Terrible gay 'ee was and had a word wi' me, and then off along the path, brisk and set up like Squire when 'ee has a dog or two beside 'im.

"Month or so after that, me still not knowing what it was about, Tooke's bull down in narrow meadow gored me deep along the shin. Down on my back I was, and the leg swelled all blue and horrible wi' quartern ache to me, I can tell. When I hadn't slept for three nights or more, Doctor 'ee pulls from 'is black box one of these same pusher-like things, works wi' it, then into my leg it goes, and sleep I did. Next day I says, 'What made it so?' and he says, 'Oh, drugs, they takes away pain and braces you,' and then 'ee told me more, because seeing what I had curiosity took me natural. Though wi' my ears open my mouth was shut. So it's that now, 'ee took drugs, and that silver pusher-thing 'ee called a 'ippoderm. And too I knew why my back was near broke caring for they queer poppies 'ee had sent 'im from away. Doctor told me of them."

"Well, it don't startle a man after seeing 'im go on ever so rude and angry," said Robert.

"I told you this so you could do to please yourself. I give 'im up now, I does, and as a man must live I works for 'im, but fam'ly of 'is I ain't no more."

A good space was needed to digest this story. How such thing could be used, and he God's servant, whatever his wickedness, Robert couldn't see. For several

months, while winter ran up and down the little moor valley, mixed with spring so curiously that flowers stood by ice in February, Robert preserved his thoughts, polished, swept and kept sweet the *Cross and Crown*. But for every shilling he put into the till he thought sadly, "Fourpence goes to that nasty chap." When he paid the interest on his note and saw that more than enough to pay a share of the note away had to go to the Parson, he thought bitterly, "'Im and 'is filthy unhonest habits. 'Ee could do away with this if 'ee would." When the Vicar passing one day stopped to leave a message for Timothy Achen whom he hadn't seen for weeks, Robert watched him walk over the thin new snow. "'Orrid lean and yellow 'ee is," he thought. And then seeing the Vicar so black and yellow colored against the snow and the tombs he decided to do it whenever opportunity offered.

In April, with mighty tins of fresh cream paint come from Exeter, Robert Martins was brushing the outside of the *Cross and Crown*. The signboard, beautiful new with red and gilt and precious jewel colors, lay on the ground at his feet. He dipped the brush and stroked the heavy beam of the door; sweet and fresh it became to stand beside the green grass and the young posies in the churchyard. Then the Vicar came, rusty he looked. They talked, the Vicar in his sharp unpleasant way, that struck more and more harshly on Robert's ears, till he gave way.

"Sir," he said, and told Parson what he knew and how "'ee might write a letter so that they could act. Something could be done, 'ee thought, if a man came 'oo would clear away this silly law stuff."

Parson smiled very twisty and without fear or surprise. This shook Robert who had expected to give him the start of his life. "I see, Martins, blackmail of the most vulgar sort. That is a new idea, but unfortunately,

those to whom you might conceivably write, know all that can be known, and have known for several years. So long, in fact, that any interest they may once have felt has long since gone. They know me too for a God-fearing man and a servant of the Church in my own way. More to the point, they know that this living came to me from my very dear friend, his Lordship, and that any effort to oust me would be attended with lega complications. These are the facts, Martins, and although I abominate discussing them with you, a knowledge of them may save you trouble. No, you needn't thank me," and off he went in his own odd way.

So that was that, and in despair he went back to his painting. In two days he had finished and then he told Matthew what had taken place. Matthew *was* struck of a heap and said so, for his feelings were firmly with Robert. But now, no one, not Timothy Achen of all chaps, knew where to turn.

The summer drew through. Hot and thirsty that summer was. The grass burnt dry, and the men making hay along Cotter's Rise sent small boys to the *Cross and Crown* for canikins of beer, and the boys raced back to the Rise before the beer frothed out the necks of the jugs. Poppies, scarlet and some almost black, strayed like pantomime devils from the Vicar's garden; and though Timothy Achen cut them down with his scythe they hid behind the grave stones, standing there looking darkly down on Samuel Barnes and others. All the men from the village came into the *Cross and Crown* of Saturday nights, and all the women went into the Church of Sunday mornings while the men sat on the grass near the inn. The heat rose in transparent shimmering films from the smooth edge of moorland, and evenings as the men streamed in and out under the sign of the *Cross and Crown*, swine hidden in the valley grunted lazily and lingeringly in the stillness.

Children went to the Private Bar, and carried small pails down to the village cottages where women sat by their doors and drank, sometimes uncovering their necks and the modest fronts of their shoulders to the sweet dew and the jolly occasional gust of a breeze. The men streamed in and out of the *Cross and Crown* they did, and Robert sent to Exeter by carrier for turkey-red cloth, so that back to him came well-made curtains with frills for every window in his house. The sun dried out the soil so the Samuel Barnes's stone went three inches deeper into the earth, and some said Sam'l went deeper nor that.

All this brought the year to tithing day; and then, Robert, whose gloom had smouldered, felt it rise hot again when Parson demanded one hundred pound. "Summers are profitable for all, aren't they, Martins?" said the Vicar. Robert paid too the interest on his note, and stocked his house for the winter with bottles, small kegs and mighty hogsheads. Then he had twenty pound in the bank at Exeter. "Swine 'ee is, nasty filthy swine 'ee is," he muttered, as he looked in his pass book. Henry Hartshorne had died of drink he had, and Jim Henslow went on to God knows where, but the Parson chap he stayed. Beneath his dumbness he considered sternly and more sternly while autumn fell, and then the first strong winds came. In December he thought of something, and planned to try it out. The thought was direct and honest, if the *Cross and Crown* became a house with a bad name the Parson for decency's sake would have to sell away the Church's rights. Time might bring a clean brick wall between him and that churchyard. Bad his house would be, his sweet little cream-colored inn would get its name, and Parson he'd come to scratch or be talked about far and wide. When time was ripe he'd write to the Company and then they could take action, their profit being in it too.

On Twelfth Night the *Cross and Crown* was to get its bad name. Robert had worked all day and the taproom had bloomed. In an outhouse he had found a framed mirror, and this he hung behind the bar, then stacking bottles on either side and glasses in front in a long shining row. It all looked like the American Bar shown in the cinema house in Tavey. This had stuck clearly in his memory, its brass and polish, its young ladies dancing and throwing their arms about gents. This was his aim. He cut two pictures from an old Pear's Annual, young women who sat in bright sea shells and grottoes and were mostly naked, and these he pinned to the walls. He laid out two white aprons, one for himself and one for Timothy Achen, who had been told the plan and was helping. Mugs stood tightly squeezed together on tables and on the bar, blue and gray and white, stamped with the King's name, one or two with the old Queen's. As the early evening came, he lit his lamps and drew his turkey-red curtains, and running to the kitchen brought in a monster roast and a monster heap of boiled potatoes. These stood on one end of the bar. Timothy came into the taproom, and put on his apron to be ready.

The evening began and by ten o'clock the entire village was helping. Collected by word of mouth, from a few early laborers with their ha' pints, the crowd had grown until men and women filled the room while their children wrapped in coats and with heavy boots rushed through the snow in the churchyard, and excited by the noise of their elders, whooped and flung snow in the dark night till they all became dizzy. Men and women drank and drank and sometimes they ate from the monster roast or from the heap of boiled potatoes. While Robert and Timothy sweated, their customers sat on each other and drank and drank. The old man talked and talked incessantly to Elmer and got quite

drunk for threepence. "'Oo'd thought we'd get to this again," he stammered over and over with joy. He waved an empty mug to Elmer, who gave it to Simon Mosely, who gave it to John, and so it reached Robert and came back all frothy.

When Robert locked up the beer handles and served nothing but spirits, Matthew began to sing. His memory gave him endless ballads of dreary death and maidenly trepanning, and these he sang so that many were moved and wept. Obscene songs of his youth came to him and these he sang so that everyone laughed loudly. Three men whose ages totaled two hundred and fifty drew from their very ancient pasts fragments of morris-dances and in the cramped room did galleys, heys, and side steps. Everyone laughed again at these old chaps, very loud everyone laughed when they fell in a heap or two. Young Waters in a corner with his young girl touched her breast with his hands, and when she giggled and leaned against the wall, kissed her loud he did. Matthew sang the scandalous songs of the Parson and his deeds which Henry Hartshorne when drunk, had composed in two shakes, mostly to well-known tunes.

"'Ow sorry we should be, my lads,
'Ow sorry and 'ow sore,
If Parson from 'is greedy dreams. . . "

Robert heard above the noise a tap at the window of the Private Bar, and looking, saw there the face of the Parson. Horrible white and yellow he was with the dark room behind him. He put his hand through the window, and with a finger that shook like a dice box, beckoned. Robert went over to him feeling all gay inside. "Sorry, sir, I am if the noise has been too strong. Quiet they won't be, sir. They do be fair wicked tonight, do what I will."

"Martins" said the Vicar, "you're a stout active

fellow, and rather after my own heart." He stopped to cough and shake in a dismal way, then, "Noise is good for my spirits, Martins, pray don't stop it."

Robert felt his joy sink away though he scarce knew why. There was a faint sick-like smell about the Parson that made Robert wish to be back with his beer.

"Martins," went on the Vicar, and it seemed as if he did so dazed and wild, "my butler has made way with my brandy, will you please bring me a bottle and a small glass? You do my heart good, Martins."

Robert brought it to him and the Vicar disappeared in the darkness of the Private Bar. Robert listened for five minutes or more, but what with folk raising it around him, he heard nothing. Then he felt a gust of cold air and a door closed faintly. Past the open door of the tap room as he looked danced the lank figure of the Parson, and as a lonely light fell on him through the red curtains, he held a bottle high and his head shook terrible. A child screamed.

Back behind the bar and facing the tap room, he said, "Bar's closed now," as the mugs came towards him. The boiled potatoes had disappeared and the beef was cold in its dressing, now gone stiff and white.

The crowd sang its way down into the village. Robert took a full bottle of whiskey from the shelf and put it into his pocket. He walked to the door, past the sleeping Matthew who with his head on the wet table still hummed snatches. Over the door hung his shepherd's stick, anh this he took and then went upstairs, with no word said. Timothy with staring eyes shut the door and put in the chain, blew out the lights, and with a candle went to the parlor and lay on the long chair meaning to sleep if he could. He did go to sleep thinking, "Henry Hartshorne 'ee drunk 'imself to death 'ee did, and that was that . . . that . . . was . . . that . . ."

William A. Reitzel.

Aeroplanes' Song

Wild and free as the wind-swept sea
With the roar of the hurricane's cry—
Over the hills that the dawnlight fills
And up to the dazzling sky!
High and broad are the fields of God,
And dark are the distant lands,
But the comet's flight is the beacon light
To twine the stars in our hands . . .
It's north we go to the arctic snow
In the dusk of a dim desire,
Where the glacier jags are the mountain crags
And the ice burns white as fire!
For the ghost-ships run to the dipping sun
And lock on the barrier bars—
We ask no ride on the wind or tide,
No light but the frozen stars!
Our pennons fly in the rose-flushed sky,
The black of the corsair's trail,
We thunder on through the courts of dawn
And our wings are tipped with mail!
Down from the steep of the sky we sweep
When the ancient horns ring clear,
With the shield and lance of the old romance
And the sword of Bedivere!
Wild and free as the wind-swept sea,
With the roar of the hurricane's cry—
Over the hills that the dawnlight fills
And up to the dazzling sky!

M. R. P.

Maggots

A SHELL-HOLE, fifteen feet or so in diameter, the bottom of which was covered with a foot of muddy and stagnant water; this was what Sergeant Bart Gleason saw when first he opened his eyes at noon on the 25th of September, 1918. Upon further investigation of his habitat, he discovered that he was not alone. His companion was on the other side of the crater, sprawled face down, with his head completely submerged in water. Sometimes, the tremor of the earth from a shell that came closer to its mark than usual loosened some clods of earth on the side of the hole; the clods dropped into the water beside the head of the dead Poilu, making a splash that sprinkled the once blue coat with an ever increasing number of mud spots. Overhead a plane circled, playing tag with the little white puffs bursting all around it. The anti-aircraft guns were busy.

At a glance, the "Top" looked more like mud than man, but evidences of man protruded from the covering of mud and filth: an enormous physique, a mud-caked gash over one eye, a week's growth of beard, blood-spattered uniform in rags stiff with grime, and a belt high up on the thigh of the left leg that served as a tourniquet,—all this combined to make up the present condition of the man.

It was the tourniquet that held his attention now, and the torn and ragged mess that had been his leg. He looked around helplessly with eyes bright with fever and a face that, even through the dirt and blood, bespoke of horrible agony and physical torture.

"F-Frenchy, you and me are going to be in the same fix if—if somebody don't find us soon."

He spoke in a cracked voice and with consid-

erable effort. "What time d'you guess it is?—must 'a been passed out all night. S'funny how . . . can't remember . . . got in this stinkin' hole . . . probably in middle . . . No Man's Land . . . nobody could come . . . if they wanted to . . . eh buddy? ?"

Having received no reply from his indifferent companion, he made an attempt to rise from his half sitting and half lying position, but it proved too much for him and he fell back mumbling incoherently and groaning with pain. Loss of blood and lack of food or water for over three days and nights, combined with the agony of his shattered and undressed leg had left him in a half dying condition.

Suddenly the rat-ta-ta-tat of machine gun fire is heard to start up along both lines . . . and a minute later the whole universe split with shells, shrapnel, every hurtling steel death.

"—Jim! Jim, boy . . . come . . . please . . . Oh, God! can't you hear me, Jim? . . . Can't you hear me?" the "Top's " voice died away as he again lost consciousness.

* * * * *

The hour set for the big "push" was 5.30 A. M., and it was four hours before that when Captain Sutton came sliding into the front line trench through the ditch that served as a passageway back to the secondary line where the section headquarters had been hastily installed after the advance of two days before.

"All set, Lieutenant? Where is that man you told me about who said he saw Sergeant Gleason alive when we were taking the hill?"

"Sorry, Sir, but he got it in the arm last night. They hadda take him back, but he sa d he saw the 'Top' go down with a leg out of

commission. And he's sure he saw a First Aid man go after him."

Sutton shrugged helplessly.

"I've asked at every First Aid station in the sector," he said, "and none of them has seen him . . . but I can't make myself believe that Bart is done for. All right, Lieutenant! have your men ready to go when I give the signal and—you might tell them that they are to keep an eye out for Gleason when they advance. He may be stuck out there—in a hole or something."

The Captain rested his elbow on the parapet and, with watch in one hand and head in the other, tried to think. He wondered why this conviction that his pal was still alive should persist in his heart when everything was against any chance of its being so; and moreover, he knew that it was next to impossible for a wounded man to exist for four days and nights in the swampy hell that lay just beyond the place where he was standing.

Crash! Boom! All along the line batteries of artillery started the barrage that was to clear the way for the advance. The ground began a gentle, steady trembling, and the whole sky fluttered and shook, giving one the idea that parts of it might be expected to drop at any moment. From the hill, the whole country was lit up by a continuous flaring and flashing. The big "Drive" of September 26th had begun—the start of what the world later called the Battle of the Argonne.

Hour after hour it continued until at 5.25 by the watch in the captain's hand, the whole world seemed to have become one enormous and deafening roar of destruction. On the dot of 5.30 the captain's whistle gave the signal for the line to go "over" . . . with the advance the artillery kept raising the range. Dawn

came graying through the tree tops and by 9.30 the guns ceased firing; they had reached the limit of their range. Then one could hear the steady staccato of the machine guns and the deeper booms of grenades.

Stretcher bearers, with sweat pouring down their faces and with blood-stained uniforms, worked like madmen in a never-ending relay race from the fighting line to the First Aid stations and back, or loading rush cases into the ambulances backed up almost on top of the old trenches.

* * * * *

They laid the wounded man down just as Captain Sutton, a mass of mud and stained and filthy overcoat, came striding down the trench an hour or so after the last German counter-attack had been definitely turned back. From all appearances, the man on the stretcher was dead. His helmet was gone, his hair was thick with yellow mud, and his face was a dirty gray. From his neck down was a mass of mud, dirty slicker, olive drab in shreds, and a heavy, crimson stained army belt around the thigh of one leg the foot of which was missing. The first aid man cut away the remaining cloth from the breeches' leg, and muttered ejaculation caused the group of which the captain was a part to turn around. It was then that he recognized the wounded man as the old "Top"—Bart—his pal. Then his eye fell on the cause of the first aid man's consternation and a choking "God!" half curse and half prayer, escaped his lips. The leg had been almost completely shot away just above the knee and the end of what was left was covered with a mass of little, crawling white things—maggots.

It seemed to the Captain that his mind stood still for many hours, but it was finally brought back to life by the first aid man's muttered "No hope."

"No hope, hell!" cried Sutton. "Hey you!

bring that stretcher over here in a hurry. Corporal, run over to that ambulance and tell the driver I say he's leaving as soon as we get this man in his car. . . On your way! Show me some speed!"

Gently, the "Top" was lifted onto the stretcher and, with the captain at one end and the first aid Johnnie at the other, he was carried over the wrecked trenches and down the side of the hill to the waiting ambulance.

Bent almost double beside his pal in the racing car, Sutton tried to soften some of the bumps and jars that made it hard to understand how anyone ever came through such a ride alive; while at the same time, he tried to make his tortured mind figure how long it had been that Bart had lain out there in the mud with no dressing except this hastily applied tourniquet. He knew it must have been five days at least, and the more he thought of it the more he realized that his friend's chances for life were extremely slight. He tried stroking the hand beside him and its coldness sent a pang through his heart, and, wildly, he put his ear to his friend's breast but the rocking and bumping of the car made it impossible to hear or feel any heartbeat if there had been any to hear.

Finally, they arrived at the first temporary hospital behind the lines and he saw his friend carried inside by two orderlies. He made an attempt to follow and was pushed out by a wild-eyed doctor who growled something about there not being room enough for the wounded, let alone any able-bodied men.

For hours he waited impatiently outside the church-hospital and to all his inquiries, he received the same general answer: "Don't know yet." The vision of that white crawling mass that he had seen on Bart's leg haunted him. He felt as though he too were full of

those little white things and that they were eating away his mind, his heart, and his very soul.

How long he had been there when finally one of the nurses he had spoken to came out to him he could not have told. It was apparent to the most casual observer that in that time he had aged. His face was drawn and haggard and his eyes were bright—fever bright—from the strain of the past seventy-two practically sleepless hours and this other awful agony of uncertainty and fear for the friend that lay inside fighting for his life against gigantic odds.

"Nurse! tell me. . . Is he alive? . . . Will he live? . . . God! If I don't know soon I'll break, I tell you! !"

The nurse looked at him steadily.

"Yes, Captain, he is alive. The doctors believe he'll pull through if we can get him back to the Base where he can have some decent care. They have amputated his leg at the hip; Dr. Stevens says that the maggots were responsible for saving his life."

"The—*maggots* . . ."

"Yes, you see, maggots will eat only dead flesh. As fast as gangrene set in, they would eat it—otherwise he would never have lived to come here."

The captain turned, and spread out his arm.

And he stumbled away muttering to himself: "Maggots! ! . . . Maggots! . . . God bless maggots!"

W. F. Webster.

Psalm of Sleep

Oppressed heart, rise up and hear!
Though voices from the realms of night
Have burdened thee and struck with blight
Thy hope, and painted life too drear;
Though conjured phantoms feed thy pain
Or seek to drag thy life to days
Long past and pristine folly's ways;
Awake! and cease to dream in vain.

Too long have shadows held thy soul,
Too long has fancy formed thy life,
Come seek the joy of present strife,
Make life and time a single whole.
Perhaps the joy thou felt in passing,
Which now thou seekest in the past,
May be seen in present striving,
And in the future found at last.

Bramwell Linn.

New Books

FICTION

Revelry, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. (Boni & Liveright, $2.00.) For Democrats, this is the book of the year. Republicans won't like it in the least, and it is likely to give Careful Cal an acute case of *katzenjammer*. As a record of the Harding administration, with fairly obvious noms-de-plume for the chief characters, it shows up every gory detail of crooked work in politics, until the reader begins to wonder, what with so much money dealt out right and left, why he didn't get his share. It is badly written, spectacular, and vastly entertaining; and it contains one powerful characterization: that of Willis Markham, a blundering, lovable sinner, and you will be drawn toward him much more than—oh, well, read it. It's grand.

Kingdoms of the World, by Margaretta Tuttle. (Putnam, $2.00.) Soft music, and Italian gardens, and a garden where the yellow roses bloomed thirty years before. Now I have a weakness for this sort of thing, and I couldn't condemn it if it were perfectly foul. But in spite of the vivid panorama and the guitar-tinkling, you may take a dislike to the heroine, Winifred, who has gray flames for eyes and is too damn sensible. She has a father who is a statesman, we are told, and so to be strictly in character he would have to talk interminably. He does. They all do. They protest too much, and it is only when Miss Tuttle gets going on Italian moonlight that the novel reaches a pitch of extraordinary beauty.

Shoot, by Luigi Pirandello. (E. P. Dutton $2.00.) Luigi Pirandello is an Italian writer of quite some note, I understand from reading this, and he has published about sixty volumes. It is to be hoped that *Shoot* is not

his best. It is entangled in words, wading in words, sunken in words and bristling with exclamation points. It explodes with a bang, and the powder comes right up and hits you in the eye. Yet it is powerful in a grim and unfettered way. The author has a knack of drawing swift pen-pictures which will stay with you—the crazy old man with the violin under his arm is unforgettable. The story is told by a movie cameraman; there is a brilliant woman who causes commotion generally. "Shoot," says the director, and the camera begins to grind on life. Well, shoot if you must—but spare so many sub-titles.

Saint Michael's Gold, by H. Bedford-Jones. (Putnam, $2.00.) The French Revolution at its best. Laurent Basse changes the signature of Merlin to Martin, and things begin to happen with breath-taking rapidity. Adventure and intrigue (Gawd, how I love intrigue)—and a rip-roaring shipwreck to cap the climax. An excellent story, remarkably well told. Good reading no matter how you look at it.

Useless Hands, translated from the French of Claude Farrère by Elizabeth Abbot. (E. P. Dutton, $2.00.) This is an H. G. Wellsish story set at the end of the twentieth century, with some of the usual paraphernalia-machinery of an almost unimaginable *raffinement,* and, of course, those disturbing human beings, especially the women. The book is written with a zest evident even through the translation, which makes it not only interesting but exciting.

Spell Land, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. (E. P. Dutton, $2.00.) This early novel of Miss Kaye-Smith, now first published in this country, is of no slight import; not only must the early work of a novelist who has attained her stature be of interest, but the story itself warrants all that one might expect and more. The setting is a Sussex farm, and the protagonist a sincere,

intelligent girl, Emily (partly autobiographical, of course). *Spell Land* has not, perhaps, the polish of *Joanna Godden*, but it has its vigor, and its genuineness.

The Charwoman's Shadow, by Lord Dunsany. (Putnam, $2.00.) Lord Dunsany, who is the Barrie of adventure-writers, gathers together Spain in the Golden Age, a young swashbuckling hero with a nimble sword, and a real magician in a black gown; he throws over them the glamour of twilight and incantation, with alarums off-stage; and he produces an eerily beautiful tale. This statement is hackneyed, because he always does that. The only trouble with it is that it is too good to be believed true.

SHORT STORIES

Tropic Death, by Eric Wabrond. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50.) If there is such a jewel as the ring of authenticity, this book's got it; and what's more, it is the first book by a negro that does not sacrifice art to race-feeling and propaganda. Here we are given ten tales of the tropics and the West Indies, of which the first and the last are the best; but all are interesting and splendidly done.

The Younger Married Set, by George Chappell. (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75.) The doings of that crowd from the Country Club amusingly done by the author of *The Cruise of the Kawa*. It all starts off with a bang at the Governor's Ball which was going to be a "high-toned affair" this year, but somehow . . . and it ends with "a night in town." Quite good. And so are the illustrations—Gluyas Williams. You might know. . .

The Seven Cities of Cibola, by Aileen Nusbaum. (Putnam, $2.00.) Fairy tales about Indians somehow don't ring true. You can't imagine 'em doing it, all these lovely maidens and mighty hunters. The telling of such stories requires a lightness and deft hand, and on some of these Zuni folk-tales the author comes down

like a load of bricks through a skylight. And I wish the fairy-tale heroes weren't so cunning; it seems to destroy their charm. Give me the naive prince, the glass mountain, and the easy-going king any old time.

VERSE

Enough Rope, by Dorothy Parker. (Boni & Liveright. $2.00.) The very clever lady whom we have met in *Vanity Fair* and the *New Yorker* has collected her *vers de societé* in really quite a splendid little book. Whether she writes faintly Millayan love sonnets, or of something really serious like "General Review of the Sex Situation," she never loses for an instant her rigorous, beautifully poised triviality. It's the sort of book that makes one speculate as to what the lady is like; we confess we were somewhat surprised when we found out that she was married.

Dymer, by Clive Hamilton. (E. P. Dutton, $2.00.) It is so easy to say that an author has attempted more than he could accomplish, and this particular author has succeeded in so many ways, so we won't say it . . . *Dymer* is the epic of a boy's emotional and spiritual adolescence, in nine cantos; Mr. Hamilton has adhered to a classical form of expression, wisely perhaps, but not too well. The poem does, however, attain really first magnitude at times by its poignant and penetrating mysticism—a very genuine article.

BELLES LETTRES

Israfel, by Hervey Allen. (Doran, 2 vols., $10.00.) The recent stir in the controversy over Edgar Allan Poe has been almost as violent as the one about George Washington. It seems that Rupert Hughes riz to his feet and announced that the Father of his Country swore, drank, and philandered like any other rational human being. Not to be outdone in dismantling great men, along came Joseph Wood Krutch and accused

Poe of all sorts of ugly things in a biography savoring slightly of the backstairs gossip of nigger servants. There now appears the sanest, the most thorough-going, and possibly the best biography of that new Israfel, "whose heart-strings are a lute." Hervey Allen has made of Poe a human and moving character, a dark reckless minstrel—sometimes gentle, sometimes fierce, always in his own dream-world. He jibed and fought bitterly, he clawed for a place among literary men; and if he heard laughter, it was the laughter of the gods in his brain. He wore his cloak inside out, he filled himself up with red licker, he dreamed of fair women in "dim and decaying cities by the Rhine." From this biography you can *understand* Poe, and that is a feat for any chronicler to accomplish. Here was the poor aristocrat, hating the world and the coarseness of his day, longing for the fame which the priggish dictators of letters in New England would not accord. His tenderness for Virginia, the shadow of the raven, his love affairs, his quarrels—you see them all against a background of New York and Philadelphia in the roaring days of the early nineteenth century.

There has always been violent dispute about Poe. As soon as Poe died, Dr. Rufus Griswold poked his head cautiously out of the hole he had crawled into and wrote a bitter memoir. After announcing that the poet was born in 1811, he rambled right along and pointed out that in 1822 Poe had been expelled from college for drinking, gambling, and general misconduct. The picture of a boy eleven years old cutting such capers was doubted even by the people who had accepted Griswold's other work. There were numerous defenses, and the colloquy has continued ever since. But the impression Griswold had created held for a long time. In this new biography are pictured the forces that flayed him. Sly gossip, prudery, denseness, combined to ruin him as much as his own nature.

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VOL. XLVI HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1927 No. 6

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1105, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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The New Canterbury Tales



DEDICATION

In the Surrounding Story are Told:

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As Written By

G. P. R.

W. S.

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J. B.

E. H.

F. J.

F. P.

J. D. C.

Dedication

To One Who Does Not Believe In Romance, We, Who Abhor Fact, Dedicate These Madcap Tales, In The Hope That We Shall Find a Few Hardy Souls Unashamed To Confess a Weakness for Ghosts And Buried Treasure And Rollicking Foolishness.

A droning voice that does not lift or falter,
A drowsy hum from out a hot slow class—
Your spectacles, with eyes that never alter—
This is you. From you the dead facts pass.

Year in and out, long, lank, and never-bending,
At watch-tick intervals you turn the leaves of fame;
A little rustling—that is all; it is unending—
Your lecture-notes. Always you are the same.

"After the First Crusade we must consider
The economic aspects of this act."
You talk of crowns sold to the highest bidder,
And spice your figures with the sifted sand of fact.

Year after year you gather knowledge, only
To gather more. Oh, man, have you forgot
How in the lilies Guinevere dreamed lonely
Beside the mirror lake of Camelot?

The New Canterbury Tales



It was a stag affair, which was just as well, because your well-fed and drowsy man is apt to get reminiscent about his amorous conquests over some o'd red liquid in a tall glass, especially if he be old. And it was a hunting dinner after the fashion of a hundred years ago, in an ancient, rook-haunted, decaying manor house on the Wessex downs. They all wore red coats, with white vests and Ascot ties pulled open; there were even some dogs in the room, where a big fire blazed against the autumn wind. Unquestionably, the day had been successful enough, even from the point of view of old Sir John Landervorne, who flushed up red through his gray beard till his eyes sparkled. He had been foremost in at the death; a wild thundering figure, sharp against the greenish sky in twilight over the downs, urging his horse through mire and sticky heather. Now he sat in a corner by the fire, under the dark panelling and a diamond-paned window; legs thrust out, holding up a glass. The others sat near him in the tall-backed black chairs. They were tired and mud-spattered, half dozing after a meal:

Dunstan, the host, who was fat and winking like a wine-barrel—Bencolin, the apologetic French detective and an execrable horseman—old Ludwig von Arnheim, the shrunken shaggy-bearded author—Patrick O'Riordan, Bencolin's Irish friend—and the American newspaperman, Stoneman Wood.

It was a curious group, because Dunstan was by way of being a celebrity hunter as well as country squire, and each man was famous in his own manner. Von Arnheim, eternally peering and snorting around himself, blinking over his old square spectacles, fumbling at his beard—even von Arnheim had pulled away from his studies among languorous-lipped ladies of the fifteenth century to come, though he hated fox-hunting. He sat now with his chin in his hand, looking at the fire.

"You have a wild hard-riding country, Mr. Dunstan," said von Arnheim in his careless and perfect English; "there are legends, I suppose?"

"Legends!" cried O'Riordan, the burly, grinning Irishman, who was sitting fondling a dog under the light of a candle. "Man, the place is thick with 'em! Don't you know: we sit here like a lot of people in a story, with nothing to do except drink and talk about the days when men wore swords. . . . why not legends? with soft-close kissing women in 'em, though, I stipulate Wind and song and steel; that's what Wessex is. Alfred fought the Danes here. This was the place where the Great White Horse scoured. There was Alfred, and Harold, and Colan; Chesterton made a fine ballad about it, didn't he? You remember Colan, who had—" He threw back his head and sang:

"The little worm of laughter
That eats the Irish heart!"

"There never was a county in England," said Dunstan proudly, "that didn't have the stories." He sat back, and

his fat body quivered as though with mirth, and his smile curled almost across the jovial face. "But that's old-fashioned. This sort of thing is all old-fashioned, what?"

"Well, we're old-fashioned men," argued Sir John Landervorne with some heat, because he had taken much wine. "I sometimes wish to God that story-tellers would get a bit more old-fashioned. They'd be more entertaining."

Stoneman Wood, the American, was smiling. He contradicted all their previous ideas of Americans, dark and quiet and sardonic enough to be an American's conception of an Englishman.

"You've a fine old window here, Mr. Dunstan," observed Wood, "with some sort of curse on it, I'm told, and the ghost of a guilty monk hanging around. Possibly buried treasure. Now, all this is very old-fashioned, but I'm free to confess a sneaking liking for it. Children are the only ones who are frank about it. It's all dreadfully trite and hackneyed," he added a bit nervously, for he had the usual inferiority complex of an American for an English gentleman with a manor-house, "but won't you tell us a story?"

Dunstan beamed, bland and childlike.

"I will!" he said. "By Jove, I will! And you may have your voluptuous ladies, O'Riordan. I'm fond of 'em myself at—eh—past middle age. Hey, damme!" cried their host, thumping around him like a walrus. "Stobel; I say, Stobel! Get some more of that wine; don't be a damned Jew with it! And build up the fires; don't be so sparing with the wood!"

The manservant appeared like a family ghost. He blew the blaze with a bellows until it soared again, and all the red-coated, white-breeched gentlemen lolled about, reaching for cigarettes.

"Don't clean the dust off those bottles!" Dunstan ordered to the departing butler. . . . Then he took a candle and went to one big window in the darkest part of the room. He had to stand on a chair to reach it. In silence wind swept

along the ivy outside like a swishing stream. Dunstan stood and passed the candle along the glass, so that in the candle-gleam they could read the old weird lettering on it.

WHILE STANDS THE GLASS NONE SHALL BE RICH,
WHO LOOKS THROUGH IT YE SHALL NOT KNOW;
AND YET WHO STRIVES TO BREAK THE CURSE
SHALL BRING ON HIM A HEAVIER WOE.

They all spelled it out, the faint twisted script on an opaque background. Dunstan looked around with his face in the yellow light; everyone was regarding it perplexedly, lips moving, except Bencolin. The Frenchman was sitting low down in his chair, smoking a cigar. He was peering thoughtfully at a window on the other side of the room, against which ivy slithered.

"But what's it mean?" said O'Riordan.

"I wish I knew," said their host, coming down from the chair. "It's connected with the legend of the black monk, who cursed this place in the ancient terrible way. I've seen a shadow on this window myself, shaped like a monk. I'll tell you about it."

He went to the fire, where he sat down, pulled a bottle closer, and lit a churchwarden pipe. They could see him corpulently outlined in black, with the thin stem of the pipe going in rhythmical motion to and from his mouth in ghostly puffs of smoke.

"I don't profess to be a story-teller," he went on, "and this will be rather crude, but here is what is called



THE LEGEND OF THE BLACK MONK

It was tremendous'y long ago, not much after the time of Alfred. You get the idea that it was much darker around here then, and windier, and they likely had a cold time of it, with the armor rubbing their bodies. They would all grease up with oil and musk, which was the fashion of the dandy, and stick feathers in their big helmets. They were always fighting, or drunk, or home with their women in steaming hot rooms. They had minstrels who would sing at court in those green skin-tight clothes, until the hall got all full of smoke from the fires, chilly smoke that smarted your eyes. Dirty floors stamped with blood. . .

But there was one girl there who wasn't like that—gad, she must have been a looker! Just as remote and far-away as you please, but with a sort of hotness about her, and the deep eyes and half-opened mouth. She had yellow hair, with this thin pink-tinged skin. She was always mooning about this place, which used to be a big heavy castle; her father was the lord of the manor. When the poor devils of peasants would stumble past from the fields about dark, they'd see her maybe leaning over a battlement, in those clinging robes but with shoulders bare to her breast, hair hanging down, and up

on a greenish sky where there was a star or two. The peasants would sing to her beauty like a lot of beasts growling a chant—in twilight. . . Hildegarde was her name.

This man Unthred, the black monk, was the power in the neighborhood. He'd grin at you, till you got the idea you were damned. He had the lord of the manor frightened out of his wits, for the lord was rather crack-brained anyhow and used to sit in a corner with a spoon for a toy. Unthred drained piles of gold out of him. More than that, he had his eye on the castle after the lord should die, for he wanted Hildegarde. He used to stand and dandle the spoon before the old lord, who looked at it like a baby at a watch, and all the while Unthred was looking out under his cowl at Hildegarde.

She had a lover. He was a powerful darkish chap who often sat on the hills and looked at the stars. Sort of childlike fierceness about him; he tried to compose songs about Hildegarde, and his thick fingers got all fumbly at the harp. But he was an archer—by Jove! The arrow was like a bullet and a battering-ram when he let it go. Whing! And the bow-string would hum like a harp after he'd bent the bow a most double, and the shaft would crack open plate-armor, they say.

Often he would climb up the walls, secretly, because he was a common soldier and not for a lady like Hildegarde. There were roses then, the heavy drooping kind, that almost made Hildegarde swoon with their fragrance. So, when he came through the window of the roses, in dim oil-lamps' light, she was there . . . pressing to him with her bared shoulders, while he kissed her mouth and her face and her closed eyes till she trembled and moved her lips on his as though she were trying to speak . . . Oh, Lord, it was too pretty to be coarse, even for that day.

The old lord died finally. He died in his chair, when

the fires were dying out, and he kept grinning and tossing up the spoon to catch it till it fell out of his hands. He just quietly stopped breathing, rather shrunken up in the chimney-corner with his foot on the huge breast-plate he'd worn when he was a fighter. They found him on the floor.

Unthred got together the spearmen, locked the gates, and made himself lord. He had her now. But somehow the treasures of the house were vanishing; nobody knew where. Unthred went padding around with a silver candlestick under his arm, after which he would disappear for a time. He amused himself by making that window, chuckling at it. When the starved peasants hammered at the walls and cried for bread, Unthred leaned over from the parapet and howled with laughter and tossed some holy water down on them.

One night Hildegarde's young lover crept into the castle (some of them say he knew a secret way) with his bow slung over his shoulder. It was quite still. He got into the cold hallways and stole up to her room. When he put his head in the doorway, softly, there was a dim light burning. He gave a sort of crazy yell. . . Hildegarde was there, with her lovely body tinged pinker and her eyes closed, breathing. . . The shrivelled monk was bending over her, a grotesque thing, while she suddenly trembled and curled her arm. . .

The young man, I think, went almost insane at the loathing bestiality of it. Ugh! Rather sick with horror. . . Unthred whirled around with a look of those black hidden eyes; he gave a yelp and shook himself and blundered around trying to run from him. The young man knocked over a lamp and made for him. Unthred reeled around against the walls like a bat trying to get out. He was crying out, throwing his hands at his enemy. Then he got to the door, while the girl opened her eyes stupidly.

They stumbled through the halls, Unthred's sandals going clackety-clack and his pursuer tugging at the bow to get it off his shoulder. The monk got through a door, tripping up toward the battlements. The other man saw h m by the starlight, running for dear life along the wall. Then Unthred jumped up to the parapet, with a frantic idea of a jump, just when the bowman got an arrow notched on the string. Thum! Jove, you could hardly see the arrow, it smashed so fast just as Unthred sprang, and it struck him in mid-air. He swung around and fell in a twisted way like a big wild-turkey with a shaft through it. The man on the wall did not see him, but he heard him hit the ground. Then he put the bow over his shoulder and went down the walls the way he had come.

Dunstan took a last draw at his churchwarden.

"That's all," he said.

"Eh? Demned effective, I should say," remarked Sir John, shaking himself abstractedly. He looked round at the others, who were all contemplating the fire. "What happened to the girl?"

"Why, some say he killed her too, and then went off to the woods. But I suppose there's more reason to believe hey made it up and lived happily except for the times he caught her entertaining a new man. . .

"But what about the ghost?" asked Stoneman Wood.

"Oh, that's the black monk. He haunts the place. It's been reported ever since that his shadow is seen on the glass of that window, a cowled head with hand holding a candlestick, and with a sort of gleaming around it like a halo. They say he is hunting for something."

"Have you ever seen the ghost?"

"Yes," said Dunstan unexpectedly.

"What the devil!"——

"Well, I saw something. I came down here once at

night. There wasn't any light in the room but the window had a sort of vague illumination around it. There's ivy all over the outside, so I knew it couldn't have been anybody looking in. I saw the cowled head all right, and it was moving. Gad, it gave me a start, just to open the door and have it appear like a man sitting in a chair."

Dunstan was mellow with wine, so that nobody took him very seriously. They all laughed, except Bencolin.

"It's the treasure he's searching for," continued Dunstan; "these ghosts always seem to be forgetful. But there is a persistent legend about it; I heard it from the father of my man Stobel, who was here before him."

"Oh, you probably saw your own shadow," said the American.

"No, I didn't. How are you going to see a human hadow when there isn't any light to throw the shadow? It sust appeared. . . ."

O'Riordan laughed and slapped his knees.

"Let it go as a pure ghost! We may see it tonight," he urged. "But it reminds me—yes, I should say it reminds me. I've fallen in love with a lady in a story, the way I did in Constantinople the night Esmet Pasha dared me to break into a harem, and this story turned out about as disastrous'y as mine. If you care to hear it—"

"You're jolly well right!" Dunstan cried with enthusiasm. "I was a beau in my day," he confessed. "Especially if this is about Turkish beauties, eh? Damme, fill up those glasses again!"

"Splendid!" beamed Sir John cheerfully, but so drowisly that which proposition called forth his enthusiasm was doubtful.

O'Riordan tossed off another glass, whose warmth made him vigorous. His big body was bent forward, a hand on one knee; but there was no other hand, for his red right sleeve was empty and tucked into his pocket like an old grenadier of Napoleon's wars. He twitched the hair out of his eyes, smiling while he told them



THE LEGEND OF THE SOFTEST LIPS

I did some secret service work for the French government in Constantinople after I got my arm shot off and they refused to send me back for active service. We knew the Huns—sorry; no offense to you, von Arnheim —we knew they were pretty nearly done, but we didn't know how close the end was. And the beautiful part was that I didn't have to go running about in disguise; I lived like a prince, until everybody in my hotel was following me like a string of gabbling ducks and pecking up the money I trailed out after me. Every one of those shiny half-niggers was my servile slave. I loved it.

Constantinople was a muck of blinding heat and damp winds. The beggars wouldn't let you alone; there was always turmoil and fighting because the soldiers strutted around with their red fez-caps cocked at an angle and kicked people out of their way. I never heard such a wild babel of tongues.

Esmet Pasha started it all. I met him at the hotel. At first he sat at a table far away from mine, drinking *salep* or this vile Turkish coffee that's like black molasses. I drank rum. Then he began to work around to my table like a man on a checkerboard till I found him sitting in front of me and speaking exquisite French. He was a heavy-set chap with a tiny head and large ears; not dark, either, but with one of those neutral faces resembling a person from New York.

We got to be good friends. The man was French; I ascertained that he wasn't spying on me, and that he was a sort of mystery man like myself. To him, of course, I was a stranded American. One night when the smoke was thicker than usual, and Esmet Pasha sat with his face all curled in smoke from a long cigarette, I began to understand what he wanted of me.

"Monsieur," says he, "I have heard that Americans are a courageous lot."

"Well," says I, "I come from up in old Vermont and I guess (that's a good American expression, I *do* recall) I'm equal to 'most anything."

Nothing moved about him except the smoke around his face.

"Monsieur, in Constantinople there arrived today a great effendi. He is one of the wealthiest men in Turkey, for his jewels (if I could enumerate them)—well, they would draw the eyes away from the beauty of the most beautiful woman. They would draw your eyes away from the beauty of all but one woman, monsieur. That woman is in his harem, which he takes with him like baggage animals. . . Monsieur is romantic. He would be pleased to know that this woman is whispered about as the lady of the softest lips. She is like a garden, a dazzling garden under the moon . . . *But she is a white woman, monsieur,*" cried Esmet Pasha, moving his cigarette at last. "She is imprisoned there, a German lady. Understand me, I am not romantic; I am a man of business. She could be set free by the German government if her identity could be proved—"

"Friend," says I, aping the best American manner, "I'm not a kidnapper." Nevertheless, it lit up my imagination. A lady, behind a lattice. . .

"It would do no good if you were. But you begin to see my meaning. No, I do not ask you to attempt to steal her away; that would be impossible, under the guards. But in the confusion attendant on the effendi's departure, she recovered the proofs of her identity which had been taken from her; a little box of papers which must reach the German ambassador. . . Does monsieur think that he might elude the guards himself and secure the box from her? Attend me: I am hired, I admit it. And I will hire you. In frankness, I could not do it myself. There will be much money—"

"Oh, damn the money," says I.

"And the lady of the softest lips would have a way to reward intrepid Americans. . . Think, I do not grow vulgar. You have never seen this woman, my friend; that is why I do not grow vulgar. . . ."

Well, what was I to do? I was half drunk, and the crazy stars which shine nowhere else except on that Persian-carpet city were out in flying sky, and the warm winds rather blew your conscience away. I wasn't a government agent, I was wearing a sword. The world might end, or the armistice be signed, or somebody knife me in the back. For one night I was going to climb to the lights, and be hanged to common sense!

Esmet Pasha laid all my plans. I watched the great white building, wrapped with green-black trees, where sometimes lights moved like phantoms with lamps, where lay the lady of the softest lips. But there was a glow in the sky over it, a hum of Constantinople, which came back on the soft winds. Oh, I was the king of thieves that night. And I sat with one leg over the wall at the back, and the songs of the world blew around me and tossed the cobweb stars. They couldn't catch me. I was out of the Arabian nights.

Never a false step in the garden! Hedges stood round ike Ali Baba's vats, with maybe a whispering girl to tap against them, but the aisles all slept alone. I knew the very window. Only one arm, but I clung to the trees. Even before I got to the window I saw the hand lying on the sill; the slim hand with a green ring on the middle finger, melting back into an arm which was an allure. . .

I found her in the dark, but she had some sort of perfumed lamp, black except for tiny perforations along the top, which dappled her face vaguely. And we saw each other's faces, hung there in vagueness; but I saw the whiteness of her body too. She was fair and supple as Juno, and her eyes were fire. In a sort of plashing music

like water on marble we talked in murmurings. We made a meeting place for the future. We grew to know each other in those moments as one can know a woman in danger. I took the proofs of her identity from her hands. . . And the little perforations in the lamp were darkened. Lady of the softest lips. . .

When I descended into the garden, the warmth of old spices and lands caught me again. I stole on with nary a rifle-shot behind me, and I laughed as I gained the wall once more, where for sheer exultation I sat and shook the tin box at the stars. Here was the high romance.

It was not until after I had delivered the box to Esmet Pasha and heard of his disappearance from the hotel that I realized how stupid I had been. The newspapers had accounts of the jewel robbery. The lady had not been in the effendi's harem, because he had none; she had been one of his servants. The box I carried away for them must have contained, neatly swathed, the choicest gems in the effendi's collection. I never saw Esmet Pasha or his beautiful colleague again. . . Sometimes I wish I had.

Dunstan burst out laughing.

"Immense!" said he, when O'Riordan had denoted the conclusion by emptying his glass of wine. "Serves you right, for philandering on duty."

"What would this world be like," the Irishman muttered gloomily, "if there weren't any liquor?" He filled his glass again.

"Did you ever hear anything more about the partners?" asked Wood.

"Von Arnheim probably knows about them," O'Riordan answered. "They were the best in the business: Fritz and Elsa Rheinden—brother and sister. Bah! He looked no more like her than I do. At least, he looked like a Frenchman. That's how expert at impersonation they were."

It had grown drowsily hot in the room, which was faintly odorous as a wine-keg and filled with slow smoke. The candles were sinking lower. Sir John Landervorne was almost asleep, smiling vaguely in the chimney-corner with his booted legs sprawled at an angle. The others were all before him, so that he alone could see over their heads at the window that bore the black monk's inscription. Suddenly he sat upright.

"Look here," said Sir John, "I shall have to begin talking, or I shall begin seeing things. Look here, I actually did see something moving at that window!"

"Sir," said Dunstan loftily, "you're drunk, sir."

"Sir, I am a gentleman," said Sir John. "I don't doubt that I saw something moving; stranger things than ghosts have happened to my knowledge, like the incident of the Nottinghamshire hun!—'

Dunstan thumped the arms of his chair and cried:

"Then who will write us a hunting song,
A loving song and a fighting song?
For a drinking song is a clinking song . . ."

"I will," offered Sir John, "because one must keep awake, and you doubt the clearness of my head. I'll tell you about the hardest drinking, hardest riding, most glorious days we've had. The time of the Prince Regent and Beau Brummel. And it's quite true; my grandfather told it to me."

There was a positive gleam in Sir John's eye. He propped himself up like an English gentleman, and enthusiasm rippled about among his audience. Dunstan was bellowing, "Hey, Stobell" the fire was leap ng up again at the mention of the flying horses of the regency, and everybody was half rollicking except Bencolin, who still sat motionless with his eyes half-closed and the cigar-ash dropping on his black beard. So, in the galloping wind, Sir John began



THE LEGEND OF THE GAY DIANA

Properly, the story should begin with the sound of a hunting-bugle at dawn. Mist was rising from the trees, and there were clouds of swallows twittering and beating up past the inn-windows. Back in the stable yard clattered horses' hoofs, the jovial profanity of grooms in a rushing about of men with saddles, windows banging open, tall-hatted men swinging down the stairs after a merry night's drinking.

The inn was a lovely toy place, topping into peaked gables with shiny diamond-paned windows; dun-colored, but with blackening beams. The beams jutted out over doorways, mysterious doorways that had old box-lamps hanging beside them. On the upper veranda the boots was whistling and polishing away at his work. Over the flagstones in the yard, redolent of heavy steps and beer-cans, they all hurried: men-servants with the hot water —under the archway of the low building, or merrily past the sign that swung over the front door. Oh, it was a fine sight! the nestling quaint inn, with tea steaming inside, all dun-gingerbread and bright windows against the white rising mists and the dark green trees. It was going to be warm that day; there was a sweet scent of hay in the air.

Halloa! Out strode a man in a bold red coat, a glistening top-hat, white breeches and black boots; all smiling

and waving greetings. Out staggered another, out came two more, arm in arm and arguing; out they came all, in a jumble or singing. Fat and thin, all clad alike like soldiers. A tune was whistling gaily out of the hunting bugle. Then there was the rattle of a gate, cries and laughter, and, deeper, buffeting around the inn, the joyous, frisking bark of the dogs.

Inside, a rather striking figure was coming down the main-stair. She had her hand on the black railing, and her head tossed back. Scandalously, she was in hunting costume and (which caused the hoop-skirted shy ladies to shrink with horror) she was not going to ride side-saddle. It was the Lady Diana of Falcondene Court, always aughing—black hair wisping down under the absurd top-hat, all men's costume, but woman about the eyes. She was tanned and blue-eyed, and her head flourished and her teeth showed white when she coquetted. She paused on the stairs to shake her riding-crop at the man in the middle of the inn floor.

Rising sun on the floor, too; black fireplace, white wal s, and the two red coats against them. Drinking cans were on the center table. The man was staring at them. He raised his head, a slender, tanned sort of young man with eyes rather wide-set. The girl said,

"Good-morning, George. Glorious, this is glorious! Have they got Bess saddled?—I want those girths tight, or she'll tumble me on the first wall."

"I don't know," said George.

She got suddenly suspicious, and came down toward him.

"Look here, what's the matter? Have you and that little ninny been quarreling again? Where is Tom?"

"He went back to Ravensmere; still drunk, I suppose. He was furious last night—threatened me with a pistol. It went off; there was no harm done, except that he went

stamping out of here. . . He thinks you're in love with me."

"Well, I'm not; will that satisfy him?" She laughed, she came closer, her eyes spoke all manner of things, and none of them explicable. It baffled him and made him angry.

"Diana—"

"Now please stay back! Are you going to be foolish so early this morning. . ."

"But see here, I wish you wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't what?"

"Well, act this way. Go hunting, and act . . . not like a lady. Really, if you want to be frank, you haven't any reputation. They're saying horrible things about you; you ought to have seen them wink at me last night when I left you. Gad, you won't dare show your face—"

"Do you expect me to blush every time when they mention a man?—or thrill and be meanly lascivious with myself behind doors, and shut my eyes in wonder, and shrink and tap a parasol—"

George blushed. He fumbled with the drinking-mugs.

"Diana, really—your language; please stop it! I love you, and you persist in treating me man to man. Are you human, anyhow?"

She suddenly went over to him. Her arms went around him; he felt her, quite woman, against him, mouth to mouth for an instant while her eyes closed. Then she stepped away quickly.

"That's how I feel, George. . ." She laughed. "Possibly. . . Now never mind my reputation, because the inn-keeper is watching us in a very surprised manner. . ."

He saw her go dazzling out of the door, and heard her laughter in the yard. He groped for his hat, feeling a bit sick, for he noticed the half-effaced blood-spot on

the table. Almost immediately her voice came in,

"Lord Sturton, you old pot-belly, remember what I told you: keep your hands loose on those reins when you take the jumps or you'll be killed! . . ."

All day, from bugle to bugle, the hunt swept away. Out of the inn-yard, pounding, in twos and threes, after the long leap of the dogs. Nobody missed young Tom Stevens, who had been so peering and suspicious and jealous about Diana, who was constantly bickering with George May, the fifth earl of Sandermark. Wayside taverns where the blacksmith's anvil rang on broken shoes and fidgeting huntsmen were left behind, over the fields in hot noonday, swaggering and racing after the worrying dogs! Field and ditch, where the big yellow hunter took a tumble and sent Lord Sturton grotesquely head over heels—loud on the highway and low in the marsh, on it drove into storm.

The clouds were getting black, low in the trees, where the wind hung still. The huntsmen had stopped laughing; some were woe-begone, lurching in the saddle. Lady Diana's eyes were bright against the sweeping dark; her roan was still fresh, tugging the bit ever so slightly. Behind her George May clung, on a devil of a horse like a nightmare . . . Leap and p unge toward the wild booming of the dogs, the leader of the hunt pressing them! Only a few had stayed so far; the wind was coming out of the trees now. Up it mounted, far into the last cry. "Tally-ho!" it got into the horse's ears —"Tally-ho!" in the old way. Another horse slithered into a spill; the rider's hat bounced off absurdly. . . They've sighted the fox, they're driving him to his hole! . . Another horse down, the rain rushing out of the black sky, but '*Tally-ho*!'

Bearing down, trampling among the dogs, they were in at the death: a gloomy bank of trees, harassed with fighting dogs and tossing hats up against a leaden sky.

They were exhausted, panting, dog and man: preparing to smile and trot back over the hills for some jovial drinking and a hot bath. . .

The Lady Diana was off her great mare, staring at the fox's hole. Men were singing and leaning from their mounts; dogs snarled. . .

"We've made almost a circle," the Lady Diana said suddenly and harshly; "George, we're almost back at the inn. . ."

She was staring at the strangely large opening. Another glance followed hers. The singing choked out. The rain grew heavier on tired bodies and sodden hats. . . Tea and a hot bath in the English way. . .

What they saw in the opening was an arm projecting out, mangled by the dogs, who were tearing one bleeding hand. A body had been thrust in there.

George May did not look at it any more. He put his face against the mud of the bank and said,

"Pull him out, for God's sake! It's Tom. I shot him last night. . . I thought he was hid."

While nobody moved, the virgin Diana looked at him in a strange, rather wondering way.

"What a ghastly story!" Dunstan exclaimed, after some little silence. "I thought you were going to tell us something dashing and heroic, and then you give us that. . . What happened to this George May?"

"Oh, some famous big-wigged counsel got hold of him and entered a plea of self-defense. They got the inn-keeper to swear that Stevens had attacked him with a fire-tongs, or something. He was adjudged not guilty; subsequently," said Sir John, "he married Diana. So you see the story has a happy ending after all."

Stoneman Wood, the American, made a sudden gesture. He remarked,

"On the contrary, sir, I think it's the most unhappy

ending I ever heard. I wish you'd left it with the murder."

"I was telling a true story, you know," returned Sir John frigidly.

"Then I'm jolly well sick of truth!" cried Dunstan. "Come, now, let's have some wild thing with a happy finish, and lovers in each other's arms. There's been nothing but gloomy occurrences so far."

There was an interruption. Stobel, the manservant who was usually so invisible as to be almost legendary, came unobtrusively toward Dunstan.

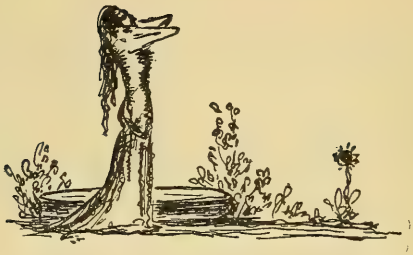
"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but there's a lady and gentleman outside as want to know if we can give them a pot of tea and a telephone. They've run their motor into a ditch."

"Why, of course!—Look here, don't you know any better than that?" asked Dunstan, hauling himself to his feet. "If you gentlemen will excuse me, I'll go out. I say, Stobel, they can't go out again in this; they'd never pull through the mud on the Ethandune road."

He waddled to the door with more injunctions to replenish the wine-supply. In the silence after he had gone Von Arnheim suddenly remarked,

"Well, then, I can tell you a story which ends with lovers in each other's arms. Rather, I'll read it to you, for the legend struck my fancy. You shall judge whether it's pleasant or not."

The old bony sardonic face blinked at them over the spectacles. Von Arnheim had capacious pockets made in his clothes, so that he could carry about all manner of odd books—mostly faded worm-eaten ones. He drew out a black-letter volume lovingly, grinned, opened it under the candlelight. "I warn you," said he, and read them the chronicle of Florimond de Rahinsauelt, named



THE LEGEND OF THE NECKBAND OF CARNELIANS

In the pleasant little hamlet of Croissy, in the province of Touraine, whither journey all the mightiest lovers and all the mightiest drinkers in France each year in a pious pilgrimage, there is located an inn on a hill, which you may know by the name of the Green Unicorn; and the gentle hostess (a most buxom wench I do assure you, and on that point I speak with no little confidence) does say that once this Green Unicorn was the castle of a très-noble and puissant lord, Sir Joclyn of Vaurennes, on whose house had lain a curse for full three hundred years until in 1575 its territories including all the wooded lands and pastures, were taken over in the custody of the most saintly Bishop of Croissy.

In the yard of the Green Unicorn, which was in former days the court of the castle of the lords of Vaurennes, there is a circular fountain wherein six goldfish do swim about in a most pleasing fashion. Now this fountain they say must needs hold water that becomes faintly vermeil as soon as it enters the basin; and some wise-bodies say that this is no more than the red stone wherein it is held, while others aver that the sun's rays so hit the water that it forthwith grows orange in hue: but these are knownothings and nitwits and spongebrains and ridiculous persons I do proclaim, and those who

know (which are the kitchen boys and scullery maids) have it that the water still is faintly ruddy with the blood of a certain lady of Vaurennes who was indecently treacherous and faithless. And one debonair chambermaid, Arlette by name (that you may know here, for she is a wench most adroit and generous-hearted), has sworn to me that she saw once this same Lady Joyaunce walk about this fountain of a July night, weeping so bitterly as would break your heart right in two, all the while moving her head from one side to t'other in a most pathetic fashion, and clasping her beautiful hands about her white, white throat as if 'twere paining her more than she could bear. And she (swears the package Arlette) did go about the fountain three times and then with a grievous moan did fade into a mist that sank into the water like a bag of soggy baker's flour.

So they have this jolly legend:

One time in the city of Rouen (in fact it was none other than the year of 1275 in which there was a mighty plague of leprosy in the city of Marsayles) an eager knycht Sir Thomas of Staernten by name, a Dutchman by birth, did set it in his mind to wander joyously to the pleasant province of Touraine, whither journey all the mightiest lovers and all the mightiest drinkers of France each year on a pious pilgrimage, for no reason other than to love and to drink (and these he could do well you may rest assured, for his heart was a big and strong one and his stomach a most capable one). And they say and tell and relate how he wandered into the small hamlet of Croissy very early one July morning waking the bakers' and butchers' wives with his loud singing of how

The Queen of Spain she is my quean
And I'm her salamander. . .

And so well pleased was he with the pleasant faces and the wine there that straightaways he found lodging

with a gentle cobbler's wife, whose husband was no longer fit for to remain with her, being eaten by the worms these seven years.

One Sunday this Sir Thomas was standing in the square in an idle fashion when there passed the most lovely lady Joyaunce, whose husband was the très-noble and puissant Lord Sir Joclyn of Vaurennes who had started for Venice on the way to the Holy Land Jerusalem it was a full seven months. But needs the lady must wear a veil so thick that it was like a mask and walk with two old bags-of-bones, so that the curious Thomas must wait to devise some scheme to look upon her countenance, for in sooth her figure it was most jocund and promising of even better things.

So it came that one night, having discovered the distantness of the Lord Joclyn (being a most circumspect young fellow) he climbed to the window which it had cost him a leather purse to discover (and you may yet see this same window at the Green Unicorn, for it has a jaunty conceit writ over it which you may discover for yourself, and I assure you it is worth the bother). And I need only add to this that Sir Thomas he had the most nicest way with the ladies you can possibly imagine, nor was the Lady Joyaunce an uncivil lady; and in those days when the proverb had a more direct application, Love could now and again manage to Laugh at Locksmiths most efficiently, and well it might.

So it would seem that Sir Thomas had no dislike (far from it) for the hamlet of Croissy, and the wine it was a most excellent white wine his hostess the cobbler's wife served him. But one day, a fortnight hardly after Sir Thomas first looked on his leman, back came from Marsayles the Lord Joclyn, none other. And the Lord Joclyn was known all over Touraine as the most sour-brained, pike-nosed, foul-cheeked, blunt-minded, disagreeablest fellow that ever wed a pretty wife. And he

was sore and weary when he came to his house on the hill, and so evil-disposed that he kicked his hound so powerful in the rear that its belly was forthwith emptied of its contents. And considering that in one respect at least he had a very tangible piece of evidence that love had not only laughed at locksmiths but had in point of fact called them in to assistance, he was not entirely unjustified in certain assumptions that occasioned his rushing about in the fair Lady Joyaunce's bower roaring mighty like a bull (which we flatter ourselves is not as clumsy a similitude as it may sound).

The legend ends with the relating in an inconsequential manner how the knycht Sir Thomas did come to the castle that night, and passing the fountain in the court saw something gleaming on the edge of the basin very prettily in the white moon. This was, indeed, none other than the most cunningly fashioned neckband of carnelians gathered from the seven harems of the Emperor of Constantinople which he had given to the Lady Joyaunce. As he raised it in his hand he saw something very like the white samite of his lady's gown, shimmering in a watery manner in the fountain. And it seems reasonable to suppose that if he'd had the time to make further investigations in the affair, he might have found a familiar body within the white samite, quite beautiful and cold. But he didn't, for a well calculated blow on the head with something or other undeniably hard made Sir Thomas unsuited for anything further involving any of the vital functions. And to make the cheese more binding, the neckband was thereupon fastened about his neck rather tighter than is customary with such articles. In short, the cobbler's wife never again saw her lodger, and in her grief swore to lead forever after a chaste and model life.

The bodies of the two sinners were allowed to rot away on unhallowed ground (which was a just punishment

for so loathsome an adultery) while Lord Joclyn was esteemed by the whole community until his death, which happened not long after of a surfeit of lampreys.

"Confound it, man!" cried Sir John, when von Arnheim had closed the book, "this is getting positively insufferable. We're all either pessimists or truthful men, what with these tales about women. . ."

"We can only talk fairly about them," said Stoneman Wood, "when we're not with them."

"Well, then, we shall have to begin talking unfairly," O'Riordan asserted, "because I think I hear a woman's voice outside in the hall. Now this is the devil of a note," he added, fumbling at his tie and trying to smooth his hair, "this was a nice untidy little conversation—"

Dunstan came bustling in, escorting two people who made the other guests rise uncomfortably. One was a small thin man with elaborate whiskers and twirled hair parted in the middle, rather like a conjuror. The other was a woman, a very strikingly beautiful woman. She was almost past middle age, full-figured, with quiet gray eyes and flat dark hair. When she smiled it melted into her eyes, but her smile was a trifle long and steady. A white shawl hung over her shoulder against her yellow dress.

"Pray don't disturb yourselves," the little man begged in his nervous manner. "Shouldn't have run in—sorry—car broke down, you see. . ."

They were, it appeared, a Mr. Mortimer Grimmel and his wife; Dunstan beamed introductions on everybody. Only Bencolin stared at them a long time. Mrs. Grimmel seemed to show no surprise at being thrust into the midst of it, though her husband was agitated. She seemed to glance somewhat markedly at O'Riordan, who was the handsomest man present.

"Eh—" said Dunstan, "if you can make yourselves comfortable while the fire is being laid in your room, I

have ordered the tea sent up here. I don't really use much of the hall, you see."

"It seems very charming," commented the woman, sitting back in the chair Dunstan had placed for her, so that the light played on her inscrutable face. "Were you busy?"

"Oh, no," O'Riordan hastened to say; "we were only telling stories."

Then something happened which was so startling that Dunstan almost dropped his wine-glass. M. Henri Bencolin spoke for the first time that evening. He leaned out of his chair and said,

"Will not Madame Grimmel oblige us with a story?"

"Come, now—" protested Dunstan, "Bencolin, you're—"

Mrs. Grimmel inclined her head, and looked at Bencolin with pouting lips.

"Let me see," she smiled, "I believe you are the great Monsieur Bencolin who had so recently one remarkable success and one remarkable failure with mysteries. There was the Fragneau case, and then that affair of M. LaGarde. Pardon me!" She saw that O'Riordan had assumed an odd expression, and she paused. "Why, yes, monsieur, I shall be delighted. But first let someone else tell a story. I want to see how it's done."

Then up spoke the American, Stoneman Wood. He said,

"I can tell you an extraordinary one, if you like, and I shan't mind if you call me a liar. Your tale about the black monk put me in mind of it."

"Excellent!" Dunstan applauded, whereat the American, smiling slightly, commenced to tell



THE LEGEND OF THE CANE IN THE DARK

The whole thing began when I read in a Pittsburgh newspaper the account of my own death. It gave me a start to see, "Mr. Stoneman Wood, for a number of years a well-known journalist and free-lance writer, died at his home on North Highland Avenue yesterday. A heart-stroke. . . ." It continued, just as matter-of-fact as you please.

I had been on a hunting-trip in Canada (liquor, too) and I suppose I should have been used to shocks, after my guide almost plugged me for a moose. He was such a treacherous rat that I had to fire him, and without him it took me rather longer than I had expected to get back. It didn't matter, of course, for since I had come into my uncle's money I was taking things easy and letting my cousin handle the affairs. Lord, it was a relief, not having to hammer out a column every day for the *Gazette!*

Well, as I say, I loafed along, sending no wires, asking no questions, and assuming that Cousin Stephen was taking care of the money. I was comfortable, well-fed, and knew that I could draw a check whenever I pleased. So I got back to Pittsburgh in a pleasant frame of mind —I'd surprise 'em, because I doubt anybody knew I was away.

It was on one of those smoky oil-lit milk trains that I

opened my first home newspaper and saw that crazy announcement. It gave me an uncanny feeling; a mistake, but an odd and uncomfortable mistake. My eye kept going back to the headlines of the story. "Oh, what the devil!" says I, and then I would look at "STONEMAN WOOD DIES—"

I left the train at East Liberty, and started to walk out to the house on Highland Avenue. It was cool, and had been raining; there was absolutely nobody to be seen, for the streets were very wide and deserted, with nothing except a few electric signs. I could see only occasional lights on Highland Avenue, which is long and windy. Now there was none of the usual atmosphere of Pittsburgh that night: I felt as though I were walking on completely foreign ground. Sometimes it took me minutes to recognize big houses set back behind their iron fences, and I had seen those houses every day for ten years.

Then I realized that somebody must be following me. The sky looked strangely *light*, but for a while I couldn't see the person behind me, though I thought I could hear him walking. I also thought I could hear his cane going tap-tap on the pavement, slowly. Finally I turned around and saw a huge figure that looked as though it wore a high black coat. It had a cane. I began to grow afraid of that figure, though I didn't understand why. Never did it enter my head that it might be an ordinary pedestrian. I started walking faster, and it didn't walk faster—the cane tapped slowly, but every time I would look, there it was behind me.

When I reached the walk that led up to my house it was right behind me. I began to run. There was a low light behind the ground-glass door of the vestibule, the only illumination on a big rugged black house. Yet when I looked at that door (I had seen it every day for

more than ten years) I thought there was lettering on it. And it was *open*. Just when I got inside, under a light in the dark hall, the door opened behind me, and in blundered that figure following me. It was even huger, and as it stared straight at me I suddenly noticed that it was *blind*.

It grinned and said, "Hello." Well, I leave it to you what I did. It would be cowardly to call out, yet I wanted to arouse the house; but my God! I thought, What if there's nobody here, and I'm alone with this person? I didn't even question it. I turned around and went toward the stairs; there was a revolver in my room. I stumbled up in the dark, and groped along the wall of the second floor, and found my door. From the faint light in the hall, I saw the person right behind me when I got inside the room. He was standing by the door. I rushed across the room in the dark. . . Then I noticed that the place had a sickening heavy sweet smell. I touched something in the dark; it was a flower, banks of flowers. And the room was shut up.

I found a lamp at last, and when I pulled the cord so that it glowed dimly in the big room, there was the blind man beside me. He took hold of my arm, stared in my face, and said in a strange voice,

"Why didn't you tell me there was a dead man in your bed?"

Well, we were right beside the bed. It had smooth sheets, smooth and white except for a motionless bulge under them. There *was* a man in the bed. His eyes were closed and his face waxy. Against the white sheets it seemed as though I were looking in a mirror, for the man was an exact counterpart of me. Maybe I was about to faint, for the room assumed a dizzy appearance; I felt sick at the stomach.

"Why don't you open your eyes?" asked the blind man, grinning.

I rushed towards the door, collided with it, and left the blind man in the middle of the room. I gave a scream.

Lights began to go up in the house, cold lights. In that dark hallway, with the faded carpet, I stood with the lights beating on me. I saw my Aunt Miranda, in a dressing-gown, put her head out of one door; instead of shrieking, as she seemed about to do, she began to cry and blubber. Her head in its curl-papers disappeared. Other relations looked out. . .

Somebody cried, "Lock the door!—Stoneman—he's walking!—"

They shrank away, they banged their doors as I tried to speak to them. Was I dead, after all?

Then I saw the open door of my cousin Stephen's room. I went in, and there was the dapper black-haired Stephen sitting on his bed. As he raised his head, he had the face of a man who feels himself falling out of a ten-story window.

"Damn you," said Stephen, yanking open the drawer of a table by his bed and pulling out a gun. After that he looked sick, and began to cry.

"What's the matter with you?" I said. "Look here, I am Stoneman—"

"No, you're not," he answered, "and you're not a ghost, either; you're an impostor. You can never prove you left this house and went to Canada. The real Stoneman Wood is lying in that other room."

I think he was gazing over my shoulder. He dropped the pistol on the bed; I think he must have seen something behind me. It scared him so that he couldn't talk straight, but out tumbled the whole story. He had planned my trip to Canada and kept it secret from everybody. He had hired the guide who was to kill me. Then he had got a body that resembled me, and, since we lived alone in the house, it was easy to pretend that

I had died from a heart attack; the family doctor had not been present, but a man of Stephen's procuring. Then he had assembled the relatives, knowing, of course, that my Uncle Stoneman's fortune would go to him. The only slip-up was that the guide had not killed me. . . My death in Canada, if killed by a guide, might cause comment, but the death of a man from heart failure never would, especially if a tearful cousin is around. . .

After it was finished I sat down on the bed and watched him. I was beginning to feel better, but I was damp all over and nauseated. As I was about to ask him more questions, he shuddered, digging his face in the pillows. . . I heard the sound of a cane tapping on the front stairs.

"Look here," I cried, "who was the man that followed me?"

"Nobody followed you! I don't know!"

"Who was it that you saw behind me when I came in here?—over my shoulder? You did see somebody, didn't you?'

"No!"

"Answer me!"

(In silence the front door banged.)

"Did you ever see. . . your uncle. . . that died?" Stephen asked chokingly.

"No!"

"He always. . . carried. . . a cane."

When Wood had finished his audience started a little. They peered around at the window of the black monk, and Sir John exclaimed,

"Gad! What a story! It proves you can have very horrifying ghosts in America, I should think."

Wood smiled again, a bit mockingly, and relapsed into

his chair. His fingers brushed some sheets of manuscripts in his pocket.

"What happened to your cousin Stephen?" questioned O'Riordan, who was regarding Wood with a rather fishy eye. "Yes, yes, the cousin!" cackled Mr. Mortimer Grimmel, like a dog barking in pursuit.

"Stephen? Oh," responded Wood vaguely, "I made him get out. Gave him a round sum, and sent him out. It made a fierce stir in the papers."

Dunstan nodded wisely, and sleepily. Abruptly Bencolin leaned out of his chair, and said:

"Now—madame's story?"

"Do you know," put in the bewhiskered little man with the conjuror's manner, "do you know, Mr.—er—Wood, I can hardly believe that story!"

He spoke rudely but triumphantly, like one making a discovery. The American shrugged.

"Well, I called it a legend," replied Wood, "remember that, Mr. Grimmel."

The fussy little man seemed to think that somebody was ridiculing him.

"Then I'll tell one, and you may take it as you please!" he announced with primness. "Are you willing? I'm considered a very good story-teller, gentlemen. My wife and I have spent some time travelling in Italy, so I assure you that each exquisite nuance of color value"—he waved his arm gracefully—"will flow from my lips."

"Go ahead, then," said the American, grinning.

Forthwith, hurrying lest somebody should stop him, he began



THE LEGEND OF THE HAND OF IPPOLITA

The leaves of the olive tree and the many infinitesimal waves of the pool by which she sat laughed with sheer delight as she washed her alabaster arms that looked like some strange and beautiful great tropical flower; the drops of water, even, seemed most reluctant to fall from her shoulders and breast, and grew sad with the knowledge that the chances of their resting there again were practically negligible. In short, this lady Ippolita was a very splendid lady, and what was more, she was of a very chaste and modest disposition, and not one of your grandes dames who must have their crême de cacao and Three Nuns or die. Which was not surprising, considering that she was of a lowly station—it was duty to her father to disembowel the venison that was to appear at the table of the great Duke of Spoleto (or perhaps it was Benevento).

Now it so happened that rather earlier in the morning than one would ordinarily expect so grand a duke to get up, this very Duke Ferdinand was wandering about in his garden when he happened upon the beauteous damsel in the midst of her morning ablutions. So pleased was he with the general effect that he straightaways ordered her to be garmented in the most rare of

Brussels laces and Byzantine silks, and advised that her every whim should be satisfied. And it was a slightly sad irony of fate that Ippolita should have fallen sick and died shortly after, just as she was beginning to realize some of the subtler beauties of this earthly existence, and all that sort of thing. This was an occasion of great grief to the Duke Ferdinand, she had been very dear to him, more dear than anything even so great a man as he had ever known before.

In the violence of his grief and love he turned to a dark-skinned lady from Palermo, Beatrice by name, whose love was to what Ippolita's had been as a rhododendron, say, is to a crocus. But for all that she was faintly aware that her lover's thoughts still wandered all too frequently to Ippolita; and this irritated her prodigiously. Her suspicions were quite tangibly confirmed when the Duke one fine day ordered that one of the most cunning of sculptors of all Italy land should chisel out of pure white Sicilian marble a statue of the fair damsel who had died three months before; and what was more, the statue was decreed to be placed with impressive ceremonies in a sumptuous mausoleum with pictures illustrating the story of Dido and Aeneas done on the outside in mosaic work, and rows of cannas and fuchsias leading up to it, sort of like the Taj Mahal, of which you must have heard.

All this, quite naturally, peeved Beatrice frightfully; and being as she had never even laid her eyes upon either the body or the statue of the object of her master's devotions, her curiosity was not a little piqued. So one night she decided to wander secretly to the tomb, having obtained the key thereto from the keeper by means of gentle insinuations, and form her own first-hand opinions as to what the woman looked like. This she did. While she was within the mausoleum, however, she was so struck and blinded by a heartbroken

jealousy that she viciously broke from the statue its exquisite right hand of pure white Sicilian marble. And still more strange to relate, she treasured it in a fanatical sort of way, in a deftly carved ebony box from Grenada, lined with black velvet, even though the very sight of the hand filled her with a weird melancholy. The Duke Ferdinand, in the meanwhile having discovered his bereavement, flew into a fury, and after that developed a crabby and suspicious way about him that made the chambermaids positively fidgety.

Then a very curious thing happened. Less than eight days after the stealing of the hand, Beatrice found that her right hand was growing strange and ulcerous. She feared (and with reason, for none may escape the justice of the Lord) that it was a visitation called upon her for her crime. She locked herself in her room, put on a dressing gown of black brocade chastely lined with equally black crêpe de chine, and sprinkled ashes on her hair; and yet, hour by hour, as she lay on her bed, she watched her hand grow leathery and dusky, until it was as dark as her gown. All her perfumes and lotions and massage creams could do nothing to alter this curious state of affairs, and she finally arrived at the conclusion that she had best swiftly gather her most necessary personal equipments, and climb into the garden below through the window, whence the keeper would make escape easy in remembrance of former favors.

As the time for her intended flight was approaching, and she was lying on her sofa, she heard angry footsteps coming down the hall. In a vague apprehension she slid her tarnished hand beneath a cushion, but not before Sir Ferdinand had opened the door. He strode over to her, and as he gazed down at her, she gave a faint cry and hysterically threw both hands over her eyes.

"O will it never be that I shall be forgiven?" she wept, and began beating the couch covers with her arms.

The Duke stood for a moment in amazement, and then said,

"I wish I had never seen you like this. . . And may I never so see you again."

And as he moved to the door again he glanced back at her lying there, for he felt rather sorry for the poor woman in a way.

The next evening, a little before sunset, a boat with ten oarsmen set out for a small island in the sea two miles from the Duke's palace. In it sat huddled the lady Beatrice, staring emptily at the horizon, mumbling now and again while her lips twitched nervously, like those of an old woman.

Landing finally, she stepped out without a word, walked up to a small hillock, and there sat down. The boat, with its ten oarsmen, again took the water. After it had gone a smal distance, one of the men looked back. The huddled black figure was still there, soundless, motionless; but just as the last bit of sun was disappearing into the water another figure, in white, appeared next to it, and as the boat was moving further, further away and the island grew dimmer and dimmer, still a white figure could be seen, leaning kindly, tenderly, it seemed, over the wretched quiet black bundle there.

They say that when the body of the lady Beatrice was buried a few days later, her hands were found clasped peacefully, the one as white as the other. And if you wish to take the trouble, and test the verity of this tale, you may still see the mausoleum with its statue of the fair Ippolita, a bit worn and tarnished, indeed, but still exquisitely fair, with a little ebony box containing her right hand resting reverently by it, on the pedestal. All this, I say, you may still find in the garden of the

present Duke of Spoleto (or perhaps it *was*, after all, Benevento).

O'Rioraan coughed discreetly when the tale was ended, and exchanged glances with Wood.

"I wish you'd make up your mind," commented O'Riordan gloomily, "whether i was Spoleto or Benevento. Let's have a drink."

"You don't appreciate it," sniffed Grimmel. "Now, I suppose there are a tremendous number of stories about this very hall, ain't it?"

"Of course. The window behind you is haunted," returned his host, and Grimmel looked startled.

"My hat! Is it?—a horrifying spectre?"

"Not particularly."

"But doesn't it frighten you?" asked Grimmel with earnestness. "I should simply go out of my wits, I simply should!"

"Oh, no; I don't pay much attention to it. If I did," said Dunstan, "you'd find me as cracked as old Stobel, who seems to think there's a great treasure in jewels hidden around here."

Grimmel twirled the points of his hair and fidgeted.

"The candles are going out—" muttered Sir John.

"Yes, the candles are going out," the woman cried in a sudden laughing voice, "and I am going to tell the story which my friend the detective desires."

Another candle puffed out. Now Bencolin was in complete darkness, except for the red of his cigar-tip. Mrs. Grimmel turned her eyes on them, clasped her hands so that her slim exquisite arms shone, and addressed Bencolin with



THE LEGEND OF LA BELLA DUQUESA

Her hair was still quite black, and there was a good deal of it, elaborately draped about her head; her skin was very pale and thin, her lips very red and thin, and there was a *mouche* alluringly poised at the corner of her mouth. Then, too, she was dressed as a Duquesa should dress, and her feet were the tiniest ever, in their green slippers by Piccat. But her specialty was perfume: today she had sprayed from a slender flask inscribed severely with the legend, "Tais-toi mon coeur!"

"O you silly dear boy! What a silly *dear* boy you *are*. But ah! some day you will learn better. . . ." and a titter, quite silly, but alluring too. She stroked his young golden hair ever so lightly.

Finally they sat down at a table on the terrace, overlooking the gardens leading down to the lake. He was still flushed from his game of tennis, and his open blazer showed his shirt to be slightly wet.

"And now, my darl ng, you may fetch me a glass of Berzanto, and take care that it isn't Vichy water. If it is Vichy water, I assure you I shan't drink it."

As he strode along in the sunlight, finally disappearing through the glass door, she looked after him, and bit her lips, and vibrated her fingers nervously. . .

That evening in the boat, the sun seemed very beauti-

ful to her, and the smell of water-lilies gave her somehow courage. The lake lay like a polished shield, and she lay back in her seat trailing her hand in the cool water. When he ceased rowing for a space, she moved up and sat beside him.

How young he was, and charming! Beautifully she ran her fingers along his gleaming flannels and allowed the wind tantalizingly to blow her hair in his face. Suddenly she bit him in the arm. He recoiled, partly in fear, partly in disgust; he saw a tiny drop of blood appear.

"O you horrid old lady, you horrid old woman! How disgusting you are! You think you allure us, but we really laugh at you. Why, if you only knew how funny you appear. . . And now you must make yourself loathsome, too. Couldn't you at least keep yourself from being utterly ridiculous?"

She laughed like a brass bell. She was quite herself again.

"You poor little boy, dear me. . . But you will know better some day, indeed you will. . ."

And he was still very angry, but the least bit dismayed too. The Duquesa Lucrezia was a clever lady; it was rarely that she missed her cues, and there was one thing she could not forget nor forgive: to be made a fool of, or even worse, to be witnessed making a little fool of herself. Her miscalculations were few, but they ate into her heart like an ulcer. She was a proud lady too, you see. She had her motto of relentlessness, *polus dum sidera pascet.* . .

It was the day after the funeral. The whole villa seemed hardly recovered from the shock—everyone went about in a sort of daze. Certainly he had seemed very healthy, and quite satisfied; the doctor said it had been

something in the food, the fish, perhaps, and had shrugged his shoulders.

On the veranda, though, sat the Duquesa, with a small black-haired fellow leaning above her. She was being most charming, and the least bit provocative. She waved her beautiful fingers inconsequentially as she looked into the big beyond over the lake.

"What a dear, silly chap you are," she tinkled. "O well, some day you will know better, mark my word. How delightful you are, though!"

And her voice tripped down the terrace like a silver-footed elf.

Bencolin laughed. In the dusky red room it sounded like an answer to that laugh which the woman had described. His manner was that theatrical pose which the jovial Frenchman loved. And he rose.

"Fraulein Elsa Rheinden," he said in a loud clear voice, "you are a good loser."

Grimmel jumped up nervously and began to protest. The others forgot the warm stupor which was closing over them; the candles swished and flamed up again.

"And, Herr Fritz Rheinden, you are an excellent actor," said Bencolin.

There came a triumphant shout from O'Riordan, who slapped the table beside him and pointed to Grimmel.

"I knew I had seen you before! Why, holy saints, if I could hold my liquor like a gentleman I'd have recognized Esmet Pasha!—And I'd have recognized the Lady of the Softest Lips!"

"What on earth—" muttered Dunstan.

"Oh, come," said Bencoln, "don't blame yourself too much for not recognizing her after ten years, O'Riordan, or him either. He's as great an actor as Cyril Merton ever was. . . . But indicate me, my friend, as an utter idiot for being more than a few moments in recognizing her

as this Duquesa Lucrezia about whom she has just told us. At least, I could not fail to find myself in the 'black-haired fellow' she described. Not a lover, Fraulein, but a police-officer who visited you to find out the truth about that boy's death."

"It was the fish," murmured Elsa Rheinden.

Stoneman Wood was leaning back and laughing; Grimmel (or Rheinden) looked worried; Dunstan shouted,

"By God, these are criminals! What are they doing in my house, then?"

"Please, not so loud," urged Bencolin. "I am sorry, but you have made a mistake, Elsa. You were misled by this crazy old man Stobel and his tales of fabulous buried jewels."

"There's no proof—" said Rheinden.

"None whatever. I will admit I am only guessing."

"Will you be so good," said Dunstan frigidly, "as to explain what you're talking about?"

"Yes," replied Bencolin. "My dear sir, you would never have recognized the truth because you are an Englishman. It is not that you lack intelligence. It is that you respect and obey all ancient curses. You preserve them as you preserve your abbeys. Tell you that a certain thing is hallowed by tradition, and you will not touch it. That is why you have not discovered the answer. . ." He clapped his hands like a magician. "O'Riordan, please! Light some candles! Hold one up by the black monk's window!"

Von Arnheim chuckled. O'Riordan moved over with a candle upheld, so that the old weird window stood out against darkness.

"I am going to break the curse—" went on Bencolin. Abruptly he caught up a chair, and Dunstant howled in dismay as he sent it flying at the window. The old glass spattered and fell, leaving a gaping hole into which the Irishman's candle shone.

"—by breaking the window," said Bencolin. "Which

was exactly what the black monk meant, if you had taken his inscription literally. That was the trouble; you fastened on it some allegorical meaning. What's inside?"

"Why, it's an opening in the walls!" answered O'Riordan peering within. "There are two windows, apparently; the outside one is covered with ivy. Lord, it runs all along here. There's a flight of steps going down."

Dunstan blinked; his lips moved profanely.

"I'm sorry not to preserve the legend," Bencolin apologized, "but your ghost was Stobel moving inside the walls with a candle, hunting for the treasure his father had told him was here. No, no, Dunstan, don't trouble to summon Stobel yet. . . Madame," he added, "it really does not matter now whether there is a treasure at the foot of the passage or not."

The woman stood up. She showed her age more now, but she was still beautiful, with the shaded gray eyes and the dark hair and the pouting lips. Rheinden smiled beside her.

"I think we shall find," she told Bencolin, "that our car is in running order. We shall not trouble our good host for a night's lodging."

Dunstan was bubbling with rage, but he bowed in a lop-sided fashion.

"I will see you to the door," he informed them.

The woman gave a little wave of her hand as she disappeared, and Rheinden bowed.

"You will rise high in your profession, M. Bencolin!" she cried.

When the three had gone Sir John began to swear to relieve his feelings. Von Arnheim was still chuckling, and Bencolin thoughtful.

"I suppose you couldn't hold them," said Wood, "but the question is—is there any treasure in that secret passage?"

"Not a bit!" responded O'Riordan, whose head appeared in the window like a genial spectre. He grinned as he

climbed through, shaking the dust from his clothes. "There's a box at the foot of the steps, cover pried off, and all there is inside are some church relics."

"You search for hidden treasure, and you find—church relics a thousand years old," speculated Von Arnheim. "Shall we say a parable?"

"No," said Sir John; "a jolly fine adventure. Look: two of the cleverest crooks in the business deceived by a crazy old servant who brings them to search for non-existent jewels."

"Oh, they probably picked up Stobel; not he them," pointed out Wood with some incoherence. "They must be pretty well out of funds. . . Say, how did you discover the window?'

"It is only that people in my profession must watch for an explanation to everything, even ghosts," said Bencolin. "And for one thing, I heard no ivy rustling on that window, though Mr. Dunstan assured me tha there was ivy outside. Moreover, is there anything that can produce a shadow on a window in a dark room except light behind the window?—Mr. Dunstan saw the ghost himself, you know."

"Well, if you ask me, it was deuced clever," asserted Sir John. "Come, let's sit down; it's early yet. And while Dunstan is out hauling Stobel over the coals, open up another bottle! Pile some more wood on the fire!"

O'Riordan came through the window. He set the candle on the table and poured out a drink.

"Right!" he agreed, toasting them. "Bencolin, you've done no work—tell us a story!"

L'ENVOI

The last story has been told. The fire is out, and even Dunstan's monumental wine supply exhausted. And, after all these impossible happenings, we end dreaming by a hearthside, with a satisfied feeling such as only the impossible can give. We have gone swashbuckling through history; we have put flesh on dead bones and conjured up ghosts, all in the gay good-humor of the storytellers' group, where anything goes.

We may have butchered to make a romantic holiday. But if at any time we have toyed with an Idea, it has been in the belief that the things which lie closest to the heart are fancies, and that the old frayed banners of chivalry may rise again, be the trumpet-call ever so faint. The glitter and the drumbeat will fascinate; you in your dreams will unhorse the stoutest opponent, so that you will be the man you might have been had you dared take the open road and the bright eyes of danger.

If we lived always in reality, we should all be poor things indeed. Truth? Is there anything more true than what one in his inmost self desires? Is life, then, so much fact that we should pound in only dead information—to produce a sheepskin? There is a spirit behind it that makes for a goal beyond affairs as they are. That is the spirit called gentility.

Realists are the people who look in a mirror and get disgusted. They are the ones who will explode all your fine ideas. They would pull down Kenilworth Castle and substitute an efficient gas-station; they would take the Lorelei off the rocks and substitute Margaret Sangers and Carrie Chapman Catts. Your realistic author has begun to notice a protruberant stomach and weakening eyes, so he goes right merrily to work and writes a novel exposing something as sordid. It is considered a great novel; he is awarded the Pulitzer or the Nobel prize,

which he refuses. Aesop once wrote a fable about this, and called it The Dog in the Manger.

But what's the difference? Open up another bottle, and pile some more wood on the fire! Let's have joyous fun-making, the Paris of Villon and Jerome Coignard! We seek no quarrels, we try to tread on nobody's toes. If we go wrong, it will be because we have bored somebody, and that is the high sin in the calendar.

There are so many magazines trying to reform something or prove something that "The New Canterbury Tales" is somewhat in the nature of an experiment. The college literary magazines which get a smoke-drunk like the Delphic Oracle and stagger away into an attempt to change their own worlds have grown numerous of late. Somewhere along the way has been dropped the intent to amuse; when the intent to amuse is lost, they become the publications which everyone praises and no one reads. Sparring with sin, Satan, and student government is an occupation best left to those most interested.

If, however, we forward romantic propaganda, that is entirely within our realm. If we assume that there is a higher thing in fiction than the realistic thump of the janitor's mop, at least we do little harm. The most dangerous trap about writing is that an author finds it so easy to be scowlingly cynical on paper that he whirls round his Byronic tie and takes a leer at romance. The college realist is grand and iconoclastic on the slightest provocation—not because he believes it, but because he wants to avoid being ridiculous at all costs. This tendency has dumped many a hearty ash-can on a marble floor. But a college author is really the most gloriously sentimental person who writes.

There they all sit around the fire, Von Arnheim, Sir John, Dunstan, Wood, Bencolin, laughing as before! They have appeared before, and perhaps they will appear again. If their random talk, scattered through all the

pages, has entertained one person who reads; if the dash and fire of flying hoofs has struck one responsive spark; if, when the dim window falls, it causes one person excitement or laughter, our experiment in pure romanticism will have been a success. If by such poor means we can beguile one person a moment from a world that marches with unceasing din, then surely, surely, we shall not have written in vain.

THE END



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VOL. XLVI HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1927 No. 7

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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MILTON IRVING NORR

Sophisticate's Song

I would not have you grant, O Lord, to me
The patience of the peasant plodding blind;
I do not want the sweating and the toil,
The guided faith, the humbleness of mind,
The life that must be lived from first to last
In never-ending sameness, without goal—
Oh it's a life of kindliness I know,
But is it, Lord, a living with a soul?

Le M.

The God of the Gloves

IN THE star's dressing-room back-stage, Streak Martin sat with his feet on the table and his stocky body swathed in a flaring bath-robe. He was grinning maliciously, and a grin only showed his chopped face off to worse advantage by baring the gold of his teeth.

"I'll get 'im." His close-cropped head hobbed. "I'll get 'im so good he won't step into the ring again in a hurry. He's too old to fight, anyhow."

"You'd better not be too sure," said Mickey Donovan, brushing the smoke away from in front of his face with a languid hand. He looked wisely at his companions in the dressing-room. "He might surprise you—*I* wouldn't be surprised if he did. He ain't down and out yet, not by a long shot!"

Martin's expressive neck jerked his head away in a twitch of disgust.

"Aw, don't tell me!" the fighter snapped. His bird-like eyes fixed Donovan like the ancient mariner's. "He's old. He's clean through. Hell! I wouldn't even need to train!"

"You be careful," warned Michaels, the lightweight champion's manager. "This is only a set-up, but you be careful, Streak. Just have a look at that gang out there in the theatre. Just look at 'em!" He made vain attempts to light his cigar, and the words struggled out: "A bunch of miners from the works. Drunk and out to see execution. They threatened to kill two of the prelim. boys for stallin'—an' my God! They were tryin' to kill each other so's to get on more fight cards. If you put McFarlane on the floor in one round . . ."

"Don't you worry about that," Martin advised. "I

got somethin' to settle with McFarlane myself. You watch me. He ain't good for three rounds with the worst pork-and-beaner in town . . . much less me. He was lightweight champ oncet, an' he knows how it feels. I'm goin' to just cut 'im up—like that!" The big feet came down on the floor with a crash, and Martin's hand sliced the air.

Michael's red face, glistening with perspiration, wore a puzzled look.

"I don't know what you got against this bird. But go to it. The referee is a friend of mine. . . . Don't get too raw, because there may be some ham newspapermen here. But the crowd don't know the difference, and they want a nice fast bout with a split mouth and a nose lop-sided. A little blood stuff. You get me. . . . Come on, now; it's way past time for the thing to start. You don't want to get to the ring too early, but McFarlane'll be there already, and that bunch'll pull the theater down if you keep 'em waitin' long. Git off that chair!"

The little procession clumped through the damp, musty hall, with its sickly electric bulbs and scrawlings on the once-white walls, and up to the first floor of the theater. An atmosphere of bareness and desolation, of dirt and mustiness, pervaded the big stage. The curtains were up and the props pushed away; the back brick wall loomed nakedly through the tawdry gilt of the proscenium arch; and on the stage a ring had been hurriedly set up. Draughty and dimly-lighted, the bleak auditorium was seething with excited people, seen mistily through streaks of tobacco smoke. Echoes flung and tumbled about the little group as it wended its way up to the stage. The odor of stale tobacco and the reek of garlic and sweated bodies seemed to act like a tonic upon the champion. He opened his petals and smiled like a distorted, gold-toothed flower upon the assemblage.

Somebody hurled a bottle ecstatically into the air; a smashed straw hat was travelling and bounding over the long aisles. A surge of whiskey-laden air burst over Martin and his retainers like a wave as the entire crowd swung round to greet him and swear affectionately at him. Dim hands groped in the aisle; jostling bodies whirled; the owner of the smashed hat was shouting out anathema in a high-pitched key. . . .

Almost alone, seated quietly in his corner of the ring, sat Old Bob McFarlane. He was staring out over the many moustaches and the riot of heaving faces. Even in the superheated air of the theater he shuddered a little. It was age. Tonight was the last.

He looked reflectively at his hands—once the most dangerous hands in America. But they were slower now; they felt brittle. The lightning brain moved haltingly, like an unoiled machine. He felt slightly befogged, and he knew that his knees were not quite steady. Age—seen in the shadows behind the blinding glare of the calcium lights; heard in the clang of the prophetic bell. Age—looming beyond his failing guard, peering over his upraised arm; remorseless as the terrible right hook that had lost him the championship at Denver five years ago. The old was going down before the new, while the years tramped on, ironhoofed.

He paid scarcely any attention while the referee conferred with his own manager and Michaels, and the handlers bustled ostentatiously about, rattling buckets and tossing towels. He did not see Martin's steady, intent grin. His fine eyes were looking at past glories as his hands were held out listlessly to be taped. Dim figures blurred before him; voices hummed; his feet shifted mechanically on the canvas. Thoughts raced through his mind. He did not see the hysteria in the face of the slim boy who was fighting to get nearer the stage.

It was the bell: clanging, electric, whirling away his cobwebby fancies and flinging him into the hard glare of the lights over the ring. There was a scant instant when he realized that he had not remembered the clearing of the ring, the brief moment when he had touched gloves with Martin; it was all hazy and indistinct as past years until the searing flash of the gong brought the champion's sardonic face dancing before his eyes, with the referee bobbing in the background.

In the orchestra pit, with the protecting arm of his companion about his shoulders, the white-faced boy watched the champion cut loose dazzlingly. Intent, grim-faced, he swept McFarlane against the ropes, his left stabbing at will into the older man's face. With a glimmer of old-time footwork, McFarlane maneuvered free, landing only lightly. Again Martin bored in; hooked left and right to the wind; and slashed his opponent's eye with a cleverly timed jab before McFarlane covered up. The blood spattered Martin's white trunks, and a concerted roar shook the roof of the theater.

Again and again before the gong terminated the nightmare of the round Martin's merciless glove cut and hacked. There was no knockout in those punches; only rending power. McFarlane, blind and drenched crimson, fell into his chair,—slumped lifelessly there like an ill-stuffed laundry-bag, while handlers buzzed like flies around him, and Martin stared calmly and grimly across at his crumpled adversary.

The boy in the orchestra-pit was tearing at his hat.

"My God!" he said huskily. "This can't go on! He—he's too . . . Martin is trying to kill him! Can't you do something?"

His companion looked back at the roaring crowd. Higher and higher had mounted the fight hysteria, like a blood-lust.

"I'm afraid not." His voice was strained and low.

"Only the referee can stop it—unless the sponge is thrown up."

"He won't do—that," breathed the other. "That's his boast. . . . He won't throw it up . . . and unless he does. . . . *"There's the bell!"*

As though in a mad mist the second round swept after the first. Drilling mercilessly, the champion sent the blood spurting in a spectacular attack that brought the audience to its feet with a roar of wordless amazement and approval. No longer was the taller of the two battlers immaculate and handsome, sombre with a tinge of gray in his hair. He was a shifting, stained hulk, countering feebly before the whirlwind of blows that hurled him from pillar to post. Time and again the referee glanced at Michaels, stolid near the ropes with a cigar wagging rhythmically in his mouth, but always the manager shook his head.

Desperately the youth in front strove to mount to the stage. The growls of those about him were drowned in the hysterical sweep of sound as a grazing uppercut clipped McFarlane's chin, snapping back a face that was ghastly under the white beat of the lights. Martin's powerful body surged under, burying his glove in the pit of the older man's stomach. Toppling, he staggered forward as the champion's fist whipped in again, and as the boy in front sprang to the stage McFarlane crashed headlong to the canvas, to lie there quivering. . . .

The gong tapped, and while the youth stared, half hypnotized, handlers bore McFarlane to his corner. They dashed water into his face; they thrust a lemon between his bruised lips and put stinging ammonia under his nose. Feebly he rallied. The room was swimming . . . somewhere distant, they were talking about throwing in the sponge. A fire flickered out of the ashes.

"No!" he said forcibly, sitting up straight and looking at Martin through his swollen eyes, "You won't throw

up the towel, Tom . . . you won't; you've got to promise me. . . ." His eyes wandered in search of his manager and encountered the spindle-like figure of the youth, tense and quivering beside him.

"What—are—you—doing—here, Dinny?" The words came a little gaspingly, like those of a man in a delirium. He brushed a crimson glove across his eyes and strove to hold himself very erect in his chair.

"Dad!" The word was wrung from the boy. "Dad, I had to come. . . . He's trying to kill you! Oh, Dad. . . ."

"Now, Dinny, you go home—go—home," McFarlane went on ramblingly, essaying to smile. "Just—go—home. I'll attend to this. . . ."

Aimlessly Dinny McFarlane stumbled toward the ropes as the bell sent his father forward. The champion was speaking, low and snarling, as he smashed the battered mouth again and crossed with a murderous right to the eye.

"You never thought I'd beat you, did you? You—who taught me all your tricks!" Viciously his lightning glove darted in again. "I'm just gettin' you tonight. This is your last fight, Bob McFarlane!" He took the older man's weak right to the head and flicked in his serpent's-tongue left. Carefully he thudded McFarlane's heart, and the latter's knees crumpled like paper. Into the ropes plunged the other. . . .

Dinny McFarlane, disregarding the referee and the barking Martin, dove through into the ring as his father slid to the canvas for the last time. Eyes on fire, mumbling and swearing, he bent over the older man, huddled with one limp arm outflung. From the twisted lips faint words breathed up:

"He—didn't—make—me—throw—up—the towel. . . . He didn't. . . ."

II

The final edition had gone to press. Far below, the big presses were thundering and grinding; gone was the fierce beat of the newspaper's pulse in the city room. Forlorn as some vast, unkempt apartment struck by a whirlwind of papers, that was deserted except for O'Neill and Dad Kenwood.

The sporting editor sat at his desk, feet on it and pencil playing an idle tattoo on the green-shaded lamp. Kenwood, thin shoulders hunched, gaunt neck outthrust, spoke with low intensity, beside him.

"I've told you about this kid before," the old lawyer said. "Now—is there any chance of dating him up with Martin? Mike Michaels won't even consider it. If you could do a bit of razzing in your column. . . ."

"What I'd like to know," O'Neill countered, pulling at his small, neat moustache, "is why this McFarlane boy is so intent on meeting Streak. He's clearly not in the lightweight class—and he hasn't fought in six months, either. He's just trailed around doggedly trying to get Michaels to sign him up for a bout with Martin. I don't know that I blame Mike. He couldn't whip Streak, but he'd give too much trouble for the kind of soft set-up Martin wants on his tours. If the papers were howling, I suppose they *would* have to give in. But McFarlane's unknown, and, anyway, he's no contender for the title."

Dad Kenwood snapped shut his old cigar case viciously.

"Good Lord! Don't they ever think of fair play. Don't they ever think of giving anyone a chance?"

"Nobody," responed the other dispassionately, "is in the game for his health. They don't give a whoop about anything except it gets the money. After all—why should they? It's a business, you know."

"Seven years ago," Kenwood told him, the lines

about his lean jaw becoming tighter, "I saw a bout in the old North End Theater. It was an exhibition fight in front of a mining crowd from the coal district for Streak Martin—who'd just become champion. Of course it was a set-up. Streak's still champion—seven years; think of it!—and he's still clever, but he was nearing his prime then. He fought Bob McFarlane . . . remember him?"

"Well?" O'Neil's newspaper sense was instantly on the alert.

"There had been a long row between them," the lawyer's voice droned on, "and Martin was out to get his man. It was awful! McFarlane's son saw the fight. And—believe it or not—up to that time, though he was well into his teens, he'd never seen his father fight. Bob didn't want him to; kept him at a swell school, or something. He was a shy, queer sort of kid—bookish, the way his father would have been if he hadn't thrown up education to fight. Well, he came to the theater that night. . . ." Kenwood drew a long breath. "He saw it. And he knew Martin was out to chop Bob up. Do you begin to see what I'm driving at?"

"You mean—he wants to get back at Martin?" demanded O'Neill eagerly.

"He's set his heart on whipping him, yes; battering him from pillar to post in front of a big crowd; just—oh, I can't describe it. It's almost a murderous frenzy. For years he's been training. Bob died soon after the fight; he'd had some kind of trouble inside, and it about did for him. So the kid sets out on this fetish—obsessed. There's a pretty little thing named Kathleen who's crazy about him—and I know he has the makings of a lawyer—but, although he was never cut out for a prize fighter, he plugs away . . . and I must admit he's pretty clever. Yet he's ten pounds lighter than Streak;

faster, but hasn't the wallop. He's just ruining things chasing a mirage."

"Then why are you trying to help him get a match with Martin?"

"For his own good, I think." Kenwood frowned out of the grimy window. "I—almost love that boy, O'Neill. And—I don't very often love people. I want to see him make good in the thing he can do. If he gets his bout,—oh, I'll admit he can't whip Streak; nobody will till age gets him, just as it did McFarlane—but if Streak beats him badly, as he's bound to, he'll see how crazy his plan is. Yes, he's bound to give it up. It'll be a shock, but better that than wasting himself this way.... What do you say? Will you give him publicity; clamor for a match. . . ."

"I'd like to meet your Dinny McFarlane, Dad," answered the sporting editor slowly. "This has the makings of a story—a long one. Of course, I'll have to manufacture a record and paint him up like a champ when I give him a write-up. But I'll do it; it's sports with an extra kick. Vendetta . . . Son a mankiller out to get his father's conqueror. . . . Yes, I'll make Michaels take notice of him by yelling so loud—you know what a newspaper can do. What's more, I'll pass the word to the S. E. of the 'Trumpet' and the 'Blade'; besides, I can get in touch with the papers in neighboring towns. New contender for the lightweight title!"

Dad Kenwood went down the stairs quietly.

III

In the gathering dusk Dad Kenwood saw Dinny McFarlane's slim figure silhouetted against the window pane as the young man stared down into the street. An auto horn blared faintly. The little city was sinking into evening lassitude.

"You're going to get it," announced the lawyer from the shadows near his desk. "Since you knocked out

Blake in one round, you're going to get it. Very soon, too."

McFarlane stopped twirling the shade-cord. He whipped around.

"Yes, I'm going to get it! He can't deny me now. And I'll get Streak Martin—I'll get him, Dad—just you see. . . ."

Kenwood sighed, and the old office chair creaked sympathetically. Now that Michaels, lashed by a dozen newspapers, had consented to take on McFarlane after he had with a lucky jab put out wobbly Slugger Blake in one round, the son of the one-time lightweight champ was steadily wearing his nerves to a saw edge. It would be a pity.

"And suppose you lose?" Kenwood asked softly.

"I mustn't lose. I mustn't. Martin *can't* get away with it!—You were there, Dad. You saw him!" The finely cut face turned away.

"And Kathleen—what about her?"

"We're about as good as engaged, I guess. . . . If I win, I can do as you want me to and chuck the whole thing. If I lose . . . I'd hate to ask her to be my wife. But I won't lose; I want her there to see me fight—"

"Dinny!"

"Oh, yes, I do!" the other rattled. "I don't care! I'll win!"

Kenwood shifted uneasily. McFarlane could never whip Streak Martin; he knew that. But what if all the things he had counted on would go wrong, and that instead of accepting defeat with resignation . . .?

"I'm going now," Dinny said, drawing a long breath. "I want to go home and get to bed early. Nothing like keeping in training. When I can look back and say: 'Well, I've beaten Streak Martin; I don't need to keep gruelling hours.'—that'll be great, Dad! Good-bye—you have work or something, don't you?"

"Yes, I have work," the lawyer lied absently. Apprehension turned him a little sick. Air castles might crush the builder when they came tumbling down, and Dinny McFarlane was rearing them amazingly. "I have a little something to do. Good-night, Dinny."

He fumbled with the top of his desk, nightmare figures dancing before him. He could not get the desk open, and he could not find the button of the drop-light, and so he sat there staring vacantly into the darkness, ever thinking . . . thinking.

Down the dusty stairs of the old office building tramped Dinny McFarlane. He went out into the hot, oppressive air which even with the coming of dusk had turned no cooler. The main street clamored only feebly, as though it were dying. Even the shop-windows seemed to sag —humid and gasping for breath. At supper-time only a few pedestrians were abroad; an auto limped wheezily past, and a blast of suffocating air gushed out of a clattering restaurant as Dinny passed. Coal-dust seemed to press down on all sides, like a spirit of the ovens.

Dinny turned off into a side street and mounted the steps of the heavy, stolid boarding-house where he roomed. In the dim hallway he groped toward the steps; a baby shrilled faintly at the back of the house. He tramped up to his room, shut the door carefully, and turned on the lights. Standing with his back to the door, Dinny let his eyes wander over the comfortable furnishings—easy chair, lamps, books . . . to come to rest on two photographs on the bureau. One was that of a girl, a tantalizingly pretty girl with an Irish laugh in her eyes and an Irish quirk to her lips—vivid as though she were alive in the frame. His sombre eyes lingered a moment on that; then they moved to the almost boyish face of the photograph next to it. There was the same delicate contour, the same eyes; but there

was something in Dinny McFarlane's face that was not present in his father's.

For dragging minutes the young man stared across at the picture. Somehow since he came into that house it seemed to him that he had dwindled; shrunk within himself. Slowly, a little dazedly, he looked down at his thin hands and wrists, and the hand that he clenched in his spasmodic way quivered—but it did not quiver with anger. He walked to the mirror and stared at his lean, white, tense face. It was as though he were awakening, like one who strives to ascend mountaintops and suddenly finds himself paralyzed; a ringing hollowness . . . Dinny McFarlane dropped into a chair and let his head fall in his arms.

IV

Thronged, overflowing, bursting with sound and people, the North End Theater roared its reception to the champion. A little older, a little heavier, a little more self-satisfied, Streak Martin waved a casual hand and climbed through the ropes. Then he frowned, drawing down his bristly scalp over the eyebrows. Dinny McFarlane, swathed in a bathrobe, sat in his corner, eyes fixed steadily, intently on the champion. Behind him stood Dad Kenwood, chewing a cigar, and O'Neill of the "News." A little further back, in the shadow of the wings, a slight figure bent forward, eyes shining out of a shadowed face.

"Cheers!" said Martin. "There's the Killer himself." He put his arms akimbo and surveyed his opponent, a gleam in his ugly eyes. Behind him Dinny could see Michaels' fat face, and it wore an inexplicably worried look. A bullet-headed negro in a dirty red sweater, Martin's second, was watching the champion furtively.

"Out to murder me?" asked the champion, raising his voice. The tumult in the hot theater subsided. Every

person in the blurry crowd beyond the glare of the ring lights was silent, watching the figure in the middle of the roped arena. "Out to murder me?" Martin repeated. "My God! The nerve of the kid!" He twitched off his bathrobe with a surge of his powerful shoulders, and Kenwood's teeth clamped on his cigar. Streak Martin was in perfect condition. McFarlane's last hope. . . .

"Oh, play ball, Martin!" It was O'Neil's crackling voice, and it held a jarring ring of common sense. "Never mind the grand-stand stuff; you aren't scaring anybody!"

Streak Martin flickered red at the sporting editor. He made a superb tableau standing there, sharp against the light, with wreaths of tobacco smoke drifting about him.

"Oh, you! You and your pet!" he snapped. Then he turned and walked to his corner, while a sudden roar burst across the stage, through which one cry ripped like a knife-thrust.

"Go get 'im, kid!"

It tingled in McFarlane's ears as Michaels bustled over to oversee the taping of his hands, and the slim referee bellowed the announcements.

"There's something funny," Kenwood muttered; "something funny in the way. . . ."

The clash of the gong cut him short. One glance McFarlane cast over his shoulder at the wide eyes and parted, quivering lips of the girl in the wings; then he slid forward, flinging off his bathrobe. In comparison to the champion, he looked almost puny. By mutual consent the formality of shaking hands had been done away with; handlers skipped from the ring with a clank of buckets; the stools were whisked away; and Dinny McFarlane was face to face with the onrushing future.

Lightnings were leaping in Martin's eyes as he whisked forward on the offensive. Twice his glove flashed and thudded on the other's guard; McFarlane landed lightly

as he retreated. The champion missed a vicious left to the face before he connected solidly with the young man's middle. An instant McFarlane's guard seemed to crumple; Martin, pressing his advantage, swept him toward the ropes, his short whips drawing blood from his antagonist's nose. Again he hooked left and right in lightning succession, but he covered slowly, and the other's return smash over the heart shook him visibly. An instant of swift maneuvering, and his glove was dancing in McFarlane's face once more. Yet he seemed to be slowing up; he tore Dinny's eye with one of his stabs, but fumbled his retreat and took terrific punishment about the body. Boring in eagerly, McFarlane missed twice before Martin, countering, drove him to his knees as the bell jangled sharply through the surf of sound.

McFarlane was panting as he went to his corner, and his knees shook. Kenwood had torn his straw hat to ribbons; he looked wild-eyed, mumbling over his cigar. O'Neill was shouting out something incoherently; he bustled about Dinny as the latter fell upon his stool, whipping the crimson from his face. Hysteria pulsed through the spectators; their sympathies had turned to the spindle-legged lad who was slowly wilting under the champion's attack.

Bulking over the reddened body of the champ, Michaels was speaking swiftly:

"You can't stand it much longer; oh, you *would* go on a bust . . . you cheese champion! . . . Here; take this. . . . No; in your glove!"

"Go 'way!" Martin said a little dazedly, shaking his head as the other fumbled with his glove. "I'm all right; the Turkish bath got me on my feet today; it was bad booze anyway. . . . What in hell are you doin'?"

"Shut up!" Michaels smoothed at his glove. "It's the hypo syringe; in the pocket under the stitch! You

ain't good for much more; you showed you'd been shot, shootin' your mouth off in front of all them.—I been feedin' you on stimulants, and you know it! Clinch with the kid, and get him with the hypo. It'll make him groggy, and then goal him! Damn it—shut up! I know what I'm doin'! He's wobbly; he won't know. . . . A little more of this, and he'll put you on the floor! Careful . . ."

He spun round as the bell sounded. Kenwood was staring straight across the ring, with a glimmer of something dimly guessed in his mind. Michaels dove between the ropes; in one searing flash he knew that the old lawyer had divined. . . .

Thud—thud—the gloves were whirling in mid-ring; McFarlane with his patched face white and intent; Martin shifting, countering, blocking; now and then lashing in his deadly left. Kenwood, brandishing his shattered hat, was shouting something that was lost in the crash of the cheering. Twice Martin smashed his opponents' guard and drove him to the canvas; each time he tottered up. Even Michaels knew that there was no need of the hypodermic syringe—McFarlane was crumpling, and the manager realized with a hot rush of anger and chagrin that he had exposed himself needlessly to the danger of detection. Martin knew it, too; for he was himself again, sweeping the battle onward mercilessly. One of McFarlane's wild swings ripped his chin; the champion's return spun him against the ropes, to reel drunkenly into a terrific right. The younger man groped for a clinch and clung despite the short-arm jolts to the body. The house surged to its feet, calling madly for a knockout. . . .

Then it happened. Martin stiffened before the other's flailing arms, wrenching to disengage his right hand. He looked dazedly over his opponent's shoulder, seemed to strive to push McFarlane from him, and gave when

one of Martin's failing punches connected with his body. Dinny could feel the big body shake. He flicked in his left, and countered feebly as Martin leaped like a dying tiger. Up streaked McFarlane's arm in a last despairing jab; blinded and with the dripping face blurred before him, he whipped for the champion's jaw. He quivered as the glove shocked; his knees buckled, but in a swimming haze he saw the mountain of flesh surge and pitch to the canvas like an avalanche. Then, as one glove strove to clear the warm, thick blindness from his eyes, he stood tottering. . . .

A white arm rising and falling . . . the drone of a count . . . then somebody had flung up his arm, and the roar of cheering shocked over him like a physical force. Dimly he saw O'Neill hurl a bucket into the air like a lunatic; wild-eyed and dishevelled, Dad Kenwood had pushed into the ring, leaped over the fallen champion, and seized Michael's arm. He had not heard what the lawyer said to Martin's manager; he knew only that warm, soft arms were about his neck, and that a wet face was pressed to his own besmeared one. He heard only Kathleen sobbing out something. . . .

"Yes, you did!" Kenwood shouted into the manager's ear. "The hypo is in his glove—and if he hadn't got it accidentally jabbed into himself while they were clinched he'd have my boy on the canvas now. . . . Just try to do anything! If you ever say a word I'll have you run out of the business, and you know I can prove it, too! Not a word to McFarlane; oh, you can have your title —he's through with prize-fighting. But you know how to keep mum, Mike Michaels!"

And, stumbling through the wings, pursued by a hysterical crowd, Dinny McFarlane was mumbling into attentive ears.

"I beat him, Dad . . . didn't you see me beat him? I beat him, Dad. Now it's Kathleen and the work I was cut out for. . . . But I beat him, Dad; didn't you see me?"

George P. Rogers.

How the Crocus Came to Zavelstein

IN THE great Black Forest, perched on a hill above the dark-green valley, lies the smallest city in the world. It is a tiny city, with a little cluster of high-peaked red-tiled houses, their timbered fronts gray with the storms of centuries. And it has a church, and a defensive wall, and a Wirtschaft, with a magnificent linden-tree before it. Under the linden's shade countless generations of lovers have whispered, while the old giant whispers back in understanding; and an unnumbered succession of white-headed grandfathers have smoked their last hours away in peace and quiet content. One more thing this city has: a castle. It is but a ruin now, and the apple-trees blossom white in the moat, and the goose-girls play on the grassy floor of the banquet-hall. But a knight once dwelt within those walls, who spread the fame of Zavelstein (for so the castle is called, and the little city after it) broadcast through the land of Wuerttemberg.

The Black Forest possesses many wonders: verdant pastures and tall trees and rushing waterfalls, and artful clocks, and elves. But one marvel Zavelstein alone, of all Germany, can show, and this is the reason and manner of it:

In the days long before Kaiser Max sat on the Frauenkirche at Nuernberg, yes, even before Luebeck was free or the great stone Roland stood on the market-place at Halle, there lived at Zavelstein Count Joachim of Calw, and his fair young wife Marianne, whom he loved dearly. She was tall, and straight, and blonde like the sun, and the peasants, when she passed among them on the way to mass, bowed their heads, for they thought she must be an angel. Count Joachim believed it himself, and even Our Blessed Lady has never been

more faithfully served than Countess Marianne of Calw.

It chanced upon a time that Count Joachim was waging no war, and he held a great banquet for all the lords living within leagues around, with venison and a plenitude of good beer of Noerdlingen. Among the company was the Count of Hochberg, with his lady, resplendent in a new silver chain of strange workmanship, brought by a palmer from the mysterious East. And the lords drank mightily, the Count of Hochberg among the first.

Then the Count of Hochberg, being somewhat warm with much beer, fell to boasting of his love for his lady, and pointed to her wondrous chain, purchased at the cost of a third of his entire fortune. At this Count Joachim rose up, and swore by God's thunder, Heaven, and the Holy Cross that he would yield to no man a greater love than his. And he swore further that he would either bring home to the fair Marianne some treasure which the Count of Hochberg, even the Kaiser himself could not match, or die in the attempt. The Countess Marianne besought him to withdraw from his rash vow, but he would not be moved.

The very day following, he betook himself to Father Albertus, the wise monk of Deinach, the village which lay far below Zavelstein in the deep green valley. This monk knew all things, even dabbling with a devilish substance called gunpowder.

"Holy Father," said Count Joachim, "I must have some rarity, so scarce and so wonderful that it cannot be matched in the length and breadth of the empire, from Luebeck to Vienna and from Bremen to the Bohemian border. Can you help me? What such wonder is there, and where may it be found?"

"If *Hoheit* will let me think a minute," replied Albertus, "perhaps I can tell him." And he sat him

down in a corner of the dark room, and searched his memory—of days among the grim, high, steep-roofed cities of the North, where the grey sea mist comes creeping past the boats and windmills to the town, and men speak flat and harsh—of desert nights in the Holy Land, with the stars above and the waiting Saracens circling in the dark—of spring mornings in Italy, the glory of the blue sea at Amalfi, and the green hillsides dotted with springing flowers—he raised his head.

"I have it. You know of *Welschland*, the blue-skied country of the Italian minstrels?"

"Yes, Holy Father."

"There, *Hoheit* will find many wonders to delight his countess and amaze the stupid barons of our German forests."

Count Joachim of Calw climbed the forest path to Zavelstein, bade farewell to the fair Marianne, weeping silently in her golden hair, and mounted his great horse. Then, with twenty-five stout men-at-arms at his back, he went down the winding road through the evergreen groves, passed a turn in the valley, and disappeared.

The weeks passed, and Countess Marianne sat in solemn sadness in the tower. There was no more banqueting, nor even forays on the neighboring baronies, and the Count of Hochberg and the Baron of Berneck began to encroach upon Count Joachim's domains. In truth, things were coming to a pretty pass.

A year and a day after the Count of Calw had so bravely taken his leave with twenty-five true men at his back, he came slowly up the toilsome steep, with three weary followers, and one horse carrying a great box.

He entered in at the gates of the castle, and kissed the fair Marianne, who came to greet him, and told how one by one, his train had fallen to the perils of the wayside, until only the half of them remained when they reached Italy. And more had perished on the return journey,

two that very morning. For the robber Baron of Berneck had seen them pass below his high castle on the hill, and had seen their horse with its load. But Count Joachim had escaped with the box and the last two followers.

Then the Count of Calw broke open the box, and it contained nothing but much earth and a great store of small bulbs. "This" he said, "is the greatest wonder in all Italy."

With this he went forth into the castle garden, and dug in the ground, and placed bulbs in the holes he had made. Thereafter he gave his attention to the driving of the encroaching neighbors from his domains. And the Countess Marianne was exceedingly happy that her husband was returned, and soon forgot the muddy bulbs buried in the castle garden.

It was spring, and the snows were melting away, and points of green peeped through the white in the garden. Higher and higher the points shoved their way. It happened near Easter that the Countess Marianne and Count Joachim of Calw were newly arisen, and they looked out into the garden, and lo! what had been green was a glory of purple. The crocuses, the marvel of the blue-skied south, had blossomed. Lady Marianne clapped her hands with joy, and fell on Count Joachim's neck, and kissed him, for he had indeed brought an incomparable wonder to the dark land of the tall trees in the North.

Thereafter, each Easter, the castle garden at Zavelstein was purple with the living jewels of Italy, and people came from afar, and marvelled at the treasure which the Count of Calw had brought to his lady.

Then there came the day when Count Joachim of Calw was carried in dead, with all his wounds in front. Lady Marianne grieved most sorely, and died broken-hearted soon thereafter. But still the crocus flowered

at Easter-time in the castle garden. The centuries passed, and many proud lords and noble knights ruled the castle of Zavelstein. Count Joachim had been four hundred years in his grave when Melac, the French vandal, shattered the stout castle of Zavelstein, and expelled the last inhabitants. But still the crocus bloomed at Easter-time. Nay more, it spread. In due time, the green pastures below the city wall became tinted with Italian purple, and then the hillside around. But though Count Joachim has slept in peace for seven centuries, and his beloved lady by his side, his wish is fulfilled to this day. For only in Zavelstein may one find the crocus, the wonder of the bejewelled South.

Barrows Mussey.

I Sought Romance

I sought romance, but first I had to mould
The glistening crescent of a thin-spun moon,
The stars deep-set into a night of June,
A whispered promise half to heaven told
And half to me, by some one's voice of gold,
With some one's smile—a trace of some old tune,
And some one's hand—a gentle wind to croon
Through scented foliage in an orchard old.
These are the things I sought for my romance:
All of the scattered bits I loved the best.
I found them one by one and made a blend.
And then I saw that by a happy chance
I had not formed the vision of my quest—
Beauty was what I'd gathered in the end.

John Roedelheim.

The Inn of the Seven Swords

THE wheels of the coach rattled and jolted in the inn yard, and there was a blurred white flicker past the windows, which the man in the bar parlor saw. He got up, a towering shadow, and went to the window with a jingle of spurs and a thump of riding boots. Beyond the sheet of rain he could see only a vague mass of men moving in a dance of lights that glistened on the horses' coats. The postilions were hurrying to the tap-room for a drink; there was a clatter of doors that banged to in a leap of blown candle flames. At the window the man's big shape turned—rather starkly grim, for he wore a mud-spattered doublet and a rapier swinging at his hip. But it was his face which held you; a harsh face, rugged as a cliff, and with a sort of fierce charm in the eyes. The man resembled a gnarled oak-tree with a wildcat in its branches. For some minutes he had been impatient, and now as he strode back to the fire his anger burst out.

"Ale!" he roared, with a sudden lift of his voice like a bellow. "God's word! Are you all deaf? Ale!"

The door to the hall opened, and he swung toward it.

"I pray you, friend," said a soft voice, "not so loudly, if it please you. 'Tis the loud shout betokens the empty head."

"So you're here!" snapped the other. "Why, come in. You arrive, friend Michael. And you arrive late."

Slowly the newcomer closed the door behind him, unslinging the great swathed case on his shoulder and setting it down. A small, pale figure in the gloom, with the firelight dull on the sodden cloak that clung to him, he stood pulling off his gloves.

"My coach, Gareth," he answered, "was as lifeless

as my tidings shall be. These devilish roads—the king's highway—"

Gareth struck the table, making the candlelight jump and quiver.

"God in heaven! Will you always dally? What has happened?"

"—the king's highway," repeated the man called Michael; "soon to be Cromwell's highway, Gareth. What has happened? Why, the inevitable; they have sentenced Charles to die as a traitor."

His companion stared back with his unwinking, tawny eyes. He showed no gust of anger at hearing the message, but only a rather deadly silence. Then he drew his rapier from its sheath and flung it on the table, where it rang and rolled over and caught the light like a flash of ragged teeth.

"By that blade," he said calmly, "I swear the sentence shall never be executed. Kill Cromwell? Aye, if it can save Charles!"

Michael tossed aside his cloak and went toward the fire, kneading his wet hands above it. He was small and slim, with the delicate beauty of a girl, and eyes that were dreamy above the blaze.

"You are a fool, Gareth," he remarked to the fire. "You are my friend, but you are a fool. You have the strength of an ox—and the other attributes of an ox, I fear. . . . Soft! I meant no harm. But, I pray you, what can all your strength do against the Ironsides? Dumb as dogs they follow Cromwell—they rule England—"

"So a Stuart shall be done to death without a hand lifted to save him! Aye!" said Gareth.

"Come, you are forgetting. What think you, Gareth? That I love not Charles as well as you? Yet we cannot meet them with their own weapons."

"And we stand aside while they kill him Aye!"

Michael laughed in a quiet, inoffensive way. He sat down with his boots thrust out to the blaze.

"Sit down, Gareth. You speak treason, mark you; tread gently, my friend. I have ordered my dinner here; there were few people down from London, and we shall have the room to ourselves. Light you a pipe. Let us discuss this matter less heatedly."

"No!" Gareth banged the table again. "This is no time for idling with your pretty words. You are a poet, and the poet's sword-arm ever winces. Play the coward if you care to, but we act instantly, else I saddle me a horse and ride for London tonight—to seek Cromwell!"

"A care!" said Michael, and his voice clashed suddenly. "Yours is the cunningest blade in England, but, ah, Gareth, take care when you trespass in the poet's field of words. Faith, would you have me a coward, then? Recall you yon roaring stream by Londonderry—and you with a great hole in your side, and the water washing your blood away—and I scarce able to swim? Your armor-plates were heavy; I thought never to reach shore with you—"

"Enough," cut in Gareth, making a little twitch with his knotted hands. "I had but forgot, Michael; I ask your pardon. We were discussing Charles."

"Why, truly. And since you are so impatient, let us continue, in the devil's name! Think you I care naught for action? Mark me, Gareth: the judges have decreed that he die. It will cause more sympathy than any act of Charles' own. Sympathy breeds loyalty. We may rouse the country for him yet; we could do so if he were free. Imagine you Charles escaping; imagine someone daring enough to effect his escape while the counties of the north are roused to arms—to take up his cause. Aye, and the drums beating a march all over England, and a Stuart riding at the head of Rupert's

old matchless cavalry—ah, Gareth, the very dead from Naseby would fall into line!"

"Mean you that we—"

"You guess well. To escape from St. James' palace would be all but impossible, yet the impossible must happen, late or soon. Why, you have spoken it yourself. Who, pray, is more qualified than you—than Sir Gareth Ardell, the defender of England when the Scotch king dallied with Somerset and Buckingham—to be the saviour of Charles?"

Gareth was pacing the room with heavy, exultant strides.

"I perceive it . . . Michael, Michael, empires are swayed by poets. The fighting-man controls, but the singer influences. They call you the Irish nightingale—"

"Peace, I beg of you. The sword may fashion as deft a compliment as the quill, but we need no compliments. There you see my harp; it is a great harp, for it is the harp of Tairlaine. They laugh because I carry it ever with me—let them laugh! With it I may speak to the people who are ripe to revolt. Do you effect the escape of Charles in the way I have planned; I will ride from York to Cornwall and weave a song to set their hearts afire. We shall be playing a dangerous game with a dangerous foe, but the Puritan must fall, for he has forgotten how to laugh. It is fatal to scorn laughter; it is more than fatal to scorn song. Charles is a fool, but he is a great man, and all great hearts are fools. Oh, I hate your Puritan smugness, and the religion that denies God because it hurts man!"

"To free Charles," said Gareth, sheathing his blade with a snap. "If I be not mistaken, there is the landlord's step and your supper. Come, Michael; your harp, and sing me a song . . . sing me a song of your Irish countryside, which breeds men . . ."

And Michael Tairlaine, with his head sunk between

his hands, plucked at the harp-strings of his fancy as he stared into the blazing heart of the fire and the blazing heart of the future.

II

The hush of the dawn-stars was on the inn. It had gone three by the clock upstairs, and the strokes were dying away in the ghostly silence as Tairlaine raised his head. In its embers the fire was winking red—drowsy, like the brushing of the rain on the windows. The Irish poet still sat by the fire long after Gareth had clumped up to bed, his pipe black and dead on the table, his glass empty, but his fingers caressing the strings of the harp or moving along the bright curve of its side. Mute the harp stood there, mute in the wistful rapture of vanished song—mute in the love of the man whose touch could bring to the white lips of silence the blood-red of romance.

Slowly now his hands moved to the strings. In a soft breath he began to play—so softly that the sound penetrated scarce beyond the confines of the room. And as he played his voice crooned a dim song to the walls.

If this could be!
From out the sea to raise the crystal spires
Of cities dimly known to me,
Where move the shapes of fantasy
And bards of dreams in fancy free awake their
sleeping lyres—
If this could be!—

He was a symbol as he sat outlined against the dying light. He did not hear the door open, nor hear it close. But he heard the voice which called to him.

"Michael!"

The music died away. Tairlaine started up, blinking, and stared through the twilight. It was a woman he saw at the door—a woman in a long cloak, with her hair tumbled about her shoulders and her shadowed face the whiter by contrast. Noiselessly she moved toward him.

"Lady Joan!" he said dully. "Lady Joan! How came you here?"

"I thought I heard you playing," the woman replied. "Hush, Michael! I could not sleep . . ."

Tairlaine put more wood on the fire and watched the blue flame curl around it. He lighted another candle.

"I had not thought to see you. How—"

"I am a fugitive," she told him, coming into the circle of the fire. Her pallid beauty was that of a ghost, and when she smiled it was like a shadow across her lips. "Had you not heard? Sheltered here tonight; tomorrow . . ." She shrugged and sat down, resting her chin on her palms. The logs began to quiver in a sheet of flame.

Tairlaine stood as though dazed, and she went on:

"My brother was caught in the dragnet. They called it treason, and he dies tomorrow. They have used the rack on the servants and implicated me. It is only a question of time before I am caught. Then, of course, I shall die."

"Joan!"

"It is true. Gardline Castle has been sacked by Cromwell's order—"

"Cromwell!" Tairlaine said fiercely. "Had he but served his fellow-man as faithfully as he has served his God, he would not now be a murderer for a doctrine!"

"Hush, Michael!" She laid a hand on his, and he tingled to its warmth. The leaping fire was deep in her smouldering eyes.

"You must escape . . . in some fashion. I may effect it—"

"You would help me? Honored as the bard of Ireland, you would risk—"

He laughed.

"You imagine me not in the habit of taking risks? Why, perhaps you are right. But it is no risk, because . . ."

"You pause. Because . . ."

"I have told you before. Because I love you."

"I am sorry." Her eyes were soft now, and her slim arms moved slowly. "I am very sorry. You *have* told me before, when the moon was in the garden at Gardline, and the eyes of the night were heavy with dew. Yea, I remember it well. . . . But, Michael, you are kind, and yet I love you not. You are but a spinner of golden phrases. None can love you, for you are not a man. You should have been a woman. Ah, I tell you, such as I loves one who can sway empires, with a brain to plan and a heart to dare . . . who would plunge into a boiling sea to rescue a friend . . . who stops at nothing . . . You are not that, Michael. You are frail. You do not plan great things . . ."

"You know such a man?"

"I love him, Michael."

"And his name?"

"His name is Sir Gareth Ardell. Why should I not be proud?" There was a ring to her voice now.

"You are right, Joan, as you always are." His eyes were dead as ashes, but he smiled eagerly. "He is a great swordsman, and a gallant gentleman. But I think you had better go to your room. . . . I think you had better go to your room. . . . Tomorrow we shall see . . ."

"What? Why do you turn away?"

"It is nothing. I was but laughing, Joan—laughing as though my heart would break. It may break sometime, with laughter."

"I do not understand you, Michael," she said, and looked at him with her dusky eyes.

"That is true. Aye, you do not understand me! And I cannot explain, for if I did I should kiss those lips of yours, Joan, that are red—with the sullen red of a city swept in flames. I should—"

"Joan!" It was half a cry, half a gasp from the doorway. Blinking in the light, with his doublet unlaced and his hair like a mane, Sir Gareth Ardell stood there. An instant the tableau held—Joan Gardline staring at the apparition, like a vision of power, and Tairlaine with his dark handsome head flung back and one arm extended along the mantel-shelf. Then the deep tides swept Joan to the center of the room, where Gareth caught her. Tairlaine had a sudden curious sensation that he had been stabbed, and he groped vaguely for a dagger with his slim, white, woman's hands. He became aware that he was very tired; then he sat down, and looked stupidly at the fire. Behind him the firelight glistened on the curve of Joan's arm as it tightened . . .

"Why," Tairlaine heard a voice say, "he is laughing again! What a queer person you are, Michael!" And there was a sort of forced, breathless laugh.

"But you must tell me!" boomed Gareth. "By the rood! To see you here—to blunder on you when I sought but Michael—"

"Explanations," interrupted Tairlaine, rising and slapping his knees, "must tarry. There is much to be done. In brief, my friend, Joan is homeless; she hath need of you. The plans we made ere you went upstairs must be altered slightly. Yet it merely means another person."

"Stay!" said the woman; "he shall know."

Her beautiful vacuous face upturned, she poured out the story, and the hand trembled on Gareth's arm.

"To you I look for protection," she said. "You

can take me safely from England. Once out of this country—"

Gareth gave a heave of his mighty shoulders, like a mountain shaken by gunpowder.

"Do you hear, Michael?" he demanded, seizing Tairlaine's arm. "Do you hear?"

"You would forget Charles?" asked the other gently.

"I would forget—God!"

"Be not so hasty. You need forget neither. The plans can be made carefully; we have three days to arrange them. Bradshaw has pronounced sentence on him, but there still remains the warrant. Let me show you how it is to be done. Joan can be concealed at the Three Crowns, in the very heart of London. If our ruse be successful, in two days Charles shall be with us. And then—"

"What mean you?" She was breathing heavily, and her wide eyes sought Tairlaine's face.

"That you will be safe at the Crowns while friend Gareth strikes for England! Ah, you were right, Joan; I am but a woman! I can but play on my harp—strange fancy!—after your knight has rescued the king from check. I am a mere rook, who move only in straight lines—"

"Nay!" Unmindful of the hour, Gareth thundered out the protest. "Nay! Think you I throw love of country against love of woman? If you be the man I think, dare St. James' palace and rescue Charles—sing your songs if you care! Let any man question my courage who will meet my steel, but I ride with Joan for France and her freedom. I tell you I wash my hands of the plan! A man loves but once."

For a moment the eyes of the poet were frightening. Blind fires swept up from inside, consuming reason and scorching his body so that it quivered. Then the fire died out; his hands dropped, and he bowed.

"You are right, Gareth," he responded, so low that they hardly heard him. "A man loves but once. And sometimes—it hurts."

"Hurts?" Gareth laughed. "And truly! The poet speaks truth in his fancy; the poet, who knows naught of hurt—who never felt the steel of battle or the steel of life!"

Tairlaine sat down again. They did not see his face.

"In God's name," he said, "go!—Go now. I will help you, but go . . ."

"Yet mark me, my friend," asserted Gareth, clinching his rugged hands as he looked down at Joan, whose eyes were fixed on him; "I fear no man; I fear naught upon earth! My sword hath tamed mighty men. Were I but allowed to strike at these Puritan cowards and turncoats . . . Michael! Why look you so?"

Tairlaine was upon his feet with the quick, lithe grace of the swordsman or the dancer. He went to the window; when he turned again he was silhouetted against the graying dawn like a figure of prophecy.

"Why," he returned, "I but thought that soon your words might be tested, Gareth. I have lived too long not to know the sound of Fairfax's horsemen!"

And in the stillness of the new day they heard in the inn-yard the rattle and clash of hoofs.

III

In the big, gloomy room a former king of England sat at the long table with a pen dragging from his hand. The flames of the candles waved like battle-pennons in the wind, sending streaks of fog through the iron-grated window. There was a gurgling and dripping of rain. Unseeingly the man at the table stared across the dark stains that were crawling down the darker stone. His face was drawn and pale, as though it had been touched by fire long ago; his moustache and imperial were like

a caricature of Satan. Yet there was nothing Satanic in that countenance—only the mockery of a proud, spoiled child who has lost its mother and is now only dumbly wistful. His sole dignity was the dignity of a king; when that left him, there was nothing. He rose with a gesture of weariness.

"I cannot write, Sydney," he said, and flung down the pen. "This false hand hath wrought too much evil already of which the heart was guiltless. Ah, Sydney, Cranmer held in the washing fire the hand that had offended. . . . Would God I could! . . ."

In the shadows a face moved and a man stirred in his seat among the rushes. The faint weird glow showed the earnest eyes, the devotion that was terrible in its intensity. It knew no praise or blame save its master's.

"Grieve not, sire," the man answered. "The iron Puritan may not forgive because he has no nobility. You are above all such. You are yet king—"

"No!" It was a rather puzzled cry. Charles went to the window, and the breath of wind stirred his hair. "Stop, in the name of heaven! You pain—as all their judges did not; nay, not even when the wand was broken and the Stuart blood disgraced! Think you I fear death? Indulge me, Sydney: it is but a narrow chasm over which we fear to step because we may not turn back from its farther shore. Nay, but dishonor . . . and I did only those things entrusted to me as my right! Why should not a king act so? Had I to live again. . . . Yet I am troubled, Sydney; here, in this very room. There are ghosts, Sydney; I see Wentworth's face—Wentworth, whom I had not the courage to save. There is blood upon him, and he cries, 'Put not your trust in princes!' Ah, I tell you I fear no ax . . ."

"Stop!" Sydney cried, and the gradual hysteria of it made him afraid. "Stop, sire! It be ghosts and not men that drive us mad! These gloomy imaginings will stifle you!"

"And what matters it?" asked the tired voice, dreary as the drip of water. "I die soon, and they write my memorial with scorn."

"Nay, sire; think not so! Even yet from the north may come the avenging blast—"

"I am already upon the scaffold. The help from France failed . . . would God I had not writ those letters of Naseby! . . . ah, but Sydney, I fear no kingly end. The knife in the dark; think you they will send assassins here at night? I cannot face it; while I am sleeping! While I am sleeping, Sydney, think you they will crawl in . . . I fear them all! Cromwell least, for he is a soldier; Bradshaw most, for he is not a soldier."

"You need not, Charles Stuart."

The voice was harsh, but it was arresting. Charles turned like a tired, groping child, sensing for the first time the presence of a third person in the room. The heavy door was open now, and a lantern burned yellow on the threshold before a dusky corridor full of armed men. Against the shiny movement of steel was a figure, booted and cloaked. Charles did not move. But there was a new dignity in him now.

"I know not why you have come, John Bradshaw," he said. "Secrets, would you have? Or is it to scoff? My poor hospitality—"

"Leave us," Bradshaw ordered to the men behind him, "but be within call."

He stood slapping his gloves against his side while the door closed. Then he advanced to the table and spread out his hands upon it. His bearded face was stiff as a mask.

"Mark me well, Charles Stuart, for time leaps on apace. I have been your enemy. I have fought you in parliament and on the field. I was the judge who condemned you. Yet you profess that your desire is to save England. Do I speak truly?"

"Why bait you the trap?" Charles questioned impatiently. "I am content to die; what other pitfalls would you dig? To crawl on my knees—"

"You dally. What would you? Save England?"

"Aye! From the fire and the sword—"

"Recall you, Charles Stuart, that no longer are you head of your knavish, lying court. I came here to deal with a sensible man; I find, instead, a hysterical one . . . Well, so be it! Consider how you have blasted England with your treachery, and how you have been thwarted only by Cromwell and God! Act in your poor pitiful play if you like. All England would laugh at you if it were not so bitter!"

Charles stared before him. He did not move.

"A clown," went on Bradshaw; "a stupid clown, who cheats at cards." He smiled, and swished with his gloves, but it was the tight fierce smile of the judge. "You have brought dishonor forever upon your ancestors and your descendants. What else can you do but die, and burn in hell? You will burn in hell, along with the heathen. God is great."

"Are you here to torture me?" cried the other. "Am I not helpless—"

"If there be anything in you besides treachery," interposed Bradshaw, "then I charge you, tell me—what do you know of Michael Tairlaine?"

For a moment Charles' hands fluttered before his face.

"What know you," continued Bradshaw inexorably, "of Michael Tairlaine? Where makes he his home? Who are his friends? What influence does he exert, and to what end?"

"You ask me these things!" Charles had lowered his hands now. He stood superb and defiant with his white fingers stroking his neckcloth, and his voice scornful with the proud scorn of despair. "You, the

conqueror, dare come and ask information from him you have condemned? Ask your men at arms before you crawl to me! Ask your model spies.—Aye, and ask all England for the identity of Michael Tairlaine! Ask the stars that hear his song at midnight! Ask the winds that are wine to his harp-strings! Ask the moon that nods at his back when he rides—but, Bradshaw, *ask not me!*"

"He is a traitor," snapped Bradshaw, and jingled his sword-belt with his long, dagger-shaped hands. "He was at the Inn of the Seven Swords on the edge of London; a dangerous foe, Charles Stuart, for he appeals to the emotions rather than to the judgment. He was shielding a runaway baggage from Gardline when Hacker himself arrived. There were three, with your own Sir Gareth Ardell, whom we were watching. God in heaven!" He picked up the pen and hurled it down again. "Sir Gareth saw the hopelessness of it, and he submitted. But what does your Irish cutthroat do? He knocks over the candles and drives a chair through the window. I lunged, be sure, but the wind roared in, and I heard him shout, 'God for King Charles!' and he was gone. . . ."

"And then? What became of your three refugees?"

Bradshaw caught himself up. He looked narrowly at Charles and laughed.

"Why, it occurs to me that you have been told enough. I am not here to play the buffoon—" He flung his cloak over his shoulders.

"Perhaps," said Charles, bowing as the door closed on Bradshaw's retreating figure, "you had not originally that intent, my friend. . . ."

In the dim hallway outside, with a forest of murmuring tapestries moving in the wind, a man in light armor was pacing up and down.

"Well, Colonel Pride?" demanded Bradshaw.

"Successful," said the rumbling voice. The determined jaw of this man who had cleared parliament of its royalist sympathizers was in evidence now. In the wan light he was almost the counterpart of Sir Gareth Ardell. "Two of them escaped, as you know. But we have the woman."

"Good!" Bradshaw paused a moment. Then he decided. "Nay, we cannot afford to take risks with any other guards. She," he mused, "knows the whole affair, if she will tell. You may put this Lady Joan Gardline in the next room. We shall have the others before morning!"

IV

It was late afternoon of the twenty-eighth day of January, 1649, the same day as that upon which the events of the previous paragraphs fell. Dirty, squalid London, with its crooked streets and stifling air—the London of the days before fire had purged it of its deformities—was bawling its wares outside. The Puritan patrols with their lean faces and tight helmets would go thundering under archways. There were beggars freezing in the slush and skeleton hands outstretched . . .

Michael Tairlaine watched it all from the second story of the Three Crowns, jutting out over the tangle of passersby below. Moodily the poet sipped his wine. Ardell, on the hearth-rug, was watching him with anguished eyes.

"Can I ever ask your forgiveness, Michael?" he said wretchedly. "I have played the coward, the coward when my life hath been as free from fear as the Black Prince's! Could I but atone—"

"Nay, Gareth," Tairlaine protested wearily, "you have naught to be ashamed of. 'Twas my own foolish move—though I did but imagine you would spirit her away in the dark while they pursued me."

"As I had done were my wits not those of a child! I must have been mad that night, Michael; I played not only the coward, but the fool. When I saw the great number of them with their pikes, I could think only of escape. Yet—" He stopped in his pacing. "Yet there is time. You have planned for that much, my friend. I will show you that my blood is not all water. I will test my courage before your very eyes. . . . What is your plan for saving Charles?"

Tairlaine showed no surprise at the question; only a little flicker of relief went over his lips.

"My thanks, Gareth," he asserted. "I knew you must see the situation. I knew you must push onwards in spite of the devil and his Ironsides. Always look for the devil, Gareth; you can tell him by his hymn-book . . . Ah, but it is difficult to move now, for we are marked men. The city is on the watch; we dare not stir from here by day, and trusted I not mine host—"

"But the plan?"

"In the Thames lies a sloop of my own procuring. Once Charles has escaped to France, the French king will lend every assistance. I will rouse the north counties—"

"But how to rescue Charles?" interposed Gareth impatiently. "Always you have been silent; you insist that I am the one man to help you. But why? Other blades are perhaps as stout as mine. How am I to pluck him out of a hundred guards?"

Tairlaine drained his wine and stood up. The shadows were already creeping in the room, but a red slit of sky like an eye peered over the roofs. It threw a wild glow on Sir Gareth's face. He looked like a figure in a mediaeval manuscript.

"Do not weaken, my friend," the poet replied, "when I tell you. If I should ever be inclined to weaken, you must say, 'The Inn of the Seven Swords' to me. There,

I think, our life-stories were acted. . . . But after all, is it not better to have weakness in one's heart, and a little kindliness, than only savage worship? That is why we must rescue him. . . . And you shall rescue him," continued Tairlaine, "because you look exactly like Colonel Pride. Listen, Gareth; listen . . ."

V

Booted and spurred, with his cloak drawn about him and his hat beaten around his eyes by the drizzle, Tairlaine paced the yard. The fog swirled like choking gray smoke, touching him clammily. Rain danced on the stones. The lantern that hung in the archway looked through with a pale, tired face. Faintly the watcher could hear the rustle of horses.

"Twelve, and far after," he muttered. "Had aught gone wrong, I should have heard of it—"

"Michael!" A voice thrilled across the inn yard, husky and quivering. Dark blots moved on the gray like ghosts.

"Michael!" the voice called again; low, but with a note that was portentous.

"Hither!" Tairlaine responded; "hither! . . . the horses . . ."

Gareth's bulk loomed up before him. Another figure with draggling hat and tight-wrapped cloak appeared through the fog. A cry came from Tairlaine's heart, a great powerful cry that dimmed his eyes; it surged inside him like the sweep of a dazzling wave. His lips moved in a smile that only the fog saw—in the next moment he had slid to his knees on the stones before the newcomer.

"Your majesty," he said with a kind of fierce intensity, "this night hath England been delivered from the Puritan. This night Sir Gareth Ardell hath accomplished a deed—"

"Peace, Michael!" Gareth's hoarse voice cut him short. "No time for demonstration! They must have discovered it by now. And the watch also must be close."

Michael felt a hand brush his head; in the next moment he was on his feet, and his deft fingers were at the horses' reins.

"There—hear you?" snapped Gareth. His hand darted out; in the dripping silence they discerned the thump of staves and the shuffle of feet that denoted the watch. A sword jingled. Along the wall the flicker of a lantern shot like an accusing finger.

"We must not be questioned!" said Tairlaine. "To horse, and ride; Gareth in the lead. I will be behind, in case they fire. My harp on the saddle will hamper me, but no matter. Now!"

A moment more until the clatter of hoofs tore the stillness to bits. There was a champing and snorting, and through the archway swept the black mass in a stream of cloaks. Under overhanging roofs the sharp staccato beat rang like strokes on an anvil. Gareth, a little in advance, guided them almost by instinct through the gray emptiness and the roaring tunnel of the rain. Across their path darted the sudden wild gleam of a lantern and was swallowed up. The fog whipped past . . .

"Behind us!" shouted Gareth against the wind. " 'Tis—pursuit!—"

Through the creak and groan of the old houses that bent their necks over them they could hear the pounding of hoofs somewhere behind. The streets reeled like a nightmare. *Clop-clop* rang the iron . . . *Clop-clop* . . .

A weird elfin glow danced behind. There was a flash of armor and a shout from another of the watch patrols. Men were tumbling out of houses. All over the city a great mad cry went winging, seeming to tell of a sad-

eyed king and a dim ideal that rode in whirlwind through the tortuous streets of London.

Ahead the bobbing flare of torches spattered a trail of blood on the night and made the shine of armor ugly and deadly. Lights were fluttering up. Bearded faces whisked around them; Tairlaine could see a whirl of cloaks . . . and he could see the dull gleam of Sir Gareth's lifted blade . . .

Horses reared and plunged. A pistol roared deafeningly, and then another. The three fugitives bent lower. Ahead they could see only a black whispering gulf, but they knew that they were nearing the river.

"The skiff is ahead," Tairlaine gasped. "Moored by—"

He turned in his saddle as the wild crimson eyes of the torches leered around the corner, far behind. Against it horsemen were silhouetted black and gigantic. A ragged streak crashed from their ranks—and Michael Tairlaine gave a little shuddering moan, clutched at the great case that hung from his saddle-bow, and was whirled into darkness . . .

By the wharf-side Sir Gareth was already sweeping his companion into the boat. Awkwardly it lurched from the bank.

"Gone!" said Sir Gareth, and laughed oddly. "Gone!" He turned to the figure in the stern. "And did he imagine that I would save Charles when *you* were in the next room, Joan? He provided the boat for us to get safely away. 'Never weaken, Gareth'—damnable fool! Yet," he said irritably, "I wish he were here to direct us to the sloop . . ."

"You are a brave man, Gareth," she murmured, "to risk so much."

And twisted in the street with his face white against the black stones, the smile was fading from Tairlaine's

face—the smile of a great ideal realized, and a king escaping in safe hands. He did not feel the throb in his temples, nor the wet blindness in his eyes. He thought that he was crying. Slowly he stretched out his hand to where the great harp lay shattered beside him. Through the covering he touched the twisted strings. They murmured, and died out. The harp of Tairlaine was still.

John Dickson Carr.

Hunting Song

To saddle, to saddle, to spur and away
In the gray of the glancing dawn,
When the hounds are out with a treble shout
And the whip and spur of the merry rout
To the vales and the dales have gone!

Now on to the clop of the flying hoofs
And the leap of th redcoat throng,
And the dogs' long bay on the sunbright way
To drink wind-wine from the cup of day
And over the hills with a song!

Then under the scrub and over the wall
At the call of the speeding horn,
With the sun aflash on the whistling lash
To bite the steeds to the fox's dash
Up, up to the gate of morn!

To saddle, to saddle, to spur and away
In the gray of the glancing dawn,
When the hounds are out with a treble shout
And the whip and spur of the merry rout
To the vales and the dales have gone!

M. R. P.

A Note

Due to exigencies of space, we are forced to omit the book review department in this issue. In May we shall publish a complete summary of all books up to date.

The Editors.

The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVI HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1927 NO. 8

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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Prayer of Six Months

To feel the green of April grass
When noisy March is dead,
To see the May come creeping in
On raindrop-cushioned tread,
To know the sunset's glory
After drowsy dusk in June,
To be drunk with blue-skied August
Nor forget July's pale moon.

J. R.

The Ends of Justice

I

IT HAS often been remarked that in M. Henri Bencolin's most baffling case he did not interfere until it was too late. The convicted murderer of Roger Darworth was sentenced to be executed at Blackfriars on May fourth. On May third, on one of those drowsy evenings when the English countryside is in full bloom, Bencolin was taking tea with his old friend, Sir John Landervorne. They sat among the purple lilacs, shaded by a rustic arbor, and a bright singing stream ran past them. Up over the terrace were the gray gables of Sir John's house, stark against the last fire of the sun; a sleepy twilight hovered over them.

The gaunt baronet stood by the tea-table, lighting his pipe. Bencolin sat watching the rippling water. He wore careless gray tweeds, and needed a shave, for his black beard was scraggly and his hair rather wild. Beyond him, dark against the lilacs, sat Bishop Wolfe, with his narrow face and slow-blinking eyes, blond hair parted carefully in the middle. It was a devout face, an earnest face, but the eyes were a bit palely blue, and rimmed with red. His clerical garb was neat, and his nails polished.

"It was opportune," Sir John was remarking, "that you should come here at this time, Bencolin. I wanted you to meet Bishop Wolfe. You said that you had been away some time, I think?"

Bencolin lifted eyes that were very tired.

"Six months," he said, and smiled. "In the south of France."

"You succeeded?"

"I got my man," the Frenchman said. "Come, come, this is in the nature of a vacation, my friend. You don't want me to talk shop, surely?"

"Well, I know you. You would be interested, wouldn't you, in hearing of a churchman turned detective?"

"From what I have heard," Bishop Wolfe put in, raising his colorless eyebrows, "I personally should be much more interested in a detective turned churchman."

"Are you referring to my religious ideas?" asked Bencolin. "Well, well, one sinner more or less doesn't matter, does he?" He smiled at the stream. "Am I to gather that Bishop Wolfe did detective work?"

While the Bishop made a protesting motion, Sir John went on enthusiastically: "Well, rather! He solved the most perplexing case *I* ever racked my wits over!—Did you ever hear of Roger Darworth?"

"The spiritualist?"

"Call him that if you like," shrugged the baronet. "He always impressed me as a stagy fake, you know. And I suppose you know Tom Fellowes?"

Bencolin slapped the table.

"Know him? I'm proud to know him! I always admire these crazy young hellions; they do all the things I should like to do—" Bencolin scratched his head, and looked apologetically at the Bishop.

"Your instance is bad for your case, M. Bencolin," said Bishop Wolfe with sudden harshness. "Would you like to commit murder? Fellowes did."

Startled, Bencolin leaned back and stared at him with his wrinkly black eyes.

"My friend," he replied quietly, "I do not doubt your word, of course, but when you tell me that Tom Fellowes committed murder I find it hard to believe. No, no, I tell you! Ah, monsieur, I who know the wickedness of the many know also the goodness of the few. Were it not for Tom Fellowes' money, thousands of children in London would die every year. It is he

who feeds them. Were it not for Tom Fellowes' money, hundreds of maimed soldiers in France would die. It is Tom Fellowes who supports them. Does not your Church take cognizance of that?"

"I am not sentimental like you, M. Bencolin," said the bishop, stroking his colorless hair. "I judge a man by his fruits. Fellowes killed Roger Darworth; I am surprised that you have not heard of the case."

"It *is* strange, old top," put in Sir John. "It was a sensation. Fellowes is to be executed tomorrow. I'm sorry about it, naturally, for he seemed to me a splendid fellow. But the evidence was conclusive."

"Then," said Bencolin, "will you be so good as to tell me about it? Fellowes to be executed. . .It's unbelievable!" He passed his hand over his forehead. "I count myself a good judge of men, but if Fellowes is a murderer I shall acknowledge myself an utter idiot."

"The English law-courts—" said the Bishop.

Bencolin made an impatient gesture.

"Damn the English law-courts!. . .I'm sorry," he apologized, catching himself up and looking at Sir John with a wry smile, "but I don't understand just yet. Will you tell me about it."

"I will give you the facts," responded the churchman with precision. "You shall then make whatever judgment you like on your ability to size up men, M. Bencolin. Sit down, please, Sir John...No, thanks; I don't smoke."

He waited until Bencolin had lighted a cigar and whirled a wreath of smoke around his head. Then, in the fading twilight, Bishop Wolfe, with his hands folded in his lap, began his story.

II

I had known Roger Darworth a long time. He was a devout man, for all he meddled with spiritism, and his belief in communication with the dead was sincere. He sought to establish it with the zeal of a scientist. I have seen him give demonstrations in which the most extraordinary things occurred; Darworth bound and roped in a chair at one end of a darkened room while bells were rung, tables moved, spirit hands materialized. Of course, my religion did not permit me to sympathize with him; but I respect any man's beliefs, except atheism.

The personality of the man was vibrant. His eyes had an uncanny penetrating look, and would change from blue almost to black; he had a great skull, with plumes of reddish hair, and a loose-jointed, powerful figure. He used to walk the streets of Bayswater at night, under the moon, head sunk forward and hands clasped behind his coattails, mumbling to himself. Well, of course, he had a violent temper, and used to play practical jokes on children (loved to scare them a little), but it was just his own particular humor. He gave a great deal to the church. Then, too, for some reason he always had a doctor about his house—a Doctor Joseph McShane, of whom you'll hear later.

I suppose you know of his relationship to Tom Fellowes. He was a cousin, and had inherited a great deal of money from his grandfather. Half of this money (it amounted to about a million pounds) was to go to Tom Fellowes on Darworth's death. Now it has been proved that, for all Fellowes' charity work, he was almost out of money; he had been begging loans from Darworth. It was just a part of Roger's whimsical humor that he would half promise a loan, and then laugh at Fellowes when Fellowes came for the cheque; the young scapegrace needed a lesson. Then

there was the girl. You very rarely hear of an actual case in which two cousins, utterly unlike, are after the same lady, but it happened in this instance. For Roger's sake I am glad that this Cynthia Melford preferred Fellowes; she is an utterly frivolous chit, one of the type called "saucy" (ugly appellation!) with bobbed hair and what is known as "make up." I am sorry that Roger took it hard when she became engaged to Fellowes. She was unworthy of him, of his colossal mind. She actually grew hysterical once when Roger, purely as a joke, sent her a dried arm from a dissecting room in a flower-box.

Roger, as you probably know, lived in a big house in Bayswater, furnished in accordance with his sombre, studious type of mind. It was a model of neatness; Roger neither smoked nor was untidy, and to his orderly trend of life the slightest thing out of place was a horror. I often wish, in these careless, untidy days, there were more like him. He often had a group in to a seance, however, which he held in his vast library, shadowed with gloomy hangings and books, and with a red lamp burning on the center table. Some of the most renowned scientists in the world have sat there, shivering (for the house was healthfully cold) and marvelled at the effects he produced. I can see him yet, sitting behind the glow of the red lamp, with his long white face and weird, changing dark eyes under the straggle of reddish hair. Then the solemn circle—the dark—the sudden clash of a tambourine, or ghastly spectral hands moving in the air, while, mind you, Roger sat bound and handcuffed in his chair.

One night last January (it was blustery, and driving with snow) Roger invited me around to his house. I remember the dully lighted hall when I was admitted, and the Chinaman, Mock Yen, who was Roger's housekeeper and whom he always kept in oriental costume.

Mock Yen was an absurdity—a Chinaman with a glass eye, which lolled grotesquely and made his yellow, slant-eyed face a thing at which Roger laughed constantly. Well, the door to Roger's library was closed, but as I approached I heard voices. I heard Doctor McShane's voice say,

"You realize, then, your own grave danger?"

And Roger answered,

"Oh, Fellowes has made his threats to kill me, right enough. I don't doubt I shall be dead within a week. But he'll hang for it!"

Then I knocked on the door, and they both seemed embarrassed. They stood by an old-fashioned grate with a gas fire, which sputtered blue flame over the hangings and the rows of books. McShane, a little fat man with eye-glasses and a bald head, stammered:

"Come in, come in, sir. I didn't expect you so early."

"Look here, Bishop," Roger burst out, kneading his big white hands over the fire and peering at me from around his shoulder, "I don't see any reason why you shouldn't know. That damned cad Fellowes has been after me again. I can't express to you," he cried suddenly, and I was actually frightened at the expression on his face, "the way I hate that bounder! He means to kill me. Why shouldn't he? He's got money coming to him. Five hundred thousand quid if I die. Why, it's enough to tempt your cloth, Bishop—but you needn't worry. I've put ten thousand pounds church money in my will."

I must confess that there are times when Roger's jokes were a bit hard to bear, though he meant nothing by them. He laughed and said,

"Listen, I'll tell you how it is. He wants to get married. If he'd kept his fortune and not thrown it about trying to help snivelling soldiers he'd be a rich

man today. He, who keeps up a fine brave pretense of money, with his Vauxhall roadster (and not a sixpence for petrol!) and his grand fur coat!... Well, he's coming here tonight. He was desperate. Said he'd got to have money, and I told him there might be a chance if he came around. But I'm afraid of him."

"Whiskey and soda?" said the doctor, reaching for the siphon.

"No... Now listen. I am going up to my study to finish up some work. You two remain down here. When you hear him come up on the porch, go upstairs quickly, and don't let him see you, above all!—I'm supposed to be alone in the house. You know where my study is: At the back, on this floor, at the end of a long hall. Well, the hall is brightly lit. At the other end, directly opposite my study, is another room. I've laid a fire there, and it's comfortable. You two go in there, and watch my study door after he has gone in. Guard me! If you hear the slightest sign of violence, come in. I tell you I'm afraid of him!"

"But hadn't you better see the police, if it's as serious as all that?" I asked. The man was actually in a chattering state of fear.

"And have them messing it up and creating a scandal?" he demanded. "No, no, I've done the next best thing. I've invited Sir John Landervorne here; he's enough in touch with the police to be effective, and enough out of touch to keep his mouth shut. He'll be here any minute. See that he follows the instructions; make him go upstairs and watch the door with you. Do you understand?"

"I don't like this, Mr. Darworth," said McShane, shaking his head. "See here, it's outlandish! This is a civilized world—you aren't a mile from Trafal—"

"Do as I tell you!" Roger ordered. "You understand, don't you; wait for Sir John, don't let Fellowes

see you, and above all get to me in case anything should happen. I promised to see him alone."

His big loose figure went surging to the door in its black clothes that hung all baggily around him; the great mop of hair was flung back, streaming out as he went through the curtains. It was the last time I ever saw him alive.

III

Bishop Wolfe paused, and looked round at his companions, smoothing his hair. It had grown darker; the arbor hung in vague perfumed shadow, but with a sort of moving light about the water. In the silence Sir John stood up, a black silhouette against the pale sky. The action was unconscious; it seemed like an emotional upheaval.

"I am weary," said the bishop, and cleared his throat. "If M. Bencolin is interested, perhaps you will continue the story, Sir John. You have a minute attention to detail."

The silhouette nodded without speaking. Sir John had leaned against a post covered with trailing vines, supporting his chin in his hand, and was staring straight before him, still outlined on the pale sky.

"Yes, I am very much interested," Bencolin observed, talking in a voice that was low and extraordinarily tense. "I am very much interested in that conversation you overheard outside the library door, Monsieur l'eveque. Go on, go on!"

Apruptly Sir John began to speak.

IV

I remember distinctly the time I arrived at the house, because the snow was beginning to thin out, and I could see my wrist-watch. It was ten minutes after nine. The glass-eyed butler admitted me. When I went to

the library, Darworth had just gone out, and Bishop Wolfe and the doctor were talking beside the fire. I was almost chilled by that house; not physically, but with a form of brooding repulsion that made me almost afraid to touch the hangings, as though I might get leprosy. . .

And the doctor impressed me unpleasantly, not like the genial bald-headed man Bishop Wolfe has described. He seemed always on the alert—sly, if you can understand, with pale blue eyes behind his glasses and one strand of hair sticking over his big forehead. He kept going over and looking out the windows, and for some reason asking, "Is it still snowing?"

I learned of the grotesque situation, after which the doctor turned to me.

"It's nearly nine-thirty," he said. "That's the time young Fellowes is due to arrive. You'd better go to the room opposite the study. I'll stay here. Now, don't argue! I can see what sort of mood he's in."

We left him waving his arms by the fire. I confess the thing was so absurd that it seemed we had all gone out of our wits. Somehow we *expected* a tragedy. You would have thought that we might just have stayed with Darworth, but we didn't. Just as the Bishop and I got out into the hall we heard footsteps on the porch. Like a couple of children, we hurried back, blundering through a dark hall, around a turn or so, falling over furniture, until we emerged in the hall Darworth had mentioned. It ran along the back of the house, fairly well lighted—just a narrow corridor with a door at each end. One door was closed. The other, opening into the room where we were to remain, was ajar. We went inside: a gloomy place, with heavy Victorian furniture and ghastly flowered wall-paper. A gas jet was burning over the fireplace. We stood

behind the door, looking out through the crack and down at that blank door opposite: we could see it plainly, because another gas jet beside it threw a dull yellow light directly on the panels. The door was ugly, sinister: its brown boards and white knob stood out with terrible distinctness. . .Then, outside, we heard the front door slam, and voices in the hall. One voice was high and agitated; the other, which apparently belonged to Mock Yen, was low and baffling. I felt foolish, like a child looking through a board fence, but Bishop Wolfe was gripping my arm.

Suddenly the light was blocked. A man had come into the hall, swung with his back to us, and he was going down toward the brown door. He was tall; he wore a bowler hat and a great fur coat, and a trail of shadow slanted out after him. Gad, I can see him yet, striding down that faded carpet under the yellow light, pausing at the door, where the gas jet made a shining bowl of his hat and slid down over the sleek fur coat. As he lifted his hand to knock on the door, I could see a diamond gleaming on one finger. It was Fellowes, all right; the fur coat he always wore, and the diamond ring. A voice from behind the door said, "Come in."

As he went in, and the door closed after him, I heard Bishop Wolfe gasp. It was horrible: as though one saw a dead man, whose face was invisible, come in out of the snow like an avenger. Then silence.

We waited. God knows how long we waited, in a strained posture, with our eyes on the door that fixed one's gaze like a bright lamp. There was utter silence in the hall, except for the singing of the gas jet and the occasional sound of voices from Darworth's study. Then it came out, with the sound of ripping cloth, like a ghost-voice—it cried,

"Don't! Don't!"— Darworth's voice!

Down the hall we went pell-mell. Nobody had come out. I turned the knob and threw the door open, at the same instant that I heard running footsteps behind me, and the doctor's voice crying from the hall,

"What is it?"

That cold study was before us, like a stage tableau. The dirty paper, the rows of books, a spirit cabinet, a mass of musical instruments all lying in a heap. The one window was wide open, and a wind whirled through it, tossing the curtains. An oil lamp with a green shade burned on the table. In a chair in the middle of the room sat Darworth, his head back, so that we saw only the long neck and a part of his face. His hands and legs were handcuffed to the chair, in which he was still writhing spasmodically, and in his chest was stuck a long knife.

While we stood there motionless we could hear the jingle of the handcuffs as he twisted his hands. But I swear nobody was in the room; there wasn't any place to hide. While Doctor McShane ran toward him the Bishop turned to me.

"He's gone out by the window!" Wolfe said, "Hurry —look!"

I ran over to the window. When I put my head out it was bright moonlight; the storm had cleared some time since, and the snow lay unbroken all over the tiny yard, which was fenced with a high wall. That was it! The snow had absolutely no footprint, or any sort of mark. I looked up, I looked along the wall. It was a perfectly smooth expanse of close-set brick for twenty yards around, at the sides and up: there were no windows—a fly could not have clung on that wall. Yet nobody had walked over the snow! I stood there gaping in the moonlight at the impossible nature of it. We had watched the only door, and it was impossible to leave

the room by the only window. Neither had been locked, yet the murderer could not have left the room. He could not have left, but he was not there.

When I came back into the room Darworth had stopped writhing. He had been trying to speak, but that ceased also. He sat back, with his red hair hanging down toward the floor, the manacles shining on his wrists and legs, and his mouth wide open. That was all.

"Where is Fellowes?" I heard Bishop Wolfe say, "he *couldn't* have left here so quickly."

"Dead," the doctor was muttering and chuckling, "dead! Got him just in the heart. . .Put that window down, will you, Sir John Landervorne? It's cold in here."

The bishop, who looked white and shaken, leaned against the table.

"Better get the police—" he faltered.

"Well, well," the doctor was saying to himself in a surprised tone, "It's not ten o'clock—it's not ten o'clock."

V

None of the three had noticed that the arbor was quite dark. Bencolin tossed his cigar in a glowing arc into the stream. They could feel him leaning forward, speaking tensely; they could almost feel that he was seizing the sides of his chair.

"Go on, go on!" he ordered. "They piled up the evidence, I suppose? Tell me about it."

"The steps," went on Sir John, "were easy. Mock Yen testified to having seen Fellowes come in the front door just before we saw him in the hall. He said that Fellowes seemed agitated. Well, we searched the room. There was no secret way for him to have left. Doctor McShane did not see him when he came in the front door, but he heard his voice; unmistakably that of

Fellowes. The crude details of the affair were as bad as those of an American thriller: Fellowes had stabbed Darworth with a carving knife. The knife was identified by Fellowes' manservant at the trial as coming from a dinner-set in Fellowes' apartment. He had evidently handcuffed Darworth and stabbed him with premeditated care. But the devil of it lay in how Fellowes had left the room!"

"Did he confess?"

"No! Again a strange thing. He was arrested the next day, and swore that he had been nowhere near Darworth's house all evening. The night of the murder, he said, he had been in his rooms in Half-Moon Street until eight-thirty. At that time, according to his testimony, he received a 'phone call from Miss Cynthia Melford, the lady to whom he is engaged, asking him to come to her apartment, which is some distance away—that he would find the door open, and to go in and make himself at home until she returned. She would not be absent long, the alleged message ran, and she had something important to tell him. Fellowes says he went there, though he admits that neither hallboy nor doorman saw him go in. He says he stayed there until eleven-fifteen, when Miss Melford returned.

"Well, she was questioned before she knew what was wrong, and told the investigator she had sent no message, being surprised to see Fellowes when she returned from the theater. Then, when she heard of the crime, she recalled her statement and said that she certainly had sent the message . . . but the puzzling thing was why, in the face of so much evidence, Fellowes insisted that his story was true."

"What about his appointment with Darworth?"

"Fellowes said he had none. You can see that the evidence against him was overwhelming."

"Well," temporized Bencolin, "how did he get out of the room?"

"If he stuck to his story of innocence," said Bishop Wolfe coldly, "he could hardly be expected to explain *that.*"

Sir John hurried on: "But the most conclusive proof against him was unearthed by Bishop Wolfe. It was Bishop Wolfe who produced a witness who had seen Fellowes leaving Darworth's house."

"*What?*" cried Bencolin.

"Quite so. You remember my telling you of the little walled yard that encloses the window of Darworth's study? There is a gate in that. A Mr. John Simpson, who is a banker's clerk, was passing by outside—on the street that runs past the wall. Through the merest chance Bishop Wolfe unearthed him. As Mr. Simpson was crossing the street the night of the murder, he saw a man come out of that gate. There is an arc-lamp near, and by its light he could see a man in a fur coat and bowler hat slip out and go running down beside the wall. So somehow Fellowes *did* get out the window.

Bencolin gave a sudden exclamation, like a shout of triumph. They heard him strike the table and cry,

"Of course! Of course! I might have known it!—What time was this?"

"Mr. Simpson didn't remember. One doesn't, ordinarily, but it was around the time of the murder."

"At least," said the Bishop complacently, "it proved him guilty, however he left the room."

"You fools! You fools!" Bencolin snarled, with more excitement than Sir John had ever seen him show, "don't you see? Don't you see that it proves him innocent?"

There was a queer crushing silence, after which Sir John began to grope around blindly and mutter:

"Strike a light! I've got to *see* you, Bencolin! What are you talking about?"

"Listen: one question about this thing," the detective said rapidly, "do you remember anything about Darworth's will? He made one, didn't he?"

"It was an odd kind of will," said the baronet; Darworth's would be. He left his house and a life annuity to Doctor McShane; a thousand pounds to the Chinaman; and some other charities—the church, too, I believe. . .For God's sake, you don't really doubt that Fellowes killed him, do you?"

Darkness lent a tinge of unreality to the conversation. It was like a ghost-conclave, except that the little Frenchman's voice was much too vibrant. He snapped,

"You have your car here, haven't you, Sir John?"

"The Daimler—"

"How long would it take you to drive to London?"

"Starting when?"

"Now!"

"By fast driving, I could do it in six or seven hours."

"Then get the car out! Get it out, I tell you! We're going to London tonight. You have influence; telegraph Blackfriars to stay that execution as long as they can—get in touch with the board of aldermen. Use my name! Quick, for the love of God! If I can see McShane before tomorrow morning, we may save Fellowes!"

"You're insane!" the Bishop said. "I refuse to be party—"

They stood up, opposite each other, clergyman and detective, each vaguely visible, but the hatred that sprang between them lit each face like fire.

"Bishop Wolfe," Bencolin said quietly, "Pilate was more merciful than *you*."

Then he went out into the blue-shadowed lawn, striding up the terrace with Sir John after him.

VI

For three hours Doctor McShane had been sitting in the library listening to the clock strike. It was Roger Darworth's library, and he was master of it. In the great gloomy place, with lines of books and horsehair furniture, he sat at a table, playing with a child's toy Humpty-Dumpty circus. The bright-colored dolls of clowns, the wooden animals, the bandmen, the ladders and barrels were all arranged before him under the light of a gas lamp. He had bought them this afternoon, on an impulse, and he was childishly chuckling now. The lamplight shone on his glistening face, with the eyeglasses stuck on a round nose, the startled eyes, the wisp of hair straggling down over his bald head. Doctor McShane did not understand why he should grow afraid every night. He never wanted to go upstairs, nor did he want to go into the back of the house, for he might have to pass the brown door of Roger Darworth's study. There, the clock was striking again. Four. The windows were wide open, so that occasional noises from the street were startlingly distinct in the night stillness: the clop-clop of hoofs swinging past, the rattle of a cart, the brawling voice of a huckster. Once the doctor thought he heard a motor-car stop.

If McShane was very nervous, it may have been due to the fact that he was steadily drinking himself to a stupor. Brandy at intervals had unstrung him; one of the toy clowns plopped off a ladder, and the clack as it landed on the table made the doctor jump. . .He kept imagining that people were moving around in the house, or fancied the click of the door-latch, though he knew that Mock Yen, the Chinaman, must be in bed. Vaguely McShane wondered whether his glass eye stayed open while he slept. It might be disconcerting to find him asleep sometime, with one stary eye look-

ing up at you while the Chink breathed deeply in slumber.

He had pots of money now. There was no need to practice. He could get drunk all he wanted, thought McShane, and reached for the decanter. Dark in here; almost the way it had been when Roger Darworth gave his seances. It would be terrible to look up from the table sometime, and find Roger Darworth staring at him over the red lamp, the way he used to do. . .

McShane looked up then, suddenly and unaccountably. He sat with a toy elephant in his hands, motionless, with his eyes getting wider. There was a man standing by the library door.

He was only duskily visible; he wore a fur coat, and a bowler hat, and had one hand on the portieres of the door. A diamond ring glittered on the middle finger.

McShane did not move, or cry out. He felt the rumblings of the brandy in his stomach, his sight swam a little, and he felt nauseated. The toy elephant fell with a thump on the table.

"Darworth!" said McShane. "Darworth."

The stranger came forward. As he moved more into the light, McShane saw that it was not Darworth's face. It was a lean, tired face, with steady black eyes, black moustache and beard, and a hooked nose.

"I am not Darworth," the newcomer said, "but you recognize the costume, Doctor McShane. The police will be here to take you soon."

Behind the portieres of the door were two other figures, peering in the gloom. Over the shoulder of the man in the fur coat they saw McShane totter up behind the grotesque pageant of the toy circus. They heard him say,

"I didn't kill Darworth—"

"I know you didn't," said the man in the fur coat.

Abruptly the doctor pointed.

"Why are you wearing those things?" he cried. "It's —summer!"

"Because I found them in Darworth's study, doctor." The watchers saw the man in the fur coat lean on the table, over toward McShane, who was backing away. "You know about it. I found them in the chest where he had hidden them. Listen!"

"I won't! I didn't kill anybody!"

"Listen! What was the disease with which Darworth was dying? What was the disease that would have killed him within a month if he hadn't been stabbed?"

"There wasn't any. . .Oh, my God, get away."

"Yes, there was, doctor. You warned him against it. You warned him the night Bishop Wolfe came here. You knew Darworth's spiritualism was a fake, only another of his ghastly jokes. You knew he was a ventriloquist and a handcuff king. You knew that he had summoned reliable witnesses here to see a fake murder. You knew that when he left this room the night he died, and told you to wait, that he went to his room and put on these imitations of Fellowes' clothing; that he went out his own window, and came around to the front door to impersonate Fellowes. You knew he went down the hall, where Bishop Wolfe and Sir John Landervorne were watching, used his ventriloquism to throw his own voice into an empty room and say, 'Come in.' You knew he entered the room, stabbed himself with a stolen knife, and, just as he was able to get out of handcuffs, so he was able to get into them after the knife was in his chest. You knew he bribed Mock Yen to swear Fellowes had really come in. You knew the whole thing was a plot to convict Fellowes of murder, since Darworth was dying of disease!" His voice went into a shout: "*You knew that didn't you?*"

The strain of the battle could not last much longer.

It was as though every nerve force of the two men were locked over the table with the circus, weakening with the faint gray light of morning. McShane's eyes closed; he choked, as though with sickness, and he sat down drowsily.

"All right, all right," he said.

Bencolin turned away from the table. He went trailing over to the window in his absurd fur coat, and put his forehead against the cool glass.

"Sir John!" he called in a dull voice, "Bishop Wolfe! Get me some water, will you? I'm sicker than he is."

VII

Sir John Landervorne came running into the room. The old baronet looked haggard after a night of driving.

"Where's the telephone? McShane!" he demanded, "where's the telephone? If we can get the prison. . . Quick, where is it?"

"McShane looked up with a lopsided grin, and cackled:

"I won't tell you!"

"Are you insane? Look here, wake up! A man is to be executed this morning—don't you understand that?"

"I won't tell you!"

Bencolin was still standing motionless, with his head against the glass. Sir John looked around helplessly, at the drunken smile in the chair and the grinning clowns on the table.

"Here it is!" clamored Bishop Wolfe with eagerness, putting his head in at the door. "I found it in the hall. You can call them can't you?"

When Sir John had gone hurrying out, Bishop Wolfe went over to Bencolin. McShane was pouring out another drink. The cleric, lit by the gray dawn and

the dull gas-light, blinked his red-rimmed eyes, stroked his light hair, and said apologetically:

"I—I really don't see how you knew all this, sir."

Bencolin put up the window, breathing the warm wind that blew in. He turned his old tired mocking eyes.

"Why, you didn't recognize that the man who was seen leaving by the gate was not Fellowes at all, but Darworth in his costume," he said. "The witness said it was still snowing, didn't he? And at the time of the murder it wasn't snowing, so it was before the murder—it was the time when Darworth left his house, to return in the character of Fellowes. Please go away. . ."

"I know, I know you're tired," prompted the Bishop in a flurry, "but Darworth must have known there would be no snow storm to efface the footprints of a man leaving by the window after he killed himself."

"That," said Bencolin grimly, "was what he forgot. He thought, with the window open, it would seem that Fellowes had left that way, and that the snow would take away footprints. But it stopped snowing before the suicide."

"Why, we must have seen that he couldn't get out that way!—"

"*You* didn't, Bishop Wolfe," said the Frenchman, looking at him with steadiness. "Oh, my friend, isn't it so obvious? Isn't it so ridiculously plain a plot? All the mummery, when Darworth could easily have saved himself from Fellowes if he thought the latter meant to kill him? Planting an audience who were not allowed to see him? A murderer handcuffing Darworth without the latter's making a sound, when there were men within twenty yards. How could Fellowes have done it? Why would Fellowes have invented a story so impossible as to be absurd, unless it were true? Darworth was resolved that if he were

to die anyway, Fellowes should never live to enjoy the money that was coming to him. He could hardly enjoy the money, Bishop Wolfe, if he were hanging at a rope's end. God! It's so cheap and stagy. . ."

"But how did you know about his being a handcuff king?" persisted Wolfe.

Bencolin smiled faintly, and said with drowsiness:

"I'm a policeman, Monsieur. My business is handcuffs. And I have seen Darworth give one of his seances. . ."

The sun was coming up, over the blank rows of houses, filling the areaways. A milk wagon clattered past. One sleepy housemaid threw up a window with a bang. And the warm light had something in it that held the heart, as though all the world had stopped its breathing. . .McShane rattled his glass and mumbled a few words. Then Sir John Landervorne appeared in the doorway. His face was perfectly blank.

"We're too late," he said. "He was hanged ten minutes ago. They haven't cut him down yet."

"I don't see that I'm to blame!" returned Bishop Wolfe nervously. "I merely did my duty to justice in trying to run down—"

"Shut up!" Sir John ordered in a toneless voice. He went aimlessly over to the table, and began picking at the scattered toys, and tried to balance a wooden lion on a toy chair. Suddenly he drew a long breath, adding: "Well, he's dead."

A drowsy, deadening hush of summer, ruffled by light winds, was on the street and in the room. Bencolin took off the coat.

"I'm sorry I could not have got here sooner," he observed.

Then Sir John began speaking in jerky bursts:

"They said he—he died very well. He was not crying when he left Miss Melford. He walked out

to the scaffold without—you know, stumbling or fainting. They had his coffin there. He smoked a cigarette on the platform and Miss Melford was crying, but she was waving to him. He smiled. . ."

"Where the hell is the rest of that brandy?" mumbled Doctor McShane, thrashing around him.

"Apparently the 'phone call that sent him to her house that night came from Darworth," went on Sir John, "and his mimickry! The conversation you overheard, Bishop, was about Darworth's health. . .Miss Melford will be around here soon. They've told her. We—shall have to face that girl, Bishop."

The Bishop raised his earnest eyes, one arm up as though he were in the pulpit, the other hand on the lapel of his black coat.

"It is God's will," he said piously. "The ways of the Lord are dark, and His servants can only follow humbly. This thing, which seems so tragic, is but another manifestation of divine intervention for good. We must pray for Fellowes' soul."

Bencolin did not laugh. He did not feel like laughing. But he made a sound that was something like passionate fury, and his hand dropped from the window, and he turned.

"Oh, Bishop," he said, "when will you learn? When will you learn?"

—*Anonymous.*

FINAL NOTE

This is the last of the Bencolin stories. With the trilogy of "The Shadow of the Goat," "The Fourth Suspect," and "The Ends of Justice," with the minor adventure in "The New Canterbury Tales," he bids farewell for some time to come.—*The Author.*

Song of the Sunset

Oh ye children of the sunrise,
Of the flaming god of fire,
Would ye seek to know the answer,
Would ye have your heart's desire?

In your birth ye found a question,
In your death ye breathe a prayer;
And in hope would find an answer,
When the answer is not there.

Can the child of drunken fancy
Solve the riddle of a dream
Wherein he's but an actor,
And things are but what they seem?

When your hearts are filled with longing
Would ye then call that your faith?
But change the term, in aspect,
Till ye make the whole a wraith?

Blow the dust of shattered ages
From the mouldy vaults of time,
Break your truth's deceiving mirror,
Then, forget, and be sublime.

In the sunset find your answer,
In the Truth of dying light,
In the anthem of the Heavens,
In the silence of the night.

Bramwell Linn.

Nonsense Verse

NONSENSE verse is a form of indicative literature. It indicates a perfect claim to immortality for him who writes it well, and it indicates a scarcely less perfect claim to intelligence for him who appreciates it. I may go into the most tawdry looking of homes and eat the most indigestible of foods, but if I find a copy of the "Bab Ballads" lying on the library table, I shall go to that home again. The man who laughs as he reads nonsense verse is not of my circle; the man who chuckles when he reads it is. The man who misquotes nonsense verse is not for my heaven; the man whose conversation is interspersed with small savory snatches, correctly rendered, is. Nothing is really necessary for a perfect appreciation of the merry bards except a supreme conviction that nothing in this world really matters. A "*je m'en fiche*" complex developed to its highest degree is the sole requirement for admittance into the creed of the Carrolls, and the Gilberts, and the Lears, and the Burgesses, and the Herfords.

I have mentioned the five deities. Their work is the be-all and the end-all in the realm of the nonsensical. No gods were ever more worshipped by followers of any faith, and no gods ever deserved to be. They sit as a silent tribunal, winking out of the corners of their eyes at each other, and surveying with merry scorn every other person that ever lived, as well as every other thing that ever existed. Let the presumptuous aspirant for deification create a Jabberwock, a Walrus, or a Carpenter,—an Owl or a Pussy-Cat, and flights of angels will bear him to a well-merited Paradise.

W. S. Gilbert (who is, to the average mind, nothing more than the first name of the gentleman whose last name is Sullivan) sits upon a throne of Bab Ballads.

They form a volume of gay versification probably unequalled for consistency of beautiful damn-foolishness. And the scores of all the famous light operas—"The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," "The Mikado," etc. —would certainly have been doomed to a very limited popularity had it not been for the never-tiresome accompanying librettos. Many people have derived a quite unexpected pleasure from the products of the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership by reading these librettos at leisure and discovering how many priceless passages they had missed in the hurriedness of the stage singing. Gentle Alice Brown and Prince Agib are two of the more intimate friends of those who revel in this man's verses. It is really difficult to conceive of any one not being able to enjoy the first two lines of the good Prince's poem:

"Strike the concertina's melancholy string!
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like any thing!"

When the final judgment is passed upon the work of those rhymsters who used the English language as their vehicle; when the Court of Final Appeal has ranked each poem in an incontestable classification—when that time has come, I shall be a very unhappy ghost if Edward Lear's "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat" is not perilously close to the top of the first flight. Take your Milton, and your Dante, and your Keats, and your Byron, but leave me my Owl and my Pussy-Cat. The sordid band of the Unenlightened are very apt to ask, after reading some such lines as,

"They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows:
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose. . . ."

"but just exactly what does all this prove?" I shall

smile tolerantly (at least I hope I shall have enough self-control to do so) and say nothing. But I know what it proves—that the Owl, in company with the Pussy-Cat, sailed away for a year and a day and—but why should I repeat? Read it and see for yourself. I have even heard of cases of persons who, upon being informed of the meaning (or non-meaning) of "bong-trees" and "runcible spoons" have muttered strange things about people being crazy to enjoy such stuff. And then I have thought of the penalties for first-degree murder. . . And it should be remembered, also, that Lear wrote some of the finest, and craziest, and best-loved limericks ever penned.

Lewis Carroll, of course, might have created the Snark *or* the Jabberwock *or* the Walrus *or* the Carpenter, instead of all four,—and still been one of the mightiest of the mighty. But since he created them all, it is difficult to say just where he should be placed in the gallery of the gods. "The Hunting of the Snark" gives us one of the best of all the stanzas of purely-whimsical composition,

"You may seek it with thimbles—and seek it with care;
You may hunt it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life with a railway-share;
You may charm it with smiles and soap—"

And the opening lines of "Jabberwocky" are positively out of the competitive field when it comes to absolute and unadulterated nonsense,

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe."

A pretty hard diet for the what's-this-all-about men!

It really shouldn't be necessary to say anything more

about Gelett Burgess than this: "He wrote 'The Purple Cow'." The other things he wrote are unimportant and pale into a dim insignificance beside the loud and flaming purple of the Cow. Oliver Herford's book, "The Bashful Earthquake," which contains the story of the Earthquake himself, as well as the most diverting "Metaphysics", is probably the best collection of the rhymes of the illustrating versifier. Sage observations upon the Hen, the Cow (not purple, this time!), the Chimpanzee, and the Hippopotamus are slightly less good than that upon the Duck-billed Platypus—and these beasts compose a most excellent small menagerie.

Nonsense verse, though light of heart, should not be taken too lightly. Although it will usually not stand a careful dissecting, it probably bears as much philosophy per line as does any other category in all literature. Its message ("Don't ever let anything bother you") is delivered with an efficiency and a despatch which many more sober and self-conscious efforts would do well to copy.

John Roedelheim.

Navalis

Won't you take me to a harbor, to a ship of many masts
When she's tugging with impatience and the gulls are wheeling past,
When her every sail is filling with the breath of ocean air
And her bow is headed seaward to it doesn't matter where?
Won't you let me leave the landlings in a memory far behind
When I only want the rocking and the rigging and the brine?
Won't you take me to a gangplank (I'll be singing when we start)
To my seaweed-strewn contentment in a strong salt water heart?

CALIBAN

Casanova's Lament

I told you that I loved you, and
You did not give a sign;
I did not press the matter, since
I knew that you were mine.

And though I said, "I love you,"
And though you spoke not, yet
Of we who kissed and parted,
Ah, which will first forget?

C. G. Baker.

Song of the Toy Shops

There's a doll so enticing, with tears in her eyes:
Her wax nose is broken, and see how she cries!
The blue eyes are misted, a sob's in her throat,
Her hero's enlisted, and wears a bright coat!
Gallant tin uniform, eyes straight before—
Riding a unicorn, off to the war!

Clackety-clack, clackety-clack,
Hammers and chisels and awls—
Forward and back, forward and back,
Needles to sew your dolls!
Stitch away, stitch away, merry wheels hum,
Soldiers in rich array, brattle-tin drum. . .
Hammer and tack, hammer and tack,
Needles to sew your dolls!

Then a roly-poly chuckles, nodding back and forth and down,
At the tiny gold shoe-buckles and the russet-colored gown
Of a doll so pure and holy, but with winking, naughty stare,
Though he's a roly poly, and can never follow there.

Clackety-clack, clackety-clack,
Hammers and chisels and awls,
Forward and back, forward and back,
Needles to sew your dolls!
Stitch away, stitch away, merry wheels hum,
Soldiers in rich array, brattle-tin drum. . .
Hammer and tack, hammer and tack,
Needles to sew your dolls!

Eric Hirth

The Deficiency Expert

"UNDOUBTEDLY," said his father, "you have made a mess of it."

Rinkey Donovan tried to look uncomfortable.

"I have here," his father went on, "a letter from the president of your college." He puffed out a cloud of smoke like a dragon, and attempted to seem dragon-like. But it was difficult, for he was stout and bald-headed and genial, and he worshipped Rinkey. "A letter—" he repeated uneasily, and waited for his son to speak. He did not relish his task; he had kept the letter by him for over a week before he made up his mind to get violent. Remembering, he scowled.

"Well, dad?" said Rinkey, wondering what the old hod-carrier had written.

"Rinkey, you've been a great disappointment to me," the elder Donovan blurted out. "Now, all these fool things you did—unnecessary! Now, what was the sense of printing those ridiculous things about the professors in your college newspaper? That was unnecessary! Then there was the time you bribed your local constable to arrest the dean on a charge of bootlegging, and you and your Skeptics Club went around singing 'Hail, Hail, The Dean's In Jail,' or something. The president has tabulated sixty-four offenses here, and says these are only smaller ones."

Rinkey sighed, and waited. The elder Donovan sat rubbing his nose and looking thoughtful. On the walls of the library there were big pictures of dead statesmen,

so that he seemed part of a ghostly political conference. He scratched his head and continued:

"He says, Rinkey, that you have absolutely no sense of values. He regrets, of course, the necessity for any step he may take; they always do. He says that you are probably the biggest liar in the United States, including the District of Columbia. He says that you have persistently overturned everything that is noble and good in the college. But he says you have a brilliant mind—hm."

"Soft soap," said Rinkey. "Must be dirty water somewhere around. Well?"

"And he suggests that you withdraw. That you do not return this fall."

Rinkey looked down at his hands.

"I'm sorry, dad," he said.

"You have been a great disappointment to me," the elder Donovan told him, and sighed like a steam-shovel. "I gave you all these opportunities because I thought that you had something in you. Now you've just thrown them all away. What am I going to do with you?" he went on plaintively, because he did not believe what he was saying. Inside him he was proud of Rinkey, and at the Elks' Club he was in the habit of referring to 'these damn tame little rabbits who haven't a damn thing in 'em!' He continued: "This will just about kill your mother. . .Hm, now. There's this liar business. What's he mean by that?"

"Oh," said Rinkey, "it wasn't lies; it was art. It was the *Record* and the way I handled it. As a matter of fact, there wasn't a word of truth in the paper from cover to cover except the date, and we juggled that sometimes. But the news stories were humdingers. Yes, sir, we had the biggest circulation of any college paper in the world. Lord, everybody was buying it! We got to rivalling the city papers—"

"And it was all lies," observed his father looking at him curiously.

"It was the popular conception of a newspaper worked up a hundred times. It was art. Look here, dad: do you think people are going to stop buying a newspaper because it's full of lies? They won't. They'll buy two copies; they'll buy three or four. Why, it's a revolutionary movement in journalism!"

"I'm not so sure," remarked his father. "It's been done in politics for a thousand years."

"And that," said Rinkey, "is what you're going to give me to do."

He studied his father's jovial red face, with its bald head fringed in red and its peering look over the glasses. The face became startled, and the stomach puffed out.

"Oh, Lord! No! Not that, Rinkey—"

"Now, listen," said Rinkey, becoming excited and pressing his point with the relentless zeal of a lunatic. "You own the *Bulletin* right here in this town, don't you? You want to see it a good newspaper, don't Yes. Well, it isn't, because all it does is try to take a fall out of the other political party. Its *awful!*—"

"No!" cried his father explosively, like a boy refusing castor oil.

"You're going to give Colaway a vacation, first of all. He may be a good editor, but he makes the news stagnate. What you ought to do is put me in charge for a few months, and the people who don't like it can spit on their hands and choose their own weapons. I'll lie, certainly. I'll lie," proclaimed Rinkey, "until the heavens split and the graves give up their—"

"You figure on meddling with politics? Look here, now," said his father weakly.

"—dead," said Rinkey. He became persuasive. "Why, *consider* the advantages to be derived. Your

own candidate for Congress goes up this fall. And you know that in this state he hasn't a prayer in God-help-us unless something can be done to sweep the heavens with fireworks and twenty-dollar bills. Just think! A triumphant victory, and Billy Mugson, the honey-voiced orator, your own choice, swept to Washington, charioted in green fire and bursting adverbs! Just think!"

The elder Donovan listened with patience, hands folded across his waist. His son stalked up and down among the bookcases and the solemn portraits, his face set and serious while his ideas flowed in a crazy stream, like a Puritan elder singing a jazz song. He began to resemble a good-natured goblin, with tousled reddish hair and a homely, appealing face. Finally his father sighed.

"I think," he opined, "that you are going to be a most magnificent deficiency expert."

The Humberville *Bulletin* office stood as it had stood for forty years, dusty, stuffed with forgotten files, thrumming and lumbering with the old flat-bed press at the back. It stood at the corner of grimy streets from which main traffic had been removed—opposite a vaudeville theater, it was remote and thoughtful among hot-dog stands and the back entrances to stores. Squealing, darting newsboys were its fauns, each faun having a secret ambition to drive Mike, the town patrol wagon. Its verdure consisted of boxes and packing cas s, where the little fauns whooped and danced and thumbed their noses. Furniture vans got into a swearing jam there, paper whirled in brisk winds, dust blew, and *rattlety-tum* went the music from the vaudeville theater. Amid all this bang and chatter, mixed with frantic reports from a garage, smoke-blasts and mechanics addressing a drowning carburetor, the *Bulletin*

office was a forlorn place. It was a relic of the old battling days of politics. About it clung the smell of ancient beer-bottles, the ghosts of yelling torchlight processions.

But the last of these glorious traditions was passing. A sprightly new Chamber of Commerce in the up-and-humming Humberville (slogan, "Humberville Hums for Humans") was daily inserting some new resolution approving something in the *Bulletin*. Now once upon a time along the national pike the stage-coaches had brought tall-hatted men; Clay of Kentucky and the beefy Lafayette swaggered through when Indians were yet in the mountains. There had been the stage-coach races, the drinking bouts; there in the White Swan Tavern old Tom Fossit was boasting how he had put a musket-ball through the head of General Braddock when the redcoats strutted down the mountains into the Indian ambuscade. In those hills young Washington had fought his losing fight at Fort Necessity. Old days, great days!—gone with the cocked hat and the minuet-music. Instead, from the vaudeville theater across the street the linotype men in the *Bulletin* office heard the ripple of a piano, a pleading husky voice upraised in song:

"I am Sir Gal-a-had,
And, if I'm ver-y bad
Who'll wash my TIN un-der-shirt?"

Rum-tiddlety-tum skipped the music, and ended in a plink as the whir of the linotypes drowned it out again. Ed Miller, the foreman, heard it occasionally, and swore at it sometimes, but heavier matters were on his mind. Ed was a sullen-looking man with broken teeth and China-blue eyes. He had lived long enough in the hot greasy air of the composing room to abhor liberties with the paper, and at present things were being hurled about

in the *Bulletin* office in a way that staggered him. The wildest news stories were dribbling through Ed's hands; they infuriated him, they made him chew his pipe-stem until he felt he must have the thing out.

He had the mien of a bespectacled Jove when he stalked up to the city room that afternoon. He left the banging, the rush of feet and the *tap tap* of the hammer that wedged the forms, and Ontko, the ad man, quailed when he saw him pass. There were only two people in the city room, though the door to Colo-away's tiny office was closed and voices issued there-from. At the city editor's desk sat O'Neil, an Irish-man who looked like a German and who stuttered; beside him was Rinkey Donovan, admiring the after-noon edition. They saw the avenger, and were uneasy.

"Look here," said Miller ominously, holding up the final edition. He stood there in the dusty light, among forlorn typewriters and cigarette stubs on the floor like a light snow-storm.

"W-what's the matter?" asked O'Neil.

Miller exploded, and told them. His wrath blew across the room; the light on his glasses made his eyes terrible; he smote the desk, and finally demanded the purpose of these lies, pointing out the awful consequences when Colaway, the managing editor, should return from his vacation.

"N-now listen, Ed," said O'Neil, "this is p-perfectly all right, and R-rinkey's old man sanctions it. We don't tell any harmful lies; its all in fun, heh-heh-heh!" he added, with a crinkly laugh and arched eyebrows. He always had been afraid of Ed Miller.

"You guys," said Miller, "think you're the brothers Grimm? What d'ye mean, anyhow? Are you nuts? What's the idea? My God! This is a newspaper; we ain't running any Weird Tales magazine! Why, if I—"

"W-what's the matter with it?" asked O'Neil. "I think it's remarkable."

"*Remarkable?*" howled Miller impotently, "you're damn right it's remarkable! Do you want the whole staff fired? Do you expect anybody to believe all this, eh?—this story about the guy jugglin' bottles of nitro-glycerine in the back of Buntz's drug-store!—"

"Oh, listen; that reminds me," said Rinkey Donovan with a soothing smile. "Buntz called up about that. He said he had a crowd fifty deep around his store. Said he did more business yesterday than all last year. Fact, Ed! Said he had to put some fellow with little bottles back there juggling 'em so they'd think—"

Miller hurled the edition to the floor. He grew desperate.

"But listen! You can't get away with this stuff! Oil discovered—president passes through incognito; is questioned on tax reduction and says that unquestionably the church is a fine institution which no American should neglect. Holy!—"

"Shh-h! Now, listen——"

"They'll discredit you! People won't buy the paper, or advertise!"

"Oh, yes, they will," insisted Rinkey with sudden wisdom. "People'll always be kind of afraid there may be some truth in what we say, and they'll go on buying it because they're afraid that if they don't they may miss something. That's anybody's weakness: afraid to miss something."

Ed Miller intimated that the unmentionable idea was of lascivious habits, doubtful parentage, and canine origin. He decided that he had never seen a person so immorally insane; he told them exactly where the gory paper might be thrust with the greatest possible effect, and he thundered out of the city room in a gust of horrid wrath.

Rinkey Donovan sat down on one of the battered chairs. He began to tap idly at a typewriter.

"O'Neil," he said suddenly and oracularly, "a great American has just left this room."

"W-where?" said O'Neil, startled.

"Ed Miller. Ed Miller is a great American because he represents the only traditions we've got. This country," affirmed Rinkey, "has got to be saved from the relentless intellectual."

"S-sure," agreed the city editor, nodding with a solemn look behind his glasses. He was always ready to agree with anybody, and have his own thoughts on the matter.

Rinkey fired up and tousled his hair.

"I mean from the intellectual *per se;* I mean from the sinister force in politics which is—hm. I mean people like Jeffrey Davis. They're trying to oust the old-time politician who kisses the baby and sneaks out behind the barn to take a drink with the old man. The old-time politician is a great memorial; there ought to be a statue to him. He is passing. What," cried Rinkey, "would the English do to a person who pulled down Kenilworth Castle and substituted an efficient gas-station? What would the Germans do if you took the Lorelei off the rocks and substituted Margaret Sanger and Carrie Chapman Catt?"

In silence the thump of the orchestra came through the windows from the theatre opposite, and the song came out poutingly:

"I ain't the kind of bloke
Who'd tell a risky joke,
I ain't no hound after dirt—
'Cause I am Sir Galahad——"

Rinkey buried his fist in the typewriter keys, indicating fury.

"There!" he said, "there; listen!"

"D--do you remember Moran's saloon?" speculated O'Neil dreamily.

"We can do whatever we please," pursued Rinkey, "but Jeffrey Davis is going to win. It's useless to kid ourselves."

There was a strange note of bitterness in his voice. He was suddenly so deadly serious, sitting there at the typewriter with his hunched shoulders and thin hawkish face, that O'Neil felt uncomfortable, almost as though he had overheard something. The city editor was not accumstomed to being serious. He peered around to see whether any of the reportorial staff might be about, and said,

"I h-hope you weren't—that is——"

Rinkey looked up with a grin that was rather childishly wistful.

"I was," he confessed. "Oh, well!"

The door to Colaway's little office opened, and a big heavy-shouldered man stood against the light. It was Hoyd, one of the party leaders.

"That's a good 'un!" said Hoyd, laughing and shifting his feet. "God, it's after three! I got to go—"

From beyond him came the sound of a rich argumentative voice upraised:

"Say, listen: and this guy Davis, you know, if he ever got to Wash'nton he wouldn't have sense enough to find the Capitol! And *tight?* Did y' ever notice him, the way he fills up his pipe and catches all the tobacco that falls?—and puts it back in his pocket? Now, I——"

Through the half opened door Rinkey could see Billy Mugson, candidate for congress, sitting with his feet on a table. He was expansive, red-faced, and white-whiskered, rather like Santa Claus. He was genial and blundering as a threshing machine, gesturing around

him. At his elbow stood a small glass. This was the old-time politician; he took his God for granted, his liquor straight, and however crooked he might be, he never wavered in the belief that his party must be right, because his father had voted the straight ticket before him. About him clung something almost absurdly serene.

While Rinkey watched him heave his feet down off the table, and puff out his white whiskers and blink his eyes and wave jovially at them through the door, upon the drowsy humming air of the afternoon there rose again the song from the theatre:

"Now if you want 'em hot
Just go to Lan-ce-lot,
'Cause he's a wow of a flirt!
BUT (pling!) I am Sir Galahad,
And if I'm ve-ry bad,
Who'll wash my TIN un-der-shirt?"

All Humberville was faintly frantic. The three newspapers were working overtime in frenzied activity; lies, refusals, bangings, blowings-up, wordy duels kept the presses grinding in fusillades of extras. Nobody knew quite what to expect whenever the *Bulletin* was opened, and crowds stormed the newsstands to sweep the dealers off their feet with demands for copies. The *Banner*, first rival sheet and organ of the rival party, was righteously furious, but it mollified itself by carrying in all sincerity first accounts of a new discovery. The faithful public servant, Jeffrey Davis, candidate for Congress, in his capacity as honorary head of the Humberville Babies' Nursing Home, had by long research developed a new product to feed infants. Compounded of malted milk, glycerine, and some other substances, it would do away with all older methods and make the care of children as mechanical as a fire-

less cooker. The *Banner* carried a huge photograph of Mr. Davis, sallow-faced and judicial, with some of his comments on the triumphant march of science. The *Bulletin* replied in scareheads with a smashing discovery which would even more completely revolutionize the new science of having children. In a story filled with statistics and mathematical formulae, it announced that the tremendous food value of rum or whiskey had long been recognized by chemists; if only the poisonous elements of alcohol could be removed, a single glass would have enough nourishing properties for an entire day. It announced that Doctor Sigmund von Stubbenheim of Gottingen had found a catalytic agent which, put into liquor, would make any form of alcohol the most nourishing food obtainable, besides doing away with the ghastly amount of time wasted in consuming three meals a day. The *Bulletin* enthusiastically proposed this as another modern efficiency method and laid its aid at Mr. Davis's disposal if Dr. von Stubbenheim's find were perfected, under the slogan of "BETTER BEER FOR BIGGER BABIES." But it was not necessary, because under Mr. Davis's advocated compound one of the babies nearly died, and every mother in Humberville was wild.

Already political sentiment was blossoming. Posters and placards were forced into the shop-windows of gesticulating Jews and Greeks; armies of women with wintry toothful smiles and the grim air of stone virgins paraded in to see the candidates for something and demanded subscriptions for something else. They sent out an avalanche of approval; over the bridge table they chatted vaguely of civil government. Their delegations, as the *Banner* interviewer remarked, found Mr. Davis in his Spacious Library, reading Epictetus in the original, demonstrating an uncanny ease at translation. The *Bulletin* intimated that the demon-

stration was unquestionably uncanny, inasmuch as Mr. Davis had been reading with the pages uncut. This the *Banner* denounced as an infamous lie, and made sundry allusions to reptiles and vipers. Then, since it was known that Mugson had been running a distillery, the *Banner* sarcastically inquired, "Who Forced The City Administration to Store Twenty-one Barrels of Rye Whiskey in the Court House Cellar?" The *Bulletin* suggested detailing the county detective to discover "Who Forced The City Administration To Drink The Twenty-one Barrels of Rye Whiskey in the Court House Cellar?" Next, the women's clubs were addressed by Mr. Jeffrey Davis on the subject of "The Emancipation of the Woman Militant." Mr. Davis, in scientific language, coldly earnest, set forth his plans for a league called "The Daughters of Chastity", which should pledge itself to preserve strict continence between husband and wife except for a definite purpose. As gleefully reported by the *Bulletin*, there was one meeting of the league, but it was stormed by indignant husbands and ended in a riot.

Everything, moreover, had suddenly assumed the aspect of the topsy-turvy. Desperately the *Banner* and the *Clarion* tried to keep pace with the insane *Bulletin*, finding that (inexplicably) everybody was reading it and that their own news columns looked rather flat. Neighboring papers copied the stories; the disease spread with the ravage of fever, and nobody knew just what was true.

But in the midst of the flurry Jeffrey Davis was thin-faced, black-haired, immovable, with his thinly knit body and slow gestures. He smiled his calm aristocratic smile. The interests were behind him; he was deferential to them; he could not lose, and knew it. He was as smug and quiet as a pair of black gloves; sitting in his home, dark eyes expressionless, like raisins,

he received the delegations amid a hush such as you find in a stuffy room where there are flowers, and a casket. Occasionally he would take telephone calls, smile a little, or make calculations on a sheet of paper. He despised the herd. So that sometimes, when he thought of the cheerful Mugson, he got a hot stabbing fear, almost a fury, and vented all his wrath on his wife in bitter tirades about the steak, the dust on the piano, the missing vest-buttons. Then he went out to conferences, quietly.

Summer trailed into red-brown fall and winds filled with flying cinders, so that the coke-fires at night, the fires of the ovens with which Humberville was ringed, flared in running streams. Hot and dry, hot and dry and grimy, like the pressure of the newspaper office. The thing was beginning to drum inside Rinkey Donovan's head; hilarity seemed rather grotesquely to have gone. He had lost weight, and the lean face was drawn around the eyes, which had grown feverish. He spoke jerkily, fumbling in his reddish hair. The strain of being constantly ingenious ran *clackety-clack* like a typewriter all around him; incessant jingling of 'phones and voices, clump of feet, never-ending roll of the presses. Sometimes he would sit down and press his hands against his eyes, peer up with a rather bleary stare, and attack the work again. There was always Mugson at his elbow, cheerful, blowing his whiskers like a whale. Mugson waddled into every district and made speeches.

And though all the while Mugson knew that his chances of election were negligible, he remained his assured self, speaking always with the confidential air of one imparting a secret.

"Plenty of chance," he would say to Rinkey, leaning over the desk and lowering his voice, "plenty of chance! You never can tell about these things, espe-

cially with the work you got started. Gotta speech for this afternoon; this highbrow stuff of Jeff's don't go at all, not at all!— 'specially outside. Now, I wouldn't buy anybody's vote; you know that. I got ideals, same as anybody else—sure I have! But if we get cars we can line the wenches up at the polls. The thing to do is get 'em there, see?"

The false benevolence, the back-slapping and open-handedness that was almost grotesquely apparent, began to turn Rinkey sick. This mountain, always blowing smoke at his side, irritated him with its gusts of laughter. Rinkey was not quite so wise as he had been a few months before. He wished the man wouldn't be a damned hypocrite. He wished. . .It swept over him again, relentless. Votes, money, votes, money! County office, city office, state office, every position opposite the little squares on the ballot: blowing storm center, with typewriters going like tick-tacks on a window pane. Rinkey had to fight the whole staff now. They were rebellious, they made fun of a younger man who showed himself easy-going. Colaway, the former manager, had gone over to the *Banner*, which snapped him up. Adams, the local man, was cutting his work; the court reporter's stories were weak; there was always jovial horseplay in the office while Rinkey whipped desperately at the news columns. Incessant turmoil, beginning with the first 'phone call in the morning and not ceasing until the last form had been locked. Advice here, work there; mistake, trouble, with the business office chiming in. One day would rattle on, while Rinkey racked his brains for the stories that had swelled the *Bulletin's* circulation; one day in a hectic whirl of activity would rattle on, end—and begin again.

The rush, pressing on as fall went by, merged into a blurry turmoil. Mugson was growing cocky, for support was pouring in; hand-shakings and back-slap-

pings on the street made him throw out his chest. In Rinkey there were some wild nebulous hopes. In spite of his difficulty he realized that the *Bulletin* was becoming a power. He would not have minded if it he had not been lonely, stark lonely. All his friends were away—at college. What was there in the town for him? Where would he go at night, to whom would he talk? It was a strange ache like an emptiness. He was alone.

No fun in the game, not a bit! He was smoking too much; he was nervous, and headaches struck him dully, coming on in the afternoons when he sat over his typewriter, concocting new spectacular phrases. A wild shouting dusk would whip past the windows. Under the light of a green-shaded lamp he would sit, a single illuminated spot in a high darkness, echoing, as though with the clatter of the day. Tottering ideals were in Rinkey's mind; Mugson might sweep the district. Fiercely Rinkey wanted the credit. He had always had a weakness for that quotation, *"Press where you see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war."* He used to murmur it shamefacedly to himself. "Press—" *Rattle, rattle—ring!* went the typewriter.

One afternoon he was there. And heavy feet came up the stairway, clumping loudly. Rinkey looked up from bending over his typewriter under the spot of light; he lighted another cigarette, though they were nauseating in his mouth now, and his head ached dully. There was his father. The glasses were low on the elder Donovan's nose. In that wavering light he was an almost stupid figure. More weariness closed on Rinkey like sleep. His father said nothing for a moment; he leaned against the old radiator in half-dusk and listened to the wind.

"Rinkey," he said finally, "we're licked."

(Headache and the roaring wind; sickening inhalation of the smoke.)

"Oh, what do you mean—licked?" Rinkey asked with heavy petulance.

"It's Mugson. He was grinning about it, but he's scared. He got a girl in trouble some time back. She was afraid, and told on him. The *Banner* has the story. They're going to publish it."

"Mugson—that fellow? His age?"

"Yes."

Rinkey sat a long time with his fingers on the typewriter. Down they came, all his hopes, revoltingly, in utter despair. The headache pounded harder; it made him sick. He threw his cigarette on the linoleum. He put his head down on his arm on the table, and said sobbingly,

"Go on home, dad. . .I don't give a damn whether he wins or not. . .I don't care. . .I'm through."

He felt the splintery table against his face, the whirling sensation of dizziness, the sickness. Wind swooped past outside in a roar. "*Press where you see my white plume shine*——"

"I don't care," Rinkey muttered, "go on home. . ."

"Now, look here," his father said, with a sudden burst of awkward tenderness, "you're going to stop this! You're killing yourself, and——"

Rinkey raised his head. He spoke very quietly, because he was ashamed of being blinded with tears.

"Don't you see," he said haltingly, "that I was in this—because I did think there was some good in it, because I did believe—the party was right, because you always said it was, Dad! I kidded along, and I had hopes in this, and I didn't let anybody know, but I thought if I could help us win...oh, you see, don't you? I just wanted us to win, that's all..." He made a futile gesture. "Go on home, Dad; please."

"Now, listen!—"

"Go home!" said Rinkey fiercely.

His father made a shrugging gesture; he turned round and went to the stairs. The footsteps died out. *"Press where you see my white plume shine——"*

Rinkey lay for a long time with his head on the table, crying a little. Finally he raised his head, and glared, and wiped his eys, peering around shamefacedly and wondering if anybody had seen him. He got up, shook himself, and started to pace about. . .

A crazy determination shot through him, pacing up and down and beating his hands together. Exultation! He bit his finger nails, his lips moving to sudden words; he smiled, and swore triumphantly. Almost stumbling, he yanked out the chair again and sat down at the typewriter with trembling fingers. Snap! The carriage began to rattle and ring, and as the whole thing unfolded, as the words began to flow smoothly, powerfully, the exultation caught him in every nerve—eyes shining, with the black smudges still around them. Finally he ripped out the sheet of copy-paper, stood up, smote the table; and through the dusky building his voice went ringing in song:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis
On a sour apple tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis
On a sour apple tree!——"

All day long they had polled the vote for the Congressional district. Files, slouching or exuberant, trickled into the little curtained booths; papers rustled, the election boards sat glumly in a babble of voices and the light of dusty electric bulbs. There was a reek of garlic and overheated air; blown by gusts from banging doors, gusts that swept in from a gray day of rain. Out-

side, horns tooted interminably and cars splattered past in a spurt of mud. From his position in the sixth ward, over to headquarters, around to the *Bulletin* office Mugson waddled frantically with the blue vein quivering at his temple. Hand-wavings pursued him; cries of "Attaboy, Bill!" "Solid for y'; he ain't got a chance!" Horns shrieking, lights making a lopsided pattern on wet streets. A man wielding a huge megaphone was cruising through the streets in a car, shouting, "Let 'em lie about Mugson; what d' we care?" Of everyone he met, Mugson would demand, "D'you think I've got it? D' you think I've got it?" stare into their faces, and hurry on with flying umbrella. He pushed through crowds in the *Bulletin* office, all gesticulating; he went upstairs, where a cataract of faces poured round him. Then he pulled Rinkey Donovan into a side office; Rinkey looked pale and harassed, with a pencil stuck behind his ear.

"It's coming in!" Mugson babbled excitedly, "my God, I think I'm going to *get* it! Nobody believed that story about me. I told you, " he added with some nervousness, "I could buy that girl off. She took five thousand and went to New York, and the *Banner* ain't got a bit of proof! After you wrote that stuff about our lying bein' harmless and not intended to 'stab a man in the back like the *Banner*'—ain't that what you said?—I tell you it did it! They thought the *Banner* was lyin' about me, and it made 'em wild! It was the best thing I could 'a' done, playin' with that girl in the first place, because they all just went nuts and said, 'If this is the way Davis plays politics, with dirty work and runnin' a man down and defaming his character, I'm for Mugson!'"—for *me*, see? You done it! They're for me! Listen, every precinct. . .D' you think I'm goin' to get it!"

The day brought fresh news with every ring of the

telephones. Party ticket running high, it reported, with Mugson away in advance. City and county offices were in doubt, because the outlying vote was sluggish. There were conclaves, much jubilation, and the party leaders were holding forth at great length. The elder Donovan was celebrating at the Elks Club. Jeffrey Davis, pursued in his headquarters by the odious song that bellowed through the streets about hanging Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree, was still fairly quiet, but showing his temper. He had removed his coat. He sat by his desk, and his hair was rumpled, and he swore under his breath.

Everywhere the new scandal was debated. If any lying had been done in this town before, they proclaimed, it was at least harmless, and not intended to blacken the fair name of a good citizen. Women's clubs were angry and virtuous. They volleyed sarcastic calls at the bewildered *Banner* office; they used their automobiles and piloted dazed Italian women into booths, uttering kindly words.

Wilder rain with the night only swelled the jostling crowds. There was a brave shouting parade; a hired band played, "Hang Jeff Davis"; copies of the *Bulletin* with the famous philippic of Rinkey Donovan against the defaming of Mugson's character by crooked liars were brandished like war spears. Davis was sitting darkly by a table at his headquarters, and snapping at everybody who came near.

On into the night crowds hung before the *Bulletin* office, in the midst of rain and banging bands. The results were incredible. Old party men were splitting their tickets for Mugson, and people who had followed or bought the straight ballot for twenty years had swung to him. The tellers did not dare tamper with split ballots; it was the one thing which an investigation would make fatal. It was Mugson, Mugson the

sinned-against!—a great cry that swelled up into a pæan and boomed over into "Hang Jeff Davis!"

The district had never seen such a one-man avalanche. It thundered down and lifted Mugson to a dizzy summit. In the newspaper office, when O'Neil snapped up the receiver and said, "Blair County gone solid!" they throned Mugson in state. The candidate, still redder of face and benignly drunk, sat among his disciples with his feet on a table, toasting them all.

"They know crooked work when they see it!" he announced, "and this party that's been makin' all the elections go crooked'll know that the people of the United States will not stand for dirty——"

Very sleepy, very baffled, Rinkey Donovan watched it, unobtrusive at the edge. His high hope had been fulfilled, and it disgusted him. That, in a vague way, he recognized as something futile. There was nothing else to do. He looked down at the copy of the *Bulletin* he held, and the sham ringing first sentence of his dynamite-story that had made of Mugson a slandered knight, a white-plumed. . .

He hurled down the paper and went toward the stairs. He did not understand. Over in a corner he saw Ed Miller screwing up his face and pulling thoughtfully at his pipe. In the midst of a hand-shaking circle beamed Mugson, flourishing a glass. O'Neil was patting him on the back. Outside crashed the bands. . .

Rinkey thought, "I must find Dad; Dad will understand. . ." As he went stupidly down the stairs, wondering whether he was going back to college, wondering whether he was going to be an incurable romanticist all his days, he heard the thumping and banging on tables as the group burst into song:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis
On a sour apple tree—"

John Dickson Carr.

A Grey Day in Winter

When hoary frost doth shroud the grass,
And pale death sitteth in the trees,
And life is come to sorry pass,
And Winter's breath begins to freeze. . .

Then think I of my lady's hair
And of the violets in her eyes;
Then greyness fades in fancies fair,
And death, by thinking of her, dies.

W. F. Webster.

Sophisticate's Reply to the Critics

Nor would I have you grant me, Lord, the sting
Behind each smooth-tongued critic's facile phrase;
I do not want the smug complacent tone.
"They do not know whereof they speak" he says
Of those whose theme was life—have they not lived?
He counsels timid silence for the pen
That we had used as servant to the mind:
And must our minds be silent also, then?

Le M.

The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVII HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1927 NO. 1

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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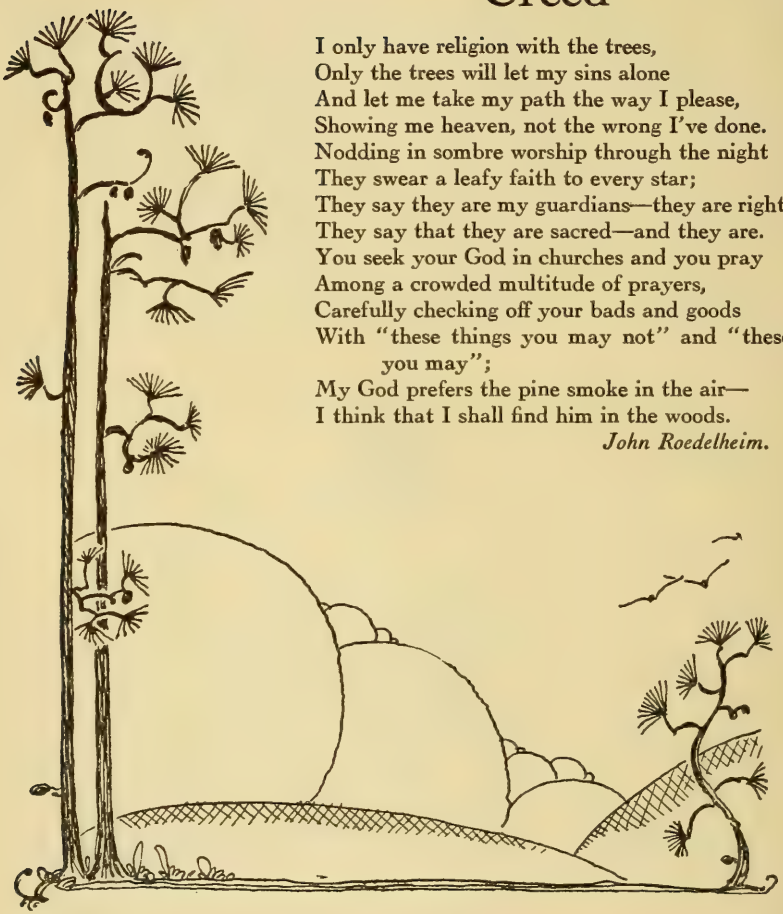
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I only have religion with the trees,
Only the trees will let my sins alone
And let me take my path the way I please,
Showing me heaven, not the wrong I've done.
Nodding in sombre worship through the night
They swear a leafy faith to every star;
They say they are my guardians—they are right,
They say that they are sacred—and they are.
You seek your God in churches and you pray
Among a crowded multitude of prayers,
Carefully checking off your bads and goods
With "these things you may not" and "these
you may";
My God prefers the pine smoke in the air—
I think that I shall find him in the woods.

John Roedelheim.

Table Pleasures

PHILOSOPHIES have been constructed, using almost every human activity from dress to love; but some curious oversight has left the things we eat untouched. This neglect has arisen because the mind of man, as exemplified by the Dictionary Makers, has never distinguished between food and what we eat: it has always assumed that what we eat is food and that food is what we eat. True it is that some more subtle languages, such as German and French, distinguish semantically between the manner in which animals and men eat, but this has never become a general linguistic distinction. In view of this confusion, it is not surprising that thinkers have considered the entire matter unworthy. They could, for example, easily observe that all living things spend several hours every day in putting other living things into their mouths. Scientists analysed this phenomenon and after some talk about anabolism and katabolism, made the physical reasons for it clear. Some people reduced and some people built themselves up. The thing was so terribly undignified. Cabbages had calories and a cheese was named Vitalic. The sensitive mind of a metaphysician could be nothing but revolted—where was a philosophical base to be found?

Now, although a philosophy is by no means a necessary adjunct, every intelligent man must be able to distinguish between the various objects presented to his senses. The man, the mind, the morals flourish, as distinctions are more subtly drawn. The object, then, is, not to erect a Philosophy of Eating, but merely to make a valuable distinction between food, on the one hand, and eating, on the other. This analysis once made, several implications of great social importance will follow.

The idea of food is the commoner of these two notions, and the word that loosely expresses the idea comes first for consideration. Food, apparently, is a thing hidden in physical objects. We put these objects into our mouths, and, by a fairly well-known process lasting several hours, food is removed and the useless remnants cast off from the body. One important thing is to be noticed about this analysis. Food does not exist as a separate physical entity, but only in connection with some physical object definitely known as different from food. The artichoke is not food; it merely contains food. We take the artichoke and use it, not because we are impressed by its shape or color, not because it is worthy in itself—though it is one of nature's most beautiful flowers—but because it is an object containing food. If these other considerations governed us, we could not be restrained from using the Sumac, an object of distinct charm, in the same way. Food governs our choice. The history of the artichoke, as we use it, is very melancholy. It loses its identity as soon as we place it in our mouths. That identity which made the artichoke a gift from heaven is never recaptured, for Food, now in the guise of an unemotional chemical formula, is snatched away and the undistinguished remnants are laid aside at human leisure. Beginning with this definite idea of food, the word then began, as words do, to extend its province; and the object containing food was gradually known as food. In other words, the artichoke loses its identity even before it is full-grown, because the scientific mind calls it food.

Eating, on analysis, shows in a very different light. The idea of food, as shown above, becomes more and more general; but the idea of eating becomes more and more particular, as we examine it. The human alimentary canal has at its upper end, a mouth. Eating is confined to this one small area. When the throat

muscles contract, the idea of eating ceases and the idea of food begins again. Eating is the theme, therefore, because in eating there can be variety; food hides behind its chemical character. It is this localized spot where the idea of eating predominates, that shows the human character in all its differences. Here the cultured sensitive man stands away from the "Indian with untutored mind"; on this ground, the man who stirs together sausages and maple syrup can be left to wallow in his sty while he who dines on *asperges seules avec sauce à la reine Eugènie* can be set free in elysian groves.

The early Nineteenth Century, along with the Industrial Revolution, produced the *gourmet* or the *gourmand*,—he who made table pleasures an end in themselves. Brillat-Savarin, who combined intelligence with a high palate, made this type eternal in his great work "*The Psychology of Taste.*" Perhaps Savarin goes too far for most of us to follow, when he insists that the true *gourmet* must be able to tell on which leg a pheasant has slept while in this life. It is hard to pronounce against such a statement, because the further one goes in these matters, the more one appreciates that subtlety is the one essential. But for a modern follower of the table, Savarin has his limitations. In spite of the fact that he spent several years in America, his table has a distinct national flavor. Not that French cooking is, in itself, a dull thing. To the contrary, it is bright and gay: but it is by no means a statement of the whole truth. It neglects such excellent dishes as peloti, risotto, Irish stew, waffles with raw sugar sauce, spit roasted bluefish, green corn tamales, baked opossum. This is not lack of taste on his part, but merely the fact that the table, in his time, had not yet become an international affair.

It is with modern *gourmandise* that the subject becomes the most interesting, because of the varied face

that can now be put on a good table. Our tongues know no geographical limitations, and our palates can taste the savor of a thousand lands. Strangely enough, among *gourmets*, this has resulted in a careful guarding of the canons of good taste—as the possible sources of pleasure widen, the care which chooses only the highest pleasures increases. The pioneer of modern *gourmets* was the author of that invaluable work, "*The Gourmet's Guide to Europe.*" A connoisseur by instinct and profession, he toured Europe and recorded his gastronomic discoveries for the benefit of like-minded men. Although this work now needs revision, since the World War, it still stands as a monumental labor and is a treasury for the sensible. In it, for the first time, is shown how the palate can be justifiably excited by the widest circle of wine and dishes.

The difficulties of the modern *gourmet* are many. How far, for example, can the taste be trusted when it comes into contact with exciting newness? Is there any standard by which the newness can be judged? The skill with which these dangers are skirted is the marking of a true table follower. When a new dish appears, its first taste must be made as a conscious experiment; the second thoughtfully and aesthetically; the third rationally. All three stages are of great importance. The first step is taken up by the newness; the second analyses and appreciates the newness; the third, the moment of rationalization, unites with all previous experiences, takes away the strangeness, makes it an intimate part of one's endless table pleasures.

Let us for the palate's sake, plan an international dinner of a modest sort. A menu such as the one that follows, will show how graciously things good in themselves, behave in good company.

BIRD'S NEST SOUP (Chinese)
SHAD ROASTED WITH ASPARAGUS TIPS (American)
GOOSE A LA STRASSBOURG (German)
NEW POTATOES WITH BUTTER (English)
VIENNESE ICE (Austrian)
RHUM OMELETTE (French)
PRESERVED LICHEES (Japanese)

The wines that should accompany this dinner can present the same varied aspect without evil results, provided discretion governs their choice.

Another very important feature of modern *gourmandise* is the discovery of the value of single dishes. A dinner not unpleasing to the most touchy tongue can be made from artichokes alone, if the following directions be followed. Fine large flowers must be chosen, and boiled until a sharp knife will run easily through the woody-fibred stalk. They must then be partially—not completely—chilled, while the sauce is making. The sauce must be,—butter, flour. artichoke stock, tarragon vinegar and perhaps a faintly odored herb. The artichokes are then served on small mounds of snow. This dish needs only a soup of the clear sort, and a custard, to make a complete dinner.

Most people are so uncertain, so undeveloped, that they cannot distinguish between an apt and an improper table. Of the two following menus, one is planned for the *gourmet*, the other for the person who eats that he may live. It is to be imagined that a hot summer day has come, and that luncheon is a necessity.

A	B
COLD CONSOMMÉ	PURÉE DES PETITES POIS
CHILLED ASPARAGUS TIPS	POULE A LA REINE EN PATÉ
(Burnt butter sauce)	POMMES DE TERRES
TRUFFLED CHICKEN IN JELLY	SALADE DES FRUITS
ICE PISTACCHIO	VANILLA ICE CREAM
COFFEE DEMI-TASSE	(Chocolate Sauce)
	ICED TEA

Readers may decide for themselves which of these luncheons is for the vulgar, which for the sensitive palate.

A French friend, lately come to this country, and seeing for the first time, the American *questionnaire*, "*Ask Me Another*," said, that if he were choosing men for any serious purpose, he would ask them only the following questions:

1. Can you distinguish between a Pâté de Perigord and a Strassbourg Pie?
2. What wine should be served with a baked turbot?
3. Could you, with closed eyes, tell Mon. Sandemann's oporto of 1914 from his 1912?
4. Can you tell if the chef, in making his sauce, has stirred it in only one direction?
5. Are there any liqueurs a gentleman can drink?
6. What is the greatest American contribution to the dinner table?

Etc.

It can be seen immediately how great is the social significance of such a method. It puts the emphasis on the correct point, "Manners Maketh Man," and here the manners are excellently defined as table manners in the widest sense.

This French gentleman also added that, from his very small experience in America, he thought it a paradise for completely formed *gourmets*, but that America would never produce of itself a good example of this type. He explained the first by saying that American produce was of such high excellence, that taste and sensibility working on such materials would create marvels. The second he treated more fully:

"In America, to begin, the palate is not only unformed, but definitely aimed at the wrong mark. It delights in mixtures and in quantity, both of which tease the vulgar and disgust the polite taste. The arrangement of dinners is awkward and lacks restraint. Amer-

icans repeat that offense of the 18th Century—multiplicity of side dishes. They combine at one table elements which God in Nature has carefully segregated. And their sweets or desserts are fantastic rather than delicate. To end, they have small conception of the beauty of service. If they view food in such a material way, they care not if it be put before them hatefully. The essence of the *gourmet's* mind is that everything be done lovingly, hence what he eats is viewed spiritually.

"If the Americans could be induced to have their dinners put before them, not luxuriously, but delicately and lovingly, the time would rapidly approach when what they eat would be regarded with equal dignity. Then perhaps a *gourmet* or two would appear, but even if this did not happen, think of how the tone of your social life would be raised.

"Your colleges, of which I have seen one or two, talk loudly of making citizens. What their lecturers do, I cannot say, because I never go to lectures; but I know that the conditions under which their young men dine are such that any possible effect is destroyed. Who can be a worthy citizen if he feeds with the animals? If they would beautify the spirits of their young men, let conditions be such that sensibility of taste is developed, not stamped upon. A millennium of one sort would then come; the world could then sit down at a dinner table and arise from it spiritually satisfied, because every sense had been pleasantly stimulated and every sense graciously satisfied. So will all live as brothers."

The Epicure.

A Dream of Peace

Oh the winding way of yesterday,
That's over the hills of Time,
By the sea of Love and the sea of Sleep,
Is the road I'll take for mine.

For my heart knows that the West Wind blows,
And ever the sun goes down
O'er the sea of Love and the sea of Sleep
To the moon in a silver gown.

Ah there in the arms of the setting sun
Sleeps the goddess men call Peace.
There dreams all die as the western sky,
Where sorrow finds surcease.

Then we shall meet as the sun goes down
When the high stars shine in the deep:
And out o'er the sea of Love we'll sail
Into the sea of Sleep.

Bramwell Linn.

Lines to An Ungracious Lady

COULD I KNOW . . .

When I walked with you, this moon was gold,
This air was a perfumed breeze,
This path was a quiet chaperon,
Our guardian gods, these trees;
This place was alive with two equal loves
(Could I know yours would die so soon?)
When I walked with you, this moon was gold . . .
It must be a different moon.

I SHALL NOT . . .

Yours was a taunting, strange indifference,
Granting devotion's suit but hasty trial,
You spoke no word to turn away my love
But mocked me with a half-polite denial.
I shall not, therefore, say you were unkind
To teach me truth by shrouding it in lies . . .
I fought to gain the fortress of your heart
And lost the silent battle of your eyes.

Le Murmurateur.

Héloïse

"SAY that name again! Just once again, if you please!"

"The name, monsieur, is Héloïse. As I was telling these gentlemen when you interrupted me, her eyes . . ."

"Never mind her eyes. Do you refer to Mlle. Héloïse de Roget? Come now, be careful! It may mean your life!"

"Yes, monsieur, I refer to Mlle. Héloïse de Roget."

And so, they had fought. It had been an odd fight—for the honor of living to murder the woman they had both loved. But it had been so agreed. One of them was to die for her, but she was to die for him also. There had been no other way. Honor extended beyond love—certainly beyond deceitful love.

And now one-half of the ghastly business was over. It remained but for Héloïse to be removed, and all would be well. Irony, that—all would be well,—with the splendid young Comte Valois and the most beautiful woman in Marseilles both dead! Yes, and there might be a third . . .

* * *

As he walked fiercely through the rainy night, the entire procedure whirled through his mind in fantastic review. He saw the little group of officers in the dusk. They were discussing women—perfect women—as little groups of officers will. Lips that were glorious, and forms that were divine, and eyes that were lovelier than the dawn. Yes, that was it—eyes. And this unfortunate youth who had said *"But the eyes of Héloïse are symphonies in gray . . ."* Certainly, "symphonies in gray"—what else could they be? Héloïse's eyes. And then he remembered them as they had followed him down the

hall, at his departing eighteen months ago. They had seemed so faithful . . . Lord! At least they had seemed faithful enough to belong only to him. And now he knew that they had said good-bye to two in exactly that manner. Well, they would never say good-bye to another that way! No, by God!—that much was certain!

* * *

"So," she had said (how he wished her voice hadn't had that same low beauty!) "So, you have come back to me at last?"

They sat down, and talked, as they had before. Her eyes.

She was at least as charming as she had ever been, he thought. And she was still the same Héloïse who had made him believe that he was her only thought in all the world. There was no use denying it—he had loved her.

All night they were there together. No one would have suspected that they were other than two reunited lovers. Neither did she suspect it. And there was no use denying it—he still loved her.

"For the thousandth time, Héloïse, do you love me as you did? Was there never another . . .?"

"Never."

"Then," he had said (and his change of tone had startled her)—"Then the Comte Valois paid dearly for a lie!"

She had turned a deathly pale. And she was still a deathly pale when they found her, there, next morning . . . with a small dagger, like a slender angel, through her heart. *J. R.*



The Wanderer

The rich ripe smell of tar lay on the ship
As she sat still and heavy in the bay;
Upon a warm and sun-baked box he lay
Watching the dark green water slowly drip
From a low jutting plank made brown with weeds;
Beside his feet a jar of purple glass
Stood glistening; beyond, a black-haired lass
Slowly pressed to her lips a chain of beads . . .

He thought of that gray land that stretched below
A white-washed house of stone made rough with rain,
And of the pines rising austere and proud.
These silent things he might not have; and so
He only wished that he might see again
One silver gull against a silver cloud.

Frederic Prokosch.

Old Emperor

I dream at times of deeds of mine long past,
I live again the sorrow and the joy;
Those glorious times I think of, and at last
I grieve, for 'tis with memories I toy.
The dainty fragrance of a romance clings—
The mists of former loves surround my heart,
But in my dreaming, the cold present brings
This realization; these are set apart.
I glory and am proud in my old fame,
I revel in the praise I gained of old,
But the thought comes that my once great name
Means nothing now. And all my fame is cold;
But yet I have my soul, which has no cost,—
It still remains, whatever I have lost.

T. H. Westerman.



Erlanger Beer

"ICH *wuensche Ihnen einen guten Morgen, meine Herren.*" The students broke for the door with a rush. Old Herr Professor Trockenstaub had been even more tiresome than usual, and everybody was glad to get out into the bright sunshine of the glorious Franconian spring morning. Three of the young men separated from the crowd that had been listening to the mathematics lecture, and, leaving the old palace of the princes of Brandenburg which forms the main building of the University of Erlangen, strolled together across the Marktplatz and down a narrow side-street, lined, in the romantic manner of old German cities, with steep-roofed red-tiled houses. The three stopped before a bakery whose window displayed coffee-cakes, Schnecken, and a thousand and one other enticing dainties.

"Come on up! I must talk with *somebody,*" said one of the students, a small, dark, nervous young man who

went under the name of Fritzl Mueller. The others finally agreed, and Mueller led the way into the bakery, through to the family room in the rear, and up the dark, narrow stairs to his third-floor lodging. The old house, built in fourteen hundred, had settled in the course of four centuries, and the floor had a decided rake toward the street. Mueller's room was low-ceilinged and rather bare. There was a bed in one corner, a desk, a sofa, and a book-case. On the latter was a human skull, placed so that it might regard anyone sitting at the desk.

Mueller slammed the door as he followed his two friends in, and, without waiting for them to take places, threw himself on the bed. Then he suddenly got up and threw the skull savagely across the room. "I had it up there to make me think," he said. "But now I don't want to think. I wish I could go insane! *Herrgott-sakrament!* I shall be, soon, anyway. But that may be worse yet! If anybody else were as useless as I am, he would go out and jump in the Regnitz, but I'm even too cowardly and good-for-nothing for that!"

"But Fritzl, for heaven's sake what ails you? Trocken-staub is extraordinarily pleased with the work you are doing, it isn't your fault if the old gentleman's checks aren't as big as could be wished, Napoleon is safe on St. Helena, you are in good health—and yet for the past week you have been so nervous and despairing that one would hardly know you. What's loose? Was somebody unkind to you?" This from Gletsch, the blond broad-shouldered student of philosophy.

"For God's sake don't joke about it—no, she wasn't. It was all my own fault. I was a thoughtless, good-for-nothing half-wit, just once, and ruined it all!"

"Who? How? Why?" broke in Tauber, the third of the trio.

"Liesel Groschen—you know, the old magistrate's daughter—the heavenly one, with the brown hair.—

Well, everything was marvelous until a week ago, and she had even accepted to go to the University Ball with me, and you know what that means—and then last Saturday evening I fell in with von Dobeneck and some of his ne'er-do-well band. And the swine persuaded me to go in to the Wirtschaft zum Kater with them for a stein or so. And, being at bottom a thorough, worthless beast myself, I took about two liters too much of this damnable Erlanger beer. So did the others. And when we came out we didn't know at all what we were doing, only I had an idea that we must go and serenade Liesel Groschen. Somehow we got to the Taubengasse and started to sing, making a hellish noise. Liesel looked out to see who was making a beast of himself under her window, and recognized me, hardly able to stand and bawling out a common street-song."

"If she gives you the basket only for that, she isn't worth the trouble" said Tauber.

"I don't know that she will—but I must have lost her respect and my own is gone too. If I had to get drunk why in heaven's name did I have to come into her neighborhood with my bestial carcase in that state? What the devil shall I do? I can't live on this way, here!" Mueller dropped back on the bed with an expression of utter despair and misery. Then Gletsch spoke.

"Personally, if I felt that way about it, I should tell old Trockenstaub to slide down my back, and move to some other university—Jena, or Munich, or maybe Tuebingen. The change would do you good, and you could probably find some other magistrate's daughter, too."

"No!" cried Mueller. "There's only one Liesel, and I've ruined that chapter forever. Furthermore I can't abide the Saxons, and Munich is too French—Oh, come on, let's go to Nuernberg, where nobody troubles about a poor student from Erlangen,—and get drunk.

Really drunk, so as to forget all women, and the whole world beside, and just drop by the wayside." Gletsch and Tauber protested and argued, but it was useless. Finally they agreed to go, partly from an inclination to visit Nuernberg and partly from anxiety as to what Mueller might do if left alone.

It was still quite early in the morning, and the three of them set out at once, hoping to arrive in Nuernberg by one. The coach did not run at that time of day, and the young men would have preferred to walk rather than pay the fare. The sunshine was glorious, and the green, rolling Franconian countryside seemed to invite one to go on, and on, and on, and never stop. The trio set out down the Regnitz at a swinging pace, past little red-tiled villages, each with its tiny church, past groves of flowering fruit-trees, and all the wonders that go to make up a Bavarian springtime.

The perfect day soon put Gletsch and Tauber in great spirits, and they started to sing, in the manner of Germans *auf der Wanderschaft* since time immemorial. Mueller joined in half-heartedly, so as not to be unmannerly, until they struck up the old Swabian apprentices' song:

Muss i denn, muss i denn, zum Staedtele 'naus,
Staedtele 'naus
Und du, mein Schatz, bleibst hier?
Wenn i komm, wenn i komm, wenn i wiedrum komm,
wiedrum komm
Kehr i ein, mein Schatz, bei dir!

Mueller came to with a start. "No! No more of that one! I never shall come back from Nuernberg if I have to listen to that any longer!" At this they fell silent, and continued swinging down the road, Gletsch or Tauber occasionally pointing out some beauty of the scenery, Mueller gloomy and speechless.

At the end of their third hour of walking, Tauber pointed to a slight reddish patch in the dim blue distance, with some kind of an awkward corner that stuck up above the horizon. The red roofs of Nuernberg, with its great castle, were in sight.

In another hour, the three young men passed into the ancient city through one of the gates in the town wall. Through the winding, narrow streets they made their way to the Marktplatz, where old Neptune presides on his fountain and the Electors, Saints, and Heroes keep watch over the city from the Schoener Brunnen. The old market-women were out in force, under their great striped umbrellas, and converted the broad sloping stretch of the market-place into a canvas-covered grove. Gletsch and Tauber wandered around, watched, and listened with considerable interest to the almost unintelligible speech of the old women, but Mueller was in a hurry to be gone, and finally dragged his friends off up the steep street past the city hall. They turned to the left at the Golden Ball apothecary-shop, built in 1650, and came in sight of the Moritzkapelle, an old steep-roofed red brick chapel. This was the objective of their walk, for, built against the far side of the chapel, was a little brick lean-to, with a tiled roof, tables outside, and a bell hanging over the door, with the sign: *Bratwurstgloecklein.*

"Here we are. The best beer in the kingdom of Bavaria," said Mueller. He sat down, and called for three steins full. His two companions drank theirs slowly, and called for sausages to be eaten with the beer. But Mueller emptied his whole great stein almost at a draught, and sent for another. It was only a second until he ordered it refilled, once, and then again. By this time Tauber and Gletsch were ready for more. But the beer seemed to make them cheerful, whereas Mueller grew more gloomy, almost angry, with every draught.

By the time they had finished their fifth steins, the two were just at the handshaking stage, but Mueller appeared to have been racing against time, trying only to bark out "Kellner!" with less interval after each order. Suddenly Tauber realized what was happening across the table. "Fritzl! In God's name! That's your fourteenth stein! You'll kill yourself!" Mueller turned slowly toward the speaker: "Doeshn't make any difference! Haven't forgotten yet! Musht forget Liesel! Can't stop yet! *Kellna! no a dunkles Bier!*"

Half an hour later, Gletsch and Tauber, both a trifle unsteady themselves, dragged the protesting Mueller in an almost unconscious condition from the Bratwurstgloecklein. He still continued to murmur "Haven't forgotten yet! *Musht* forget Liesel!" His two friends piloted him on up the hill, past the house of Albrecht Duerer, the greatest wood-engraver of mediaeval times. Nearby was the city wall, with one of the arched gates, and its massive tower. At this juncture, Gletsch noticed something flashing, down the street, and discovered that it was the pike-head of one of the blue-coated, high-hatted volunteer police.

"We have to get Fritzl out of the way somewhere," he said, "let's take him up in the tower until the offisher of the law gets by." So they almost carried the helpless Mueller by the arms up the worn stone steps inside, up and up, to the very top. Here they stood for a few minutes, Mueller supporting himself on the window-sill. At length a rattling was heard on the road outside the wall, far below. Gletsch and Tauber looked out, and instantly drew back and tried to pull Mueller away from the window.

The noise was the carriage of one of the magistrates of Erlangen, and in the carriage, beside the old gentleman, rode a brown-haired girl. Mueller, with drunken contrariness, clung to the window, and looked out, then drew

his breath in, long and sharp. Tauber and Gletsch stepped back and gazed at one another in horror. Then they looked back toward Mueller, quite unprepared for the greater shock that awaited them. With an unbelievable effort, Mueller had climbed onto the window-sill. The two saw him balanced there for an instant. "Liesel!" he called, "I couldn't . . ." and leaped.

Barrows Mussey.

Musing, On A Pier

When ships sail forth into long green seas,
I wonder if sailors know
How well they love what they've left ashore
Or how well they're loved. I think not, for
If they knew, they wouldn't go!

M. R. P.

Sieve

Straining this two-faced winter weather
My window pane is a sieve today;
It lets the warmth of the sunlight in
Holding the bite of the wind at bay.
And I shall sift my two-phased life,
Parting my sorrow and joy that way . . .

F. T. Gower.



Princess Rianarmo's Dream

THE Princess Rianarmo was sitting at the window with her baby, caring very little whether the child lived or died. She was watching the noisy soldiers in the courtyard, with her very delicate and beautiful chin on the sill, cushioned by her delicate and beautiful hand. Her black hair hung carelessly over her, and the child was industriously burrowing into the warm recesses of her lap, playing with the folds of the Princess's scarlet gown. It was one of those deadening intervals between lovers, and the beautiful and delicate eyelashes of the Princess Rianarmo were drooping with pure drowsiness, and she cared little or nothing whether the child of Signor Luzie lived or died.

When at last the Princess Rianarmo fell asleep, she dreamt that she was the old beggarwoman—all rags and rottenness—who crawled out of the little black hole by the city gate to beg for her bread, like an impotent old worm. There she lay in the filth of the highway, hungering, hungering; and when a proud lady rode by, with a troop of gallant servitors in livery of green and gold, then she wept, and cried:

"Fill me with warm milk, Madonna So-beautiful, for the sweet Virgin's sake."

But the proud lady of the Princess Rianarmo's dream rode by without a glance, for there were matters in her head which she held more important than the love of holy Mary, the sweet Virgin. Therefore the old beggarwoman crept away into the hole, down the smooth stone steps to the cold darkness below, hungering. There she found a small child, lying naked on the straw. A gray serpent with silver wings and a crest of golden fire on its head coiled itself behind her eyes, and watched. Hungrily, hungrily, she crouched and stared, till the sweat oozed from the scales of the gray serpent. Hunger-

ing, hungering, the old crone squatted on the floor, the white little body in her twitching black hands; she bared her rotting teeth and buried them in its side—motionless, she squatted on the stones, eyes furtively watchful, swallowing noiselessly.

Then the Princess Rianarmo awoke, and took the baby in her arms and gave it its milk. All her body thrilled with pure joy to have the child, for she loved it and loved it—even if its father were only Signor Luzie, who could not face a sword.

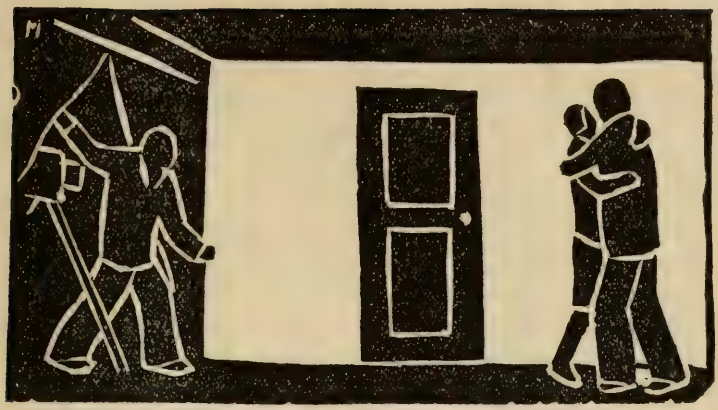
Caliban.

Of Two

I knew that you would never come, and yet
It seemed that, as I sat awaiting there,
A gentle presence I could not forget
Was all about me in the drowsy air;
That night I knew our rendezvous was never
To be; that, tho' I kept our tryst for years.
The faith you broke would so remain forever,—
The faith conceived in laughter, born in tears.

But even when you make this stern decree
Of exile—when you choose to thus betray me
Who once had knelt (so constant!) at your shrine,
I cannot go without one final plea;
This lone concession, then, do not gainsay me:
Of two vows, one was false. It was not mine. . .

Eric Hirth.



The Inheritance

I

"ROBERT GRAHAM, 319 Millvale Road, Selina, New York. 5 11 145 grey brown" read his driver's license, but the description thereon was inadequate, for while hundreds of men might have answered to it, no one could possibly look or act like "Honest Bob". Three months ago he had been an almost unknown young lawyer. Then the Democratic convention had met. A Republican victory that year had seemed certain—everyone knew that their candidate was rotten, a mere tool of the big boss, Denning, but he undeniably controlled the votes. Then some Democrat had had an inspiration. Why not make politics a moral issue, nominate the paragon of all goodness for governor, and hit the corruption of the Republican system? In casting about for a likely candidate, the eyes of this genius had fallen upon Graham, who had never been in politics, but who had an enviable record

and was happily married. At the convention Graham had been nominated for the governorship by acclamation, and the campaign had progressed merrily and successfully to the tune of "99 44-100 per cent pure." He had stood the strain of the fight well. Not once had his energy flagged or his spirits failed. In spite of a reputation that put Sir Galahad's to shame, except for a maddening tendency to use stilted language when self-conscious—a tendency contracted, no doubt, from numberless political speeches—he remained an all-round "good fellow." Now, as he stood facing his visitor, his head thrust forward, his hands resting on the desk between them, the force of his personality seemed to give life to the steely grey room which was the holy of holies of the junior member of the firm of Graham, Dunn, and Graham, Attorneys-at-Law.

"We will win, Tom," he was saying enthusiastically. "Why, they just brought word that I'd carry Orange County by seven thousand, and Sullivan by twelve. As chester—"

"Now just a minute! You're under-rating Denning. Never forget, Bob, that he's the slickest bird in the U. S. A. today, politically speaking. He's been in the game for over sixty years, and he's never lost a hand—why look at what he did to your own father when *he* tried to get to Albany. Denning's been passive so far—too damn passive. But mark me, he's got something up his sleeve, and one of these fine days he'll spring it. Then you *will* have to watch your step."

"But, Tom, what can he do? I think that you're all afraid of a shadow, anyway. Who is this Denning? You never see a picture of him, he never goes anywhere, or sees a reporter—why I have never met anyone who has seen him. He's an antiquated myth living in an antiquated brownstone house on Forty-seventh Street."

"Don't be so sure, Bob. Denning is far from being a

myth. You're right in saying that he keeps out of the public eye, certainly. I don't believe that there are half a dozen people in New York who would recognize him if they met him on the street. But that's all part of his game—and, believe me, it gives him strength. No, he's not a myth, and he's far from being a fool. He knows he can't fight Purity and get away with it, so there's only one thing left for him to do—destroy it. If he could convince the doting public that their shining idol had a few dirt spots on him—why, they'd feel cheated, and the game would be up, so far as said idol is concerned. That's why I'm going to ask you now, both as a friend, and as one interested in your political success, if there is, or ever has been anything in your life that could possibly be turned into—mud. Think hard before you answer."

"No."

"Well, maybe not, but remember—Denning will hit somewhere. Now let's drop the subject. How are May and the boy?"

"May's fine, thank you, and the boy is better. The doctor is quite encouraged, but he'll have to stay where he is until Christmas time at least. It's rather hard for a man to be separated from his wife and kid for so long—but between the campaign and the office I simply can't spare the time to make the trip. You know I *was* going to join them next week, but as it is I guess I won't see them until the fight's over."

"Rotten shame. Be careful that you don't overwork yourself."

"Oh, I won't! May's father knows of a place up in the Catskills where the reporters will never think of looking for me, and I can have absolute rest. Cool, quiet—you know—'the home away from home' idea. If things stay as quiet as they are now, I'm going to run up there next week, and if I like it, I'll spend most of my week-ends there. I'll confess that I'm pretty near the end of my rope now."

"Well, keep the reporters away, and you'll be all right. Good-bye, Bob, and remember—I'll be in town all summer, and if you ever want any help, call on me."

II

On the veranda of the "Valley View Farm" sat an aged man, his cane resting precariously against the side of his chair, his gentle blue eyes looking idly at the lake before him, as he listened to the musical voice of the girl by his side. She paused for a moment—he spoke with a voice surprisingly soft and firm for one of his age. "Very lovely, my dear, Keats always brings tears to my eyes. Your mother used to read that selection to me on this very spot ten—why it must be *twenty* years ago. How time flies! But, thank God, this place never changes. Even the boarders are the same year in and year out. I was thinking it over the other day, and I don't believe we meet more that half a dozen new faces each year. This year, for instance, there are the Graysons, and Miss Leviss, and the Wests, and—well, that's all. By the way, the Findlays arrive this afternoon, and—why, there's the bus now. Yes, and there are the Findlays. She looks a little older, doesn't she? I can't see very well. Look! There's another man getting out. I wonder who it can be? Mr. Ralph, perhaps—no, I've never seen this fellow before, though there's something familiar about his face. Why Kathie," he became suddenly excited, "do you know who it is—it's Bob Graham. We are honored, my dear, by the presence of the gubernatorial candidate."

"Father," the girl turned on him with startling intensity, "I like him."

"So do I, my dear," said the man. "I'm sorry for him. Politics is a great game if you don't weaken." A faint, half-sad smile hovered uncertainly about his thin, cracked lips.

"Here he comes now," Kathie warned him. "Wants to look at the view from the south wing before he goes to his room, I guess—newcomers always do. Why he's positively handsome—almost *too* handsome to be as good as they say he is. Oh!" She uttered a cry, startled as his cane fell to the floor. She stretched out her hand for it, but another was quicker than hers. "Thank you," she said, as the newcomer handed it to her.

"You're welcome, I'm sure."

The old man chuckled—a dry, shrewd chuckle. "If you're here for long, young man, you'll be doing that more than once. I'm like a baby who throws its rattle out of the carriage to make the nurse pick it up. My name is Rogers—Earnest Rogers, and this is my daughter, Katherine. I think I recognize you from your pictures—you're Bob Graham, aren't you?"

"Yes. Though I confess I'd never expect anyone to recognize me from newspaper likenesses—or should I say unlikenesses?"

"Well, you look sort of like your father, too. I knew him a long time ago. He was a fine man, but politics—and Denning—ruined him. Take an old-timer's warning, Mr. Graham, and watch out for that devil, Denning, he—"

"Father," said the girl sharply, "you're keeping Mr. Graham from the view."

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Graham, you must forgive us old men. We forget ourselves and talk too much. We like to ramble, and when we see some one who brings back the past, why, we—but I'm off again."

"Not at all! In fact, I should very much like to talk to you again—especially about my father. But I really must be getting along now, for I shall have to dress before dinner. I hope to see you again, Miss Rogers," he added, "I shall be here for a week at least. Good-bye."

When he had passed out of hearing, the girl turned

upon her father. "Dad," she said fiercely, "I tell you I like him."

"And as I said before," he answered dryly, "so do I. Now it's time to dress for dinner."

III

Mr. and Mrs. Swift had run the "Valley View Farm" for almost thirty years so successfully that they could now have been enjoying a life of ease, had not the habit of work become so engendered in them that the thought of idleness never once entered their heads. Long practice had made the running of the house automatic, and even the boarders had long ago learned to look out for themselves. Hence a new boarder was always a disturbing element, and the first step was to acclimate him. To this end, no one was ever allowed to eat alone, new and old guests preferably mingling. Therefore, when Bob Graham, freshly washed and shaved, entered the dining room, he found himself conducted to a table at which two others were already seated—and the others were Mr. and Miss Rogers.

"Why this is a delightful surprise," he said as he seated himself. "I was expecting to have to eat alone, in state."

"Oh, Mrs. Swift would never allow that. She always mixes the new and the old together at tables. If her grouping isn't congenial—and she seldom makes a mistake—you can get a transfer, but never a private domain."

"I'm sure that I shan't bewail this arrangement—but I'm afraid I'll bore you dreadfully."

"I'm sure you won't," said Mr. Rogers. "Not if you're anything like your father."

"When did you know father, Mr. Rogers?"

"Oh, a good while back, Mr. Graham—at the time he was running for governor. I was interested in politics

in a small way myself, then, and I saw a bit of him—though not as much as I would have wished—he was an extremely fascinating conversationalist. I think I even saw you once—you were just a little boy, of course."

"I don't remember."

"Oh, you wouldn't and I doubt if your father ever thought of me after the campaign was over."

"I don't recall his ever having mentioned your name—but he had so much to think of in those days. His defeat was a great blow to him—he never forgave Denning. You say you were in politics then, Mr. Rogers. Did you ever happen to meet Denning?"

"No. He doesn't see many people. He's the last of the old school politicians—sits back and takes no glory, only money."

"I've come to the conclusion that such a being doesn't exist."

"Don't fool yourself Mr. Graham," it was Kathie who broke in. "I've been following your campaign myself, and while he hasn't shown his hand yet, he will. You must watch out."

"Thanks for the warning. It's what everyone says."

"Everyone is right, then." She had been speaking in a tense, earnest tone, now she became politely conversational as she inquired about his wife and son, and the general trend of the campaign. Over the dessert, she apologized. "I'm afraid I've talked nothing but politics when you were trying to get away from them. But you see, I used to be interested in father—though he was never successful—and it sort of grew on me. Now let's forget it! What do you think of the orchestra? It's an innovation here, but the younger people wanted to dance after dinner, so the Swifts decided to have one this summer."

It was undeniably good, and Graham's foot unconsciously beat the time. "Great, isn't it?" he said. "I

haven't danced for months, but I wonder—are we included among the younger people?"

She hesitated a moment, then smiled at him. "I shouldn't be surprised."

Mr. Rogers chuckled. "You must watch out, Mr. Graham," he said, "or Kathie will have you running around picking up my cane for her. You think it was you who wanted to dance—but it wasn't,—"

"Father," she was blushing furiously, "that's not fair."

"Well! well! Only Kathie always gets what she wants. Watch out or she'll lead you into dangerous places. Remember, I warn you." But his smile robbed his words of their sharpness, and it was with a light heart that Graham led Kathie to the veranda, where a dozen couples were already dancing, and where the moon was first beginning to show itself above the mountains across the lake.

IV

Three weeks later, Graham smiled as he read Tom's letter:

DEAR BOB,

I'm sorry I had to leave town, as I see that you need my guiding hand. For heaven's sake, don't make a fool of yourself at this stage of the game. As far as I can make it out from your letters, you spent your week at "Valley View Farm" exclusively with a Miss Rogers, dancing with a Miss Rogers, walking with a Miss Rogers, riding with a Miss Rogers,—but why go on? Now you're going back there this week-end and expect to spend your future week-ends there, too. I don't care if the woman is seventy, with cross-eyes, and bow legs. She's a woman, and as such, fit subject for a Denning scandal—in fact she's probably in his employ, you say she's interested in politics.

I'll be back Wednesday. For heaven's sake, be careful until then.

TOM.

"What are you smiling at?" asked Kathie. "Is it a letter from your wife?"

"No—just from an old friend. A warning against entangling alliances."

The smile on her lips faded away and she became suddenly serious. "Do you know, Bob, I've meant to say this for some time but just haven't had the courage —I'm afraid we're seeing too much of each other. I know it's foolish, but I've been brought up to fear Denning. He's sort of my infantile bugaboo, and if for any reason my friendship should be harmful to you— well, I'd never forgive myself. I honestly think you oughtn't to come up again after this week-end."

Graham was just a bit offended, and sought to soothe his wounded dignity by lapsing into what Kathie called his soap-box manner.

"But, Kathie, why should I deprive myself of a pleasant place to week-end, and a charming companion, just because someone *might* try to miscontrue it. No one could really misinterpret our relationship, or at least they couldn't make the public believe it."

"Denning could."

"Oh, forget Denning. I say it's going to be a glorious night tonight. Won't you drive over to 'The Three Oaks'? I drove up from the city just so we could have a car for such an occasion."

"Bob, you're hopeless—and after what I've just said. I'm really serious. If you won't stay away, why I'll have to go—and you wouldn't be *that* ungallant, would you?"

"Kathie! Why it's crazy to feel that way—but I certainly appreciate your thoughtfulness of me—that's

what makes it all the harder to give up our friendship. However, I tell you what I'll do—if you come over to 'The Three Oaks' with me tonight, I'll stay away for awhile."

"Won't you anyway?"

"No."

"Then I—I suppose I'll have to go. Now I've got to run along to see father. He's simply furious because he's been sick ever since your arrival—he liked you a lot."

"I would have liked to have seen more of him, too. Well, I hope he'll be up next time I come back."

"But remember, that won't be for a long time."

"All right, I promise. See you at dinner. We'd better start right after if we're going to drive the long way around by the Hudson."

V

The drive along the Hudson had been beautiful, the dance glorious, but now Graham was cursing inwardly. It was almost three, and he was trying vainly to awaken a spark of life in the unresponsive motor. He was no mechanician, but never before had he felt so helplessly stupid. There was plenty of gas, the battery was all right, but the motor just wouldn't go. For over half an hour he had been poking and prying; after a final desperate effort, he spoke to the girl on the front seat.

"It's no use, Kathie," he said. "I can't do a thing. We can only wait for a car to come along and pick us up. The trouble is that it may be morning before one comes along this particular stretch of road. I guess I'd better try to reach a phone—though I hate to leave you here. We haven't passed a house in miles, so I'd better walk ahead."

"There's not a house for five or six miles in that direction—and even then there may be no phone. I

know the district well, you see. It would be better to wait and take a chance on somebody's coming along. Besides, I'm a 'fraid cat and should hate to be left here all alone."

"But if one shouldn't come?"

"Well, we'd have to stay here, that's all."

"Gee, but you're game, Kathie. Can you ever forgive me for getting you into this scrape?"

"Easily, but I'm afraid you'll never forgive me—especially if Denning should ever find out about it. But we can only hope that someone *will* come along."

"It couldn't have happened in a worse place."

"No."

"Listen! Don't you hear a car coming?"

"I think I do—be careful you don't scare them away. They may think you're a highwayman."

It was a car, and it stopped. What was more to the point, the driver was a mechanician and soon had the motor going again. As he took the tip Graham slipped into his palm, he grinned broadly, "Some girl you got, mister," he said. "Sorry I happened along after you'd broken that connection back under the hood so carefully. You must have some small foot to squeeze it in so you could do it. And on such a lonely spot, too."

"But I didn't. It must have been a mistake."

"Couldn't be, mister. However," he winked broadly, "a mistake it will be. I'm not *too* dumb. Good-bye."

When he climbed into the front seat, Graham noticed that there was a fresh grease spot on Kathie's shoe.

"That *was* luck," she said, but somehow he did not like the way she said it. Why was her father always sick when he was around? Why—but he was becoming unjustly suspicious. Hadn't she tried to keep him away? Still if she had really wanted to . . .

They drove back in silence, and when they said good-night, each felt that a veil had dropped between them.

VI

When Graham arose after a restless night, the first thing he noticed was a white square of paper lying on the floor by his door. He opened it and read:

We will have to say good-bye definitely, but before you go, I must see you alone for a few minutes—to tell you something of really vital importance. I will be in the summer house at the west point of the lake at eleven this morning.

K.

What did she want now? Of course the whole thing was an attempt to compromise him. Tom had been right, and he wouldn't go. He would write her a note—no, that would be worse, something in writing. What harm could come of seeing her in broad daylight? Why, he might be misjudging her entirely. At eleven he was at the summer house.

She was a few minutes late, and when she did arrive his suspicions almost disappeared, she was so beautiful.

"Bob," she said, "you're going to hate me just when I need your help most. I've got to tell you something, and you must promise to listen to it all before you say anything."

"Of course. But I couldn't hate you, Kathie, and if I can help you in any way—"

"Better make no rash promises until you hear what I have to say. In the first place Denning *is* a myth so far as his name is concerned—that is a sort of political nom de plume—but the force you know as Denning does exist, and in the person of my father. Remember your promise." This as he started to speak. "He is very cruel and unscrupulous and I am absolutely at his mercy. He'd been planning to ruin you in some way, and Providence played into his hands by sending

you to the 'Valley View Farm'. He immediately laid his plot and I was the center. It was up to me to compromise you in some way. I refused. Then he grew terrible. He has a hold over me—a hold I can't break. He made me. Oh I'm good, Bob, honest to God, I'm good. I didn't want to, but finally I promised I would and last night up in the mountains, I deliberately stopped the car. You can't imagine what it cost me—and then I prayed and prayed a car would come along. Oh you can't imagine, Bob, what a Hell my life has been!" She was becoming hysterical. "You don't know what it is to be in the power of a devil—a *devil*, I tell you. Bob, he's not human. Bob, Bob, you've got to take me away from him. There's no one else I can trust. If I go back, he'll kill me—honest to God, he'll kill me —oh, I shall die a natural death, but he'll have killed me. He'll know that I've told you the truth, and he'll kill me. Take me away, Bob, take me away. I can earn my living typing or something. Just take me back to the city with you tonight. I have enough money to get started. Don't leave me here to be killed."

"But, Kathie, how can I? My reputation if you should disappear with me?"

"Oh, your reputation! And I was ready to sacrifice my life for you! Pardon me, Bob, I'm sorry. I don't know what I'm saying. You're quite right of course, you must not risk your reputation. I'll stay here, Bob, and die—happy because you'll be saved, and I love you."

"Kathie."

"Oh, I *am* a fool! Forget me, Bob. Go away and forget me. Go ahead! Win! Beat him! Crush him! If you should get the governorship, it would kill him! Do it, Bob, do it! Kill the devil! Kill him! Kill him! Kill him! Oh. Bob—" She sobbed wildly, and dropped on the ground at his feet. "Oh, Bob,—"

"Gather yourself together, Kathie. He can't kill you."

"He can, oh yes, he can. You don't know him. He's been in the game for sixty years, and he's never lost a hand. Oh, it wouldn't hurt his reputation—I'd die of some obscure disease. But I'd die. Oh, I shouldn't have come here. I'm simply making us both wretched. Good-bye, Bob, and please don't think too badly of me."

"Kathie! Wait!"

"Yes?"

"Pack what you need, and we'll drive down to the city together tonight."

"No, Bob, I couldn't. Your reputation—"

"Damn my reputation! No one need ever know anyway, and I'd never forgive myself if I left you here and something did happen to you. Meet me at the garage at eight o'clock—I'll say good-bye ostentatiously at dinner."

"But, Bob—"

"You understand?"

"Yes, Bob, thank you. Oh, you're *too* decent, *too* decent."

VII

That evening at nine they were well on their way. It was beginning to rain and Graham had to keep his eyes on the road. Kathie, too, was silent, though she seemed more composed than she had been that morning. It would be a stiff four-hour drive, and each of them, realizing it, was trying not to think of the import of the occasion. Darkness had settled over the district, and lights were beginning to appear in the numerous cottages that lined the road.

"We should make it by one, if nothing happens," said Graham, "and you can stay overnight with my mother. I telephoned her—discreetly, of course. Tomorrow we'll see what you can do."

"You shouldn't have gone to all that trouble, Bob, I feel like a cad."

"You certainly have no reason to. Look at what you did for me."

She was silent. The rain was descending in torrents, and he had to drive so slowly that eleven o'clock found them with sixty miles yet to go. They were in the wildest district now, and a mountain thunderstorm added to the havoc of the steady rain.

Suddenly something loomed up in the road ahead. He slapped on the brakes and the car skidded to the side of the road, avoiding a giant oak which had fallen in its path.

"Lightning," said Graham shortly. "There's no way to get around it here."

"Perhaps," suggested Kathie, "there's some other road we could detour on. Of course with this mud it would be difficult, but I don't see what else we can do. Look! There seems to be a house off there to the left. Perhaps—"

"Sure enough! I'll go wake the people up, and see what they can tell me . . . You wait here."

"No, I know it's silly, but I'm afraid to stay here alone."

"It's pouring."

"I don't care."

"All right! We'll make a dash for the porch."

They tore through the long grass and arrived breathlessly on the roofed piazza. Graham beat violently on the door, but there was no response.

"No one at home, I guess," he said.

"Perhaps you could get in a window and use the telephone,"

"Great idea!" The first he tried was locked, but the second yielded and they entered.

"Damn," he said as he stumbled over a chair. "Wait

where you are and I'll light a match." The flicker revealed a large room, evidently in daily use.

"There's a candle on the shelf," said Kathie, and he lit it. The storm was growing steadily worse, and the whole house seemed to rock on its foundations.

Suddenly there was an unusually violent flash and crash. "Bob," screamed Kathie, and flung herself into his arms, her lips pressed on his.

Almost simultaneously there was a lesser flash and report within the room itself. A man stood in the doorway, and drew aside the curtain. Behind the curtain was a camera, and behind the camera were several other men. "Nice pose, Mr. Graham," said the man. "Good work, Kathie!"

"You planned this?" Graham struggled to hold his fury in check.

"Yes indeed, Mr. Graham—and admirably staged, I may say. Kathie quite outdid herself this morning, and the fallen tree—neat touch, even if my muscles *are* sore from chopping." He rubbed his arm ruefully as he added, "Ah! What a sensation the picture would create in the Sunday papers!"

"You'll publish it?"

"Oh, dear no, Mr. Graham, that won't be necessary. You'll withdraw from the gubernatorial race because of —your health, shall we say?"

Graham turned to the girl beside him.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Honestly, you know I quite like you, Bob. You've been so darn decent all through, but—well, politics are politics, and they were born and bred in me. I almost gave up once or twice, but—I'm my father's daughter. I doubt if we ever meet again, Bob, but I shall always like you. Please try not to think too harshly of me. Won't you say good-bye? . . . Well," as he was silent, "I don't know as I blame you, but I'll say it anyway," and she left him standing there.

R. C. Bull.

The Sunset Sings Again

Builders, ye are dreaming,
As man has dreamed before,
Of the flood of tideless waters
That wash an unknown shore.

Ye have broken, burned the temple
Of the gods who knew no wrong.
Ye have sold your fate forever,
And ye sold it for a song.

There had passed unnumbered ages
Ere your little schemes were laid;
But the ages are but minutes
When the hands of Time are stayed.

Take your thunder engines
And go hurl them in the sea.
Though your hands are bound forever,
Set your souls forever free.

Builders long before ye,
They had dreams as yours so fair;
And they wait ye 'mid the ruins
Of their castles in the air.

Bramwell Linn.

An Open Letter to the College Administration

". . . The great problem then becomes not to find students for your college, but to find right faculty. We grade students by what the faculty think of them—why not reverse the process? Why not find out from the students which professors they are getting the most from, which professors are a live inspiration? Why should an inefficient and fruitless instructor be allowed to remain year after year, paralyzing the work of a whole department? We get rid of deadhead students—why not of deadhead professors? The latter do the college far more harm . . ."

Christopher Morley, in 1913.

SIRS:

Having come upon the above while perusing an old issue of THE HAVERFORDIAN, I was at once struck with its perfect adaptability (to the general situation at the college which played a large part in forming Mr. Morley's ideas) fourteen years after its writing. I asked myself whether there was any reason to believe that the unfortunate condition there spoken of was, in 1927, any less unfortunate—whether, in other words, the persons in whose hands lies the jurisdiction over such matters, had seen fit to take any action thereupon. After a careful survey, sirs, I find that they have not.

The deadhead professors and the fruitless instructors remain. The loudest complaints of the students are seldom heeded, except in such cases as they happen to coincide with the complaints of the faculty. I know of a recent case in which a department of freshman English was largely taken over, for a full year, by a perfect numbskull whose knowledge of the subject he strove to teach was considerably less than that possessed by the majority of his pupils. The instances of his (sometimes peculiarly amusing) ignorance were not few and far between, but sufficiently numerous to banish all possible doubt as to his incompetency. But for a year the

foundations of the College's instruction in English composition and public speaking were laid by him, for several score of powerless unfortunates.

There are still instances of professors-who-remain-because-of-venerableness. There are two main objections to these: In the first place, they are pretty generally unwilling to alter the time-worn procedure of their courses to harmonize with modern practice or recent development. And in the second place, this standardization of teaching is almost certain to be productive of a standardization of studying—the one thing most objectionable of all in a well-ordered educational establishment. It is a real question whether the young professor who is interested in his work in a flexible way is not more valuable than the old and honored veteran who works by the hard and fast rules of a quarter or a half century ago. I wonder, sirs, if you cannot find examples of the thing to which I refer, on your own faculty?

I understand that, at your college, there is a practice of inexcusable unsoundness; a practice that can be characterized as nothing so much as a breach of faith on the part of those who employ it. I refer to the marking of papers by others than those in charge of particular courses. Nothing could conceivably be more destructive to the desired relationship between professor and student than this is. In a lecture course, none but the lecturer can be really sure of what he has said and so none but he can be competent to understand the meaning derived therefrom by his hearers, as a group and individually. In conference courses, none but the man in charge of the conference can be qualified to judge how well the facts of discussion have been pondered and assimilated. In recitation courses a similar condition gives the instructor sole and peculiar power to determine particular abilities and endeavors. In view of which facts, it seems a bit odd that a college which pretends to

be progressive should tolerate any such thing. Themes, theses and examination papers are supposed to be the products of careful thought,—frequently tiresome and laborious thought. Through them, a student attempts to put himself before his professor, and not before some complete outsider whose only means of grading is a theoretical and impersonal one. Might not this be taken as a fairly accurate indication of those men who are not really concerned with the welfare of their classes —the deadheads?

I realize, sirs, that your position is a difficult one. There is no professor entirely free of student enemies. But might it not be well to take recognition of the fact that some professors are generally respected while some are generally considered as jokes? And, having recognized that, might it not be logical to take some significant action? Your faculty, sirs, is comparatively excellent but quite strewn with flaws that can and should be corrected. I firmly believe that the undergraduate body is the most accurate possible indicator of these flaws.

Unsigned.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This letter has been published because we heartily concur with the opinions expressed therein, because of the precedent set for us by a well-known contemporary, and because we are very eager to find out if any of those to whom it is addressed will find it worth his while to reply. Such a reply should be addressed to the Editor of the* HAVERFORDIAN; *we would be glad to publish it in the first issue next year provided, we hasten to add, that it comes up to our own literary standard.*)

EDITORIAL

There are still, we feel, a great many people who confuse the purpose of this magazine. It is, and will continue to be, frankly literary, with no other motive. To assign ourselves any high altruistic aim, such as the furtherance of an appreciation of good literature among the undergraduates, would be ridiculous. We do claim to foster the spirit of *belles-lettres*, but even this is confessedly secondary, and must of necessity be so. Our single objective is the maintenance of an inlet for the creative literary effort of those connected with Haverford College. We endeavor to keep the standard of this inlet as high as possible; and we are but little concerned over how good an outlet we prove to be. If we can crystallize the expression of intelligent thought, the manner in which it is received is of relatively small moment. We do our best to be unostentatiously intellectual and we can, therefore, never be exactly popular. But we can be, and we shall try to be satisfactory to a group whose silent approval we value highly.



BOOKS

THE ARROW

Our noble alumnus breaks forth with a short, tart book of no importance and of great charm. As in *Kathleen,* that early little gem, his mind runs (quite explicably) to the meanderings of a young Rhodes Scholar. This one meanders, again, with a young lady, but he does it oh so differently! An airy perfection of romance engineered in delightfully impossible manner, and that is all. One feels that Mr. Morley is consciously letting his imagination get the better of him for the first time since *Thunder on the Left,* two years ago. And when I say consciously, I do not mean self-consciously, because that would be far, far from the truth.

Nothing could be more typical of the book, or its author, than: "The phonograph wenches, regardless of a whole continent of irregular verbs waiting for them, packed the French grammars they had never opened during the voyage, and unaware of plagiarism, made the customary jokes about the Scilly Islands." This, indeed, is not brain food, but it is very fine appetizer—and just enough of it to appetize without sating. It's worth an hour of anybody's time; and for the person or two who are unacquainted with the work of a finely-tempered American humorist, there could be no better introduction than *The Arrow.*

There are, really, no two ways about it—one is either of the opinion that Morely is senseless, or of the opinion that he is grand. Leaving *alma mater* quite aside, I am of the latter. *J. R.*

(*The Arrow,* by Christopher Morley. Doubleday Page and Co.)

REVOLT IN THE DESERT

When the war is over, then comes the time to tell the stories. Historian, professor, statesman, and novelist, present the world with their versions and ask attention and applause. You are introduced to facts before unknown, theories of responsibility, apologiae, and imaginative pictures; and to personalities. Every voice is heard. In the enormous collection of words there is now and then the sudden flash of revelation and discovery.

In 1927 appeared in this company a new name and a new document; a little tardy and brought forward with gestures of modesty and indifference. *Revolt in the Desert* was written by T. E. Lawrence for his friends; and in its popular edition, shortened by a half, it will bring in expenses and fees for the artists who illustrated the large edition, not profits for the author. He is off again on his anonymous way, as you are told, a private in the British Tank Corps of India, leaving his account of the Arab revolt with British support against the Turks in 1917.

"When at last we anchored in Jeddah's harbour, off the white town hung between the blazing sky and its reflection in the mirage which swept and rolled over the wide lagoon, then the heat of Arabia came out like a drawn sword and struck us speechless."—So the book begins with Lawrence's arrival and meeting with Abdulla, son of the Sherif of Mecca. It ends with the setting up of a government by British and Arabs in Damascus, the achievement of months of scheming, delicate Arabian diplomacy, fighting and movement over the vast bitter desert, and the subtle unofficial leadership of a member of the Intelligence Service, a subaltern-archaeologist of twenty-eight, already rejected as unfit for military service. Lawrence had a wide precise knowledge of the Near East and its peoples from long wanderings there

while he was still an undergraduate at Oxford; he carried the approval and help of Sir Henry McMahon, British representative in Egypt; but he had the task of inspiring and organizing the Arab tribes scattered over the desert, of planning a military campaign without adequate material, of riding over the desert and beating the Turk out of his strongholds, and then of holding his victory. *Revolt in the Desert* is his story.

The book is therefore not only a piece of history, another part of the whole composition which we are just beginning to see. It is the history least familiar to us, who know of the Eastern campaign little except Gallipoli. It is the companion of Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* and the pages of Sir Richard Burton, on the shelf of Eastern masterpieces. Great adventure and a marvelous scene are in it, and a great leader.

To read it is an adventure.

M. B. L.

(*Revolt in the Desert,* by T. E. Lawrence. Doran.)

THE KING'S HENCHMAN

Intended primarily as the libretto of an opera, *The King's Henchman* is in itself perhaps the greatest lyric drama that this age has produced. Miss Millay has accomplished the apparently impossible task of writing a play of heroic action and primitive emotion in verse which is never stilted; and of reconciling the language of the Elizabethans to modern treatment.

The story is a simple one. King Eadgar sends his henchman, Aethelwold, to investigate the charms of the Lady Alfrida, prospective queen. On the journey, Aethelwold falls asleep in a wood where he is discovered by Alfrida. They fall in love, and when the henchman discovers Alfrida's identity, he sends word to the king that the prospective queen is unworthy. Aethelwold

and Alfrida marry, but when Eadgar comes to pay them a visit the truth comes to light. Alfrida despises her husband for having robbed her of a queendom, and in a frenzy of remorse Aethelwold kills himself before his wife and his master.

The first act is apt to prove disappointing to one who has long admired Miss Millay's work. It cleverly catches the heroic spirit, but is both confused and dull. On the other hand, the second, given over almost entirely to the lovers, reaches and sustains a height of pure lyricism seldom equalled. Miss Millay, preserving her customary grace and simplicity of diction, adds an unwonted dignity to her treatment. The following selection from Alfrida's speech on discovering the sleeping Aethelwold illustrates the spirit of the scene:

"Mazèd in drowsy sleep he lies,
The small and childish locks about his brow
Bright in the moon, and crimpèd by the wet wind.
Beware! Beware!
No moonlight, but the wanton craft of witches
Hath wrought him!
Ah, that black evil hath might to build so fair!
My heart hath seen him, too.
Oh, heart, be wise!
Else mayst thou love forever in hunger and tears
golden husk!"

The third act combines the heroic mood of the first act with the lyric mood of the second. It is told with admirable restraint, and the closing scene is one of rare power and beauty.

The King's Henchman should give joy to all those who deplore the decay of the drama in verse, for it is not only fine poetry, but also a highly effective and admirably conceived play. *R. C. B.*

(*The King's Henchman*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers.)

MARCHING ON

It is only fitting that the author of *Drums* should have turned from the Revolution to the Civil War period for his latest novel. In *Marching On,* is combined with the utmost dexterity the two essentials of a pleasing semi-historical work. The background is laid, in book one, with a calm and unhurried descriptive power that is peculiarly Mr. Boyd's. His treatment of the love of James Fraser, the poor descendant of a still-proud family, for a rich planter's daughter, leaves scarcely anything to be desired. The characterization is never forced, but it succeeds in being uniformly convincing from beginning to end.

The brakeman's advice to James, at the end of the first book, will serve as well as anything to demonstrate the casualness with which the atmosphere is given:

"And in them caws, don't set neah the stove. That's wher' the passengehs gets burned up in a wreck. And if you feel her leave the track, get undeh the seat and stay ther' till she stops rollin', then kick the window out and watch fo' jagged glass." And, when James inquires if they have many wrecks,—"Wreckingest road in the Union" says the brakeman with pride.

The actual war story, is done with the same nice restraint that was used in *Drums;* situations may be thrilling, but the thud of marching feet never gets on the nerves, and the bloodshed is never overdone. Mr. Boyd has qualified as a novelist of real importance because of his ability to catch an historical spirit and incorporate it well in his theme.

J. R.

(*Marching On,* by James Boyd. Scribner's.)

THE PLUTOCRAT

Mr. Tarkington throws a wealthy mid-western one hundred per-center and an ultra-sophisticated New York playwright together and amuses himself by watching the gradual reconciliation of the latter to the former. "The execrable Tinker" leaves a triumphal trail of currency behind him in the course of a tour through Africa, and we are led to believe that his plutocracy must be secure for all parts of the world solely because of that currency. Mme. Moromo and Olivia Tinker subsequently, and in quite different ways, enchant the susceptible Ogle; the transition from the one passion to the other is the foundation of the book's plot, and it is a well laid foundation. Sometimes (as when Tinker inquires of "Mrs. Mummero", "Widow, I expect?", and again when he slaps her roundly upon the back in an attitude of good fellowship) one is tempted to ask himself if the whole business isn't, after all, a bit overdrawn; but most of the time it is convincingly accurate —or at least, convincingly what one supposes would be accurate under the circumstances. It is remarkable the way the sympathies of a person who is neither an Ogle nor a Tinker sway back and forth between the two from beginning to end. Libby, who is perhaps the most sympathetic character, is not a bit better depicted than is her mother, who is surely the least sympathetic—in other words, the author has played no favorites. And that is what makes *The Plutocrat* an extraordinary work. Each character preserves his own personality with a deadly persistency through all of the odd situations into which he is brought; the scene is laid arbitrarily and often artificially, but there is never any artificial action when the actors arrive there. "Yes," Mr. Tarkington seems to say, "money is assuredly king." And then he adds "But why not?" And his latest contribution to his remarkable gallery of contemporary American

portraiture is, in reality, nothing but a succession of echoes, "Why not? why not? . . ."

J. R.

(*The Plutocrat*, by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday Page and Co.)

ELMER GANTRY

The latest thing by the young—shall we say rejecter of the Pulitzer Prize?—is either his best or his worst, according to the side you're on,—Boston, or the rest of the world. It is really worth reading, no matter where you stand. If you are one to devour *Americana* with greedy eyes, you will probably shout with glee at such passages as:

"The wall behind them was thick with diagrams, rather like anatomical charts, showing . . . the illustrated progress of a pilgrim from Unclean Speech through Cigarette Smoking and Beer Saloons to a lively situation in which he beat his wife, who seemed to dislike it . . ." and:

"And some day—Elmer with a famous church . . . married to a dear pious little woman with half a dozen children . . ."

If, however, you thought the Dayton trial an immense success, you will probably enjoy rising at intervals of six minutes and hurling Mr. Lewis, personified by his book, against the wall. For those who don't care much anyway, it is the story of a brutal, sensual, and vulgar young man who falls into the Church and shouts and tramples his way to the top. He is anything but a decent respectable person, but sometimes you like him for it. The book has one distinct fault—length; but if you are enough of a Mencken-maniac that won't bother you.

F. C. E. J.

(*Elmer Gantry*, by Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.)

THE FIELD OF MUSTARD

It is seldom that a group of short stories shows as much versatility as does *The Field of Mustard.* Realism jostles idealism. Humor and pathos mingle with a touch almost Barriesque. Only the style is uniform—a simple, smooth style with more than a touch of mellowness, and plenty of the spice of shrewd humor. The opening lines of the title story are as typical as any:

"On a windy afternoon in November they were gathering kindling in the Black Wood, Dinah Lock, Amy Hardwich, and Rose Olliver, three sere disvirgined women from Pollock's Cross. Mrs. Lock wore clothes of dull butcher's blue, with a short jacket that affirmed her plumpness, but Rose and Amy had on long gray ulsters. All of them were about forty years old, and the wind and twigs had twisted their gaunt locks, for none had a hat upon her head."

Perhaps the best of the stories is *Fifty Pounds,* a rather heartless exposure of human selfishness. Philip and his mistress, Lally, love each other deeply and sincerely, but are so poor that Lally feels it is best for her to go back to her relatives. Philip disagrees, and is hurt when Lally is firm in her resolve to thus cut his expenses. Then Lally receives a tiny inheritance. She wants it to be Philip's so she can stay with him, but she feels it will save his pride more if he receives it as an anonymous gift. She sends it to him by messenger, then returns to him, eagerly expecting him to break the good news. But he is silent—perhaps he is waiting to tell her tomorrow. Tomorrow comes and Philip still is silent. Silently he puts her on her train and lets her go unknowing.

For second choice there are *The Two Wretches,* a sparkling comedy of marital relations, or *Olive and Camilla,* a more pretentious study of the devastating effects of jealousy upon the friendship of two disappointed spinsters.

It is a vigorous volume cut with clear, definite strokes. Above all it has that rare quality—whimsy. This is not to be confused with fantasy; Mr. Coppard does not see life from a distorted angle, he merely reaches crooked corners that other authors overlook.

R. C. B.

(*The Field of Mustard*, by A. E. Coppard. Alfred A. Knopf.)

YOUNG MEN IN LOVE

Even more than before, the adroit Mr. Arlen employs that convenient compromise between sentimentality and cynicism that makes books best sellers. Perhaps it is because a little of Arlen seems to go a long way and perhaps it is the fact that a constant use of epigrammatical form will easily get on one's nerves, that makes us predict an appeal definitely less than that enjoyed by *The Green Hat* and *These Charming People*. Also, the author's mannerisms have now become a bit less conspicuous than before. There is a notable decription of the eyes of the heroine, Venetia. One will like it if one is fond of startling simile, and (we suppose), if one is not fond of that sort of thing, it will be unbearable: ". . . like the birth of Plato, the defeat of Attila, the coronation of Queen Victoria, and Alice in Wonderland . . ." As for the lady herself, she is the typical Arlen heroine. And (also, as usual) the men are uniformly unpleasant and unattractive. If one is not already acquainted with this somewhat enigmatical writer, *Young Men in Love* would be a poor novel with which to begin one's education along that line.

F. R.

(*Young Men in Love*, by Michael Arlen. Geo. H. Doran and Co.)

The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVII HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1927 NO. 2

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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Sonnet for a Young Man

This plan is wrong. We lose our heritage
In hoarding facts and farthings to bestow
Upon an unappreciative old age;
We take our bounty lightly, for I know
These slim-limbed days of grace were never meant
To be denied—they are not granted twice;
The interlude of life is quickly spent
And promises of God do not suffice.

You talk of "fruits of labor" and you say
That happiness must come to those who bide
Their time; you say that patience always pays . . .
It may be so, but I cannot obey,
Because I know I shan't be satisfied
By dim tomorrows bought with sure todays.

J. R.



"A number of fine dragons flying about over the roofs and towers . . ."

The Tale of Prester John

KNOW you, my son, that in the East there reigneth a monarch than whom there is none more mighty under firmament, save belike the great Chan of Cathay. So good and pious a Christian is he, that he taketh not the title of emperor, but rather that of priest, for he is called Prester John. Of the progeny of the Magi is he, and so great is the wealth that God hath conferred upon him that he beareth a royal sceptre of pure emerald and weareth raiment of the seven colours of Paradise, besprinkled with jewels. For in this land all manner of gems as well as of magical herbs are more plentiful than hereabouts, so that witchery and strange wonders are the more often wrought; and yet there is little deviltry in this, for it is said that there be an herb, growing hither and yon like a weed, the which may be used to the destruction of impure spirits. Of such holiness is this King, that he goeth often to Heaven to counsel with the elect upon matters of state; and so valiant is he, that men tell of how he hath gone down through the great black hole that leadeth into Hell, and there of his harrying all devildom in a most riotous manner, until he did meet with Master Beelzebub himself, whom he did soundly belabor with his sword, and whose great castle he did bring down a-rattling about their ears with one knock of the foot.

The palace of Prester John is broader than a city and its towers are taller than the stars, and this is a true thing, well known to many learned men. It is daintily worked, of many marbles and of glass, with beautiful pictures and cunning sculptures, curiously wrought; it is furnished with gold and silver, and therein are to be found diamonds, rubies, alabraundines, chrysolite, perydoz and all precious stones. And there be many black

ethiopes, nobly bedight, to wait upon the pleasure of the knights and ladies therein. Roundabout there standeth a great wall, with tall gates of sardonyx inlaid in holy characters with the ivory of the horned serpent, so that no manner of evil may pass through them. There is but one road by which an impious thing may enter, to wit, through the air, and ere I go any farther I shall tell you a little tale of how this was once attempted and of what befell.

There one time lived among the heathen a god whom they called by the name of Apollo. This god by some oversight survived the coming of Our Lord, and wandered up and down the earth, committing deviltry upon all honest folk. Bye and bye, he came to the castle of Prester John. But when he knocked at the door, calling out loudly for to be admitted, he did so scorch and blacken his knuckles on the holy sardonyx, that it was plain enough that he would never get through at that way. Then he laid him down in the dirt and made great dole, for there is nothing more miserable among devils than to be baffled in any deed of wickedness.

Anon, as he lay upon his back among the toads and vermin of the dust, and when the tears had dried away from his eyes, then he did look up into the sky and there behold a number of fine dragons flying about over the roofs and towers of Prester John.

"*Susej sunimod,*" quoth he, which is the beginning of a very black and unhallowed spell, the which no honest man dareth to repeat. In a twinkling, there was a great fiery dragon at his side, with broad black wings like a bat, ready to do his bidding. He lay down upon the back of the dragon so that no man below might see, and then away they flew, to seek an entrance into the great castle.

Now it so befell that at this time Prester John and his court were passing away the merry hours over their

wine; for know, that in this house no man ever felt hunger or thirst unless meat or drink were set before him, and then he could eat and drink as much as he pleased without overtaxing the organs of the body. They sat in a great hall lighted by tall windows whereon the life of Our Saviour was pictured in many colours, at a long table covered with fine white linen, and with great golden bowls filled always to the brim with laughing wine. They shook their goblets in the air and sang loud songs of praise, the while a company of musicians did make joyous music with frestels, drums and clarions, with citterns, psalteries and rebecs, with clashing cymbals of silver, and a great, twisted horn of brass, whose very wind did make the sparkling wine to dance, and shook the windows of coloured glass, so that the lights therefrom did quiver pleasantly upon that merry throng.

Now had not this same Apollo been a very potent doer of mischief in his day, methinketh he would never have entered unscathed into the palace of Prester John. Nevertheless, he succeeded in his design, coming into the room where the gentlemen of the court were making merry in the guise of a fair youth.

"This is a goodly sight," said he to himself, "and before I do aught else, I shall drink me but one lustrous draught."

Now it should be known that this wine, which was so beautiful and pleasing to the taste, is sent yearly to Prester John on the joyous feast of the Nativity, from no other place than Paradise, the source of all good things.

Therefore, when this demon Apollo did drink of it, he received not the pleasing exhilaration which he expected; nay, rather it did work his destruction, for he forthwith melted away into a cloud of black smoke, and there was an end to him. None of the knights and barons of the court heard the death-cry which he uttered, because of the loud music, and none saw the black vapour,

for it was very soon wafted away by the wind from the great twisted horn of brass.

Thus it may be seen for the edification of all people, how no evil thing may endure in the presence of purity and holiness.

Now I shall tell you of that one great endeavor in which Prester John was baffled, by the will of God. This is of how he failed to come to the aid of the crusaders, although they finally won the holy sepulchre of themselves. When he arose one morning from his couch of sapphire, which keepeth in purity the virtue of whosover lieth upon it, and when he had been dressed by the noble lords of his chamber, he stood before the enchanted mirror which revealeth all plots and naughty contrivances whatever in the realm of India. There he saw that the province of Ecbatana was in rebellion against him.

Then he called together his armies, from East and West, and from North and South, and all his great peers and mighty captains for to lead the hosts, and he himself rode at their head, through the gates of sardonyx, westward, toward Ecbatana. All the knights were nobly crested and wore armour of silver and gold and their steeds likewise, while the footmen wore gambesons of white velvet; and there was a host of noble elephants, draped in purple, and carrying towers filled with armed men; and there were loud-beating drums and fierce trumpets sounding the war calls; and there were many rich banners and gonfalons, but before all the host were borne three golden crosses, set with crystal, beryl and iris.

On the plains of Ecbatana, they came upon the enemy, and so great were the two armies that they covered the land as far as one could see in any direction whatever. So eager was each to have at the other, that they were closed in terrible combat before anyone could tell who had struck the first blow. Never since that time when Joshua gave battle to the five kings of the Amonites,

had there been such a head-breaking, limb-lopping affray as this, or such furious valour shown. Three days and three nights they fought, and all the day the sun beat down upon the warriors, so that the sweat did pour boiling from their bodies as they fought, and those who fell wounded did drown beneath the waves of blood, and the ground trembled under the fierce blows that were struck, and the sky shook with their wild war cries, and the trumpets and the drums and the roaring of the elephants. Nor ceased they to wage battle in the darkness of the night, when the silent stars gazed down upon the scene of fury, and glistened on the flowing lake of blood, and on the armour of the warriors, and on the swaying banners of the host.

Know, that when on the third day of fighting, God gave the victory to the chivalry of Prester John, he then bethought him that he would march towards Jerusalem and enter therein with the crusading armies from the West. But God did not desire that his triumph should proceed so far, for when they came to the river Tigris, they found it so swollen that there was no means of crossing. Therefore they encamped by the side of it and there remained for three years, hoping in the summer that it would dry up, and in the winter that it would freeze, but all without avail.

And herein may be found a lesson for all such ignorant and wilful youths that ye content yourselves with so much as God wills, nor seek to serve him over-well, or in any extravagant way, for that is a sorry business when a man hath bitten away more than he can chew. Be ye not as the false god Apollo and wantonly play bawdry and merry riot on fast days or in the presence of holy things. Be ye not as this great monarch of old time and seek overzealously to squeeze more virtue from thy piety than the good Lord chooseth to accord. And heaven be with you, my son, and pardon you your sins.

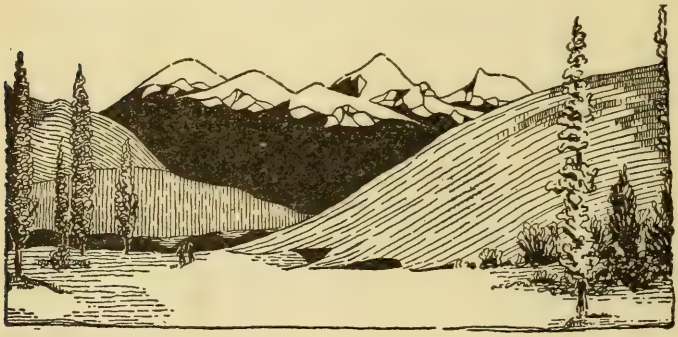
C. C. Sellers

Ausländer

Yes, we've come about twelve kilometers, but we've that many more
to go
(We will or we won't—it really doesn't matter much to me),
A good snug pack and a long strange road with trees in an even row.
(Snug so snug, and long so long and me with a heart that's free!)

We're getting tanned in the sun down here, but that peak's
half white with snow
(Funny, too, for the mountain top's much nearer the sun than we),
High Bavarian Alps and each with its small blue lake below.
(High, so high, and blue so blue, all shining there for me!)

What's the German for "vin ordinaire"? Yes, that's the thing
I mean
(Moselle and Main, Necker and Rhine—they're equally good,
you know.)
A good full glass of a clear white wine with puffs of a pipe between.
(Full so full and clear so clear, and me to sip it slow!)



Such Stuff

"WE ARE such stuff as dreams are made on," wrote Shakespeare, "and our little life is rounded with a sleep." Then, like dawn in the motion pictures,—came psychology. To look at poetry through the eyes of a psychologist is dangerous. It is very similar to looking at gunpowder through the eyes of a Bolshevik; or looking at a Bolshevik through the eyes of an Englishman. But we have put the Bard's plays into modern dress and we might as well do the same with his dreams,—even if it again makes the modern dress appear rather foolish.

That sleep with which our little life is rounded has long been meat for scoffers at immortality. Apparently Shakespeare's idea was that in this eternal sleep of ours, some of us had been careless enough to lie on our backs, and so were seeing visions until we should turn over and settle down again to the business of sleeping. There are endless possibilities in this theory. Of course it is a fine excuse for wine, women, song, and sin. He would be a blithering idiot who did not try to stuff his pockets with the pirate gold that glittered before him even knowing, as we always do, that it is going to vanish with the alarm clock.

Then too, there wouldn't be much point in voting, or joining the Red Cross, or being kind to dumb animals. Suicide would be as common as nightmares. And murder,—well, we have always put those who wake you up out of delicious Arabian Night-Decameron adventures in the murderer class, anyway. It would be a very jolly, careless sort of existence with every man for himself and no devil to take the hindmost.

But all this is not psychology. It is nonsense, which is just a little different. If we are such stuff as dreams

are made on, the important question is what are dreams made on, and not what would they be like if they were. Dreams, we are told, represent suppressed desires, or complexes, or fancies built on our last waking thoughts. There are always men who can interpret dreams,—who can tell you that because you dreamt you sailed with Drake on the *Golden Hynde* you are going to marry a rich blonde with no sense of humor; or that your nightmare of slaving in a coal mine indicates a dark secret or crime in your past life. Sometimes they prophesy the future and sometimes they reveal what has gone before, these priers into other people's dreams. But always they connect their wise conclusions with something outside,—the life or the thoughts or the desires of their helpless victim. Never do they or can they interpret the dream per se or give it an intrinsic significance.

The application of this to Shakespeare's claim is obvious. If dreams, according to all the psychologists, are merely mental reflections of our larger lives, then our lives, dreams in themselves, are but . . . score one for the immortalists. If we could not dream, had we not lived, then we could not live, had we not . . . score two for the immortalists. The No-Heaven eleven ruled out Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning as being too prejudiced to act as referees. They insisted on Billy Shakespeare, best of them all, and here they are being beaten on their home field. It is disconcerting.

Plainly, however, it is inevitable. Dreams are flimsy enough things, but you can't even hang out silk underwear without something to hang it on. Our lives may be equally unsubstantial, but they can't be altogether detached either. And unsubstantial compared to what? Gossamer would be Bessemer if the world were frail enough. If our lives are shallow there must be something deeper.

Moreover, the sleep that rounds our little lives may be only an insulation, a protective covering which guards its wires from weakening contact with exterior things. In monks and philosophers that insulation seems to have worn dangerously thin. They are too much occupied with the realms beyond their own petty scope to give any real strength to the world in which they live. They want insulation, not isolation, as they seem to think. But again,—the sleep that rounds our little lives is a pleasant thing to consider,—a good healthy snooze before we wake up in eternity. It makes it rather nicer than to be tumbled, bleary-eyed and confused, straight into the Elysian Fields or the Happy Hunting Grounds or what you will.

Drawing conclusions about life from Shakespeare's poetry is as futile as trying to run in a nightmare. He knew no more about immortality than you or I, even though he could express what he didn't know much more beautifully and eloquently than can you or I. And we can only hope that in our previous lives we have gone easy on the mince pie and plum pudding, if "we are such stuff as dreams are made on."

I. M. P.

. . . WITH A SLIGHT SMILE

"Yes, I'll forget, tomorrow, dear
And you'll forget, today. . . ."
(I say it doesn't matter, and
I hide my little sorrow);
But I know, well as you do
That I'm only right half-way—
O you'll forget, today, dear
And I'll still care, tomorrow!

To a Contemporary Prophet

Thou art so strange, my friend,
For temples only know thee
As 'tis fit they should:
And yet there comes an end
When wonder turns that good,
And seems to set thee free.

'Tis then thou art so strange,
And him I knew seems dead,
Unreal, and sadly wrought.
I wonder is this change
In thee so dearly bought;
Or is that other bred?

Art thou then of the few
Who dare to weigh their dream,
And match it with their life?
O friend, the term of strife
Shall crush the thing we seem;
And some day I'll see thee true.

Bramwell Linn



The Thing to Do

THE educational and cultural purposes are rather definitely in the background in our age. That is, of course, speaking of the great majority of cases. It has become the thing to do, or rather the thing *without having done which* one cannot very successfully carry on one's end of a tea-table babble during the winter months. Which, of course, is very important to those who keep Cook's going. Let us survey the unhappy business somewhat disconnectedly.

The steamer. George doesn't much care which one, except for a hazy sort of an aversion to the *Leviathan*. It hasn't all the comforts of the foreign boats, he has heard, and his point, from his point of view, is well taken. Mrs. George, who does not quite understand, will later have reason to wish that they had decided differently. ("Mortified? My dear . . .")

The terror of *mal-de-mer* looms large, and the factories that make the remedies do very well. In spite of which George Jr., who is the only one to spurn the drugs, turns

out to be, also, the only one who remains well and happy, and in a shuffle-board humor. About the second day out, the dining room is nearly empty and the gentleman who is so very green about the gills staggers bravely down to announce to the steward that he's still feeling "Just fine, just fine" (and proceeds to nibble a dry roll).

All seem to survive, however, in spite of Neptune's valiant efforts to clean house, and the thing gets in full swing before the half-way mark is passed. Now the boys from the Hackensack Kiwanis have decided to put aside base prejudice and have invited the Terre Haute Rotarians into their little poker game. And the ladies in the deck chairs are becoming accustomed to the way the horizon goes up and down in spite of how still they sit. And so to Europe.

For the following, I can absolutely vouch: When inspection was going on in the shed at Plymouth, a dazed emigrant from the home of the brave came up to a man standing next to me and inquired, "Do we all have to get on trains and go somewheres?" That this is extreme there can be no denying; but that it is unique is strenuously deniable. One need never fear for the safety of such as he, for he need only follow the crowd to wherever it is that the man in the uniform takes them, and he will have done his Europe.

Our George will soon learn that the only accurate way of distinguishing a foreigner from a compatriot (they will probably be in equal numbers along his route) is by the length of his trousers. He will also soon learn that he must decide between the railroad carriages numbered "1" and those numbered "3", and in any case he will not fail to remark that this system of dividing into compartments is queer and undemocratic.

In England it will probably be pointed out that the people move much too slowly to ever get anything done,

and that that is the reason why London's skyline is so inferior to the pride of New York. All through this backward island the dearth of modern improvements will elicit as much joy because of the opportunity of critical comparison as it will cause sorrow for the inconvenience suffered.

"Shakespeare's house" will be endured and Warwick will be dashed through and Kenilworth will get the once over, and the motherland will be quite adequately taken care of. The ale was good, but we did have to get on to Paris, you know. . .

Here in Paris George is really in his element. The only thought that had bothered him at all bothers him no longer after his first timid query (in Americo-French) is quickly answered (in Franco-English). Harry's New York Bar and the *Folies Bergère* are not missed by any self-respecting gentleman—in fact there is a case on record of an American who visited each place *twice* in a two-week sojourn.

The Eiffel Tower is undoubtedly quite a structure and too much credit cannot be given to those frogs who put it up. (And the Brooklyn Bridge and the Woolworth Building somehow *don't* seem to be able to keep themselves out of the conversation at this point.)

Comments on the Rue de la Paix-as-you-enter are hardly necessary. It is still one of the world's major wonders, nevertheless, that a man who is known at home for his hard-headed business astuteness will think nothing of giving a perfectly fabulous sum for a bauble worth something less than one-quarter of that amount while under the spell of this swindlers' row.

I have been told that the record for doing the Louvre was broken again this summer, by an American, who claims a mark of four minutes and thirty-three seconds; his disqualification seems likely, however, as he is said to have used spiked shoes. ("And-on-the-left-we-have-

the-Mona-Lisa-one-of-the-finest-pictures-ever-painted notice-the-bewitching-smile-that-plays-about-the-face-of-the-subject-and-on-the-right-we-have . . ."

Paris is really made safe for true American pride by a brilliantly accurate observation made recently by a contemporary: That one could see more good-looking girls in the American Express Company in five minutes than could be found in all the rest of Paris in a week. Which does help.

The recital is infinite. Of the Pennsylvania collegian who, when requested to put on the usual felt slippers to walk over the fine floors of an old German castle, replied "I've walked on better damn floors than these with me street shoes on." Of the tourist who, when asked by her companion whether they were in Rome or Venice at the time, is reported as having said, "Let's see—this is Thursday, isn't it? We're in Naples, then." And finally of the returning pilgrim who looked toward New York harbor with a sad and bleary eye and observed, "Liberty, you're only a statue now."

What difference? George and family got what they went for, and if they had gotten anything else they would have been unstimulated and unsatisfied. Let the rest of us, who want and try to get something else, while in Europe, do so in silence. Ours to realize, and to find disgusting or amusing or pathetic, if we choose, but never ours to try to reform. The culture, or whatever you want to call it, can never be reduced to schedule and there is no reason to hope that it could be.

John Roedelheim

The Lost God

I

I sought Him through the long autumnal day,
Across the fields and grape-bespattered hills;
And where the sun in golden silence lay
Mingling its beauty with the quiet rills
In shallow pasture places.
I sought Him through the long autumnal night
Across the mountains baring to the stars
Their ancient hardened bosoms; and the sight
Of beauty made me hasten:
From afar low voices called,
And there were myriad traces
Of Pan in the brown earth—but old, all old.
A harebell growing where the cloven foot
Had touched in its swift race, too simply told
The passing and the distance of the God.

O Great God Pan! O Father of many Springs!
O Fanciful One and Seeker of every joy!
The Breath of life and Life of living things!
Where have you gone across the night and day,
Where, through the unwanted gateway of the years;
That I, who once could feel your presence here,
Who stood so close upon your hidden way,
Must now cry out for help, yet helpless stay,
O Great God Pan?

II

Autumn, long-carried in the Year's old womb,
Is now laid down upon the pleasant earth;
And Winter, building the brown season's tomb,
Comes close behind to crush the little mirth
Is spared her chilling breast.
Is this, O Pan, this sight of so great sadness
Your vague pursuer to the fertile South,
Where ever the brave seasons deck with gladness
Your tawny shoulders
And drop in Your warm mouth the endless treasures
Of their treasure chest?
And do you, Pan, drawing your reedy note
To the sweet air feel never a pang for us;
Have never a swelling heart or a tightened throat
At the thought of our seeking hearts and aging eyes?

O Great God Pan! Cold Father of many goods!
O Musical Master of life and Lord of death!
Piping the summer into the ripening woods,
Piping the hot nights into a passionate blaze
Of stars swung out to hear your glorious song,—
Stars that rise and pale as they pass along—
Of us, now lonely in forgotten ways,
Is there no thought, no memory of our praise,
O Great God Pan?

III

Considering how the years come down on me,
Crushing the body, blinding the opened eyes
Of the young soul, there must some likeness be,
Some reason why—thus drawn by dark surmise,
I seek you in the hills.
O Pan, the winter has not entered yet,
Nor even the dying season: why, by night
Before the summer stars are coldly set,
Do you break your drowsy peace
And take to flight along the ridges
Where the nightjar trills?
Now on Your pattered footprint comes the dawn,
And one by one the footprints fade away
Among the rocky paths—The Great God gone:
Nothing is with us but the passing day.

O Great God Pan! O blithe Piper of youth!
O Heavenly Sweet! like heavenly sweetness gone.
Yours is the gayest note, Your truth the Truth.
With careless days behind us, through the years
We follow your piping loud: but fainter voicing
Then guides us; and at last, of clear rejoicing,
But a memory stays that draws us into fears;
We run in Your hoofprint till it disappears
O Great God Pan.

À Elysse

Souvent,
Doucement,
Tout en rêvant
Tu me parais belle comme
L'amour même.

Charmante—
Charmante,
Chère petite enfante,
Elysse, tu ne sais pas
Que je t'aime.

Tellement,
Tellement,
Toujours vraiment!
Que je fusse pur jamais
Près de toi!

Jamais—
Jamais,
N'as-tu donné
D'esperance à quelqu'homme
Ni à moi.

Pourquoi—
Pourquoi?
Je sais pourquoi.
Tes faveurs ne sont que
Pour les rois!

LeM.

Old Waves

When the West has lost her glory,
And the long sea swell is low,
Come sailing ships of Memory
From ports of long ago.

Through all the night I follow them
O'er many a chartless sea:
And never a wind's a headwind then
For ever the heart is free.

And all I ask of the dying stars,
As they fade in the eastern glow,
Is a pilot's task on a ship bound home
To the ports of long ago.

Bramwell Linn

Stand Back

Stand back, you fools! You cannot bar my way!
Think you I'll wait until you give me leave
To pass? Think you I'll wait your slow reprieve?
Or even ask, that you may say me nay?
Go knot your wordy whips and try to flay
Some other spirit; kill its flame; or weave
It in your nets of flattery. I grieve
Not. No! It matters little what you say.
So fling them wide, these jealous gates you've raised!
Unbar! Unchain! Fling wide those gates, you fools!
For some day soon you'll stand about amazed
To find that you yourselves have edged my tools.
Stand back and let me pass, I caution you—
Then it will look as though you judged me true.

Robert Barry

BOOKS

NOW WE ARE SIX

I ask you—how long is this thing going to go on? First we exhausted our adjectives on *When We Were Very Young;* then we rallied feebly in an attempt to do justice to *Winnie-the-Pooh.* And here comes *Now We Are Six* to put the finishing touches on the reviewer's sense of his incompetency. Will the Messrs. Milne and Shepard never realize how cruel they are to such as we? We hope they never will, because after this, we quit.

Now let's get down to earth. "Delightful"? No. that won't possibly do. "Charming"? (Yes, the Grand Canyon's quite pretty.) "Gay"? "Whimsical"? (Shakespeare wrote rather well, didn't he?) But you get the idea. And it would be cowardly to simply say "Read it for yourself"—of course you'll do that, and it's none of our business if you do or if you don't. But we can be sorry for you, if you decide that it isn't worth your while.

Might as well start with the dedication:

To
ANNE DARLINGTON
Now She is Seven
And
Because She Is
So
Speshal

(Which, by the way, is a trick—We didn't start quoting from page one—we went back before that even.) And now to the verse, skipping the introduction by a great and heroic effort. "Which do you like best—?" Well,

let's let the book fall open, and that one will do as well as any other. (Actually doing this, by the way.) Ah—page 33. Good, it's "Us two"—I sort of hoped it would be.

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
Whatever I do, he wants to do,
"Where are you going to-day?" says Pooh:
"Well, that's very odd 'cos I was too.
Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.
"Let's go together," says Pooh.

Don't be surprised to find Pooh. At the end of the introduction (oh Lord—I've cheated! Maybe not, tho, because it's a "P. S." only) we get this apology: "Pooh wants us to say that he thought it was a different book; and he hopes you won't mind, but he walked through it one day, looking for his friend Piglet, and sat down on some of the pages by mistake." It's all right, Pooh—we don't mind a bit—big-hearted us! Now for a different method for quoting. This, by the way, is to be patented, so be careful of using it after us; tho' we confess we don't see how it could be done with any other book. (Call to friend in next room)—"Name a number between one and one hundred and three." "Seventy-four". So we'll turn to page seventy-four and quote therefrom:

Good King Hilary
Looked at the beggarman,
And laughed him three times three;
And he turned that beggarman round about:
"Your thews are strong, and your arm is stout;
Come, throw me a Lord High Chancellor out,
And take his place," quoth he.

Which was from *King Hilary and the Beggarman;* and the procedure of selection was strictly as represented, honest and above-board.

We only wish that we might also "quote" some of the Shepard decorations. Try pages 35, and 12, and 65, and 28, but don't try them in our copy, because they're getting a bit worn out already, anyway. "Hither-and-yon"; "Pat-and-Mike"; "Milne-and-Shepard".

But now I am Six, I'm as clever as clever.
So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever.

J. R.

(*Dutton, $2.00.*)

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

George Jean Nathan's latest is an intelligent criticism of some present-day weaknesses and prejudices. An unobserving reader may decide—and quite justly—that the author is merely ridiculing some idiosyncracies of homo-Americanus but, a little close inspection will certainly show that this criticism is not wholly an attempt to get an accumulation of cynical wise-cracks off his chest; but rather it is an effort to do something about these weak spots in our contemporary society. The wisdom of making this work so entertaining is doubtful, due to the peculiar mental twist that causes the average reader to consider very superciliously any work that is humorous, no matter what the wisdom of the book may be.

Mr. Nathan, in his chapter entitled "The Changing Morality," offers a series of sane reasons in explanation of the phenomena of current morals. In this particular article, that considers everything from monogamy to Sadistic tendencies in infants, the author openly voices what the timid person has frequently suspected, namely: that the loss of virtue in woman does not always damn her. He goes on further to state that the woman with the same background of experience as her husband, may be the cause of at least an endurable marriage, thoroughly happy ones being out of the picture.

This author assures us that the appearance of rhinestone garter buckles is not necessarily a sign of the revolt of youth. This statement will, of course, make him unpopular with the very group he is defending, due to their inherited belief that they constitute a grave problem. He observes that the Victorian adolescent may have been slightly more to be suspicioned due to the cloak of false modesty which covered up his youthful indiscretions.

Parts of this book are frankly satires of some American institutions. Mr. Nathan lauds the American's choice vocabulary of cuss words. This picturesque roster of expletives leaves nothing to be desired, when contrasted with the meagre resources of the Frenchman or German, he says. The American blossoms out with "a fortissimo flourish of forty-five observations upon the fellow's dubious birth, youthful indiscretions, defective physical cleanliness and relationships to various specimens of offal."

It is pointed out in this book that the reason for the present dislike of the Frenchman for the American is not wholly on account of the United States' desire to collect money, but because some mentally dead American will insist upon singing "Hail, Hail—" in the Madeleine and ordering a Martini in the Bibliotheque Nationale. And it must be confessed that one can appreciate the Frenchman's reasons for being galled by this type of performance.

J. B.

(*Knopf, $2.50.*)

DUSTY ANSWER

Dusty Answer is undoubtedly the most important first novel that has appeared since *The Green Bay Tree.* Not only is it a first novel, but, with the exception of a

single poem, it is the first published literary effort of a young English girl, Rosamond Lehmann. Yet in no sense of the word is it an experiment—it is as finished, as polished, and as mature a novel as the deans of literature have ever offered. It combines those qualities which one has hitherto come to consider incompatible—it is a "best seller", and it is also a very great piece of work.

Those who like plot will find no nutriment here; those who have a taste for fine writing and penetrating characterization will discover a feast. The story ostensibly centers about the life of a sensitive English country girl, Judith; but the really interesting characters are the "family next door", a decadent and wholly unconventional group of four boys and one girl with whom Judith's life is inextricably entwined. The first chapters deal with their childhood—always a difficult task for the novelist. Instead of delaying the action, these prove to be among the most fascinating in the story, for Miss Lehmann has laid bare in some mysterious way the very soul of childhood with all its rich humor and pathos. Three of the boys live to become integral figures in Judith's life. Handsome, reckless Roddy becomes her lover; stupid Martin, her fiancé; and cynical Julian, her wicked angel. Then, one by one, they pass like the shadow ghosts of some fantastic dream, leaving her a wistful spinster rich in understanding.

Like Morley's *Thunder on the Left,* and Shaw's *Heartbreak House,* but more adequately than either of them, *Dusty Answer* deals with that fantastic realm of unconventionality, where hearts and souls are worn like hats and coats, and to think is to act or speak. It is a poignantly beautiful tragedy of man's search for that "Unknown" which some term "happiness"; some "wisdom"; and others, "God".

R. C. B.

(*Holt, $2.50.*)

WE

Of course, as a literary work, this is slightly less than nil. One can hardly get away from the fact that it was written with the commercial principle somewhere in the background and although it will probably do much to further an understanding of aviation, one wishes that it might have been done in a somewhat more finished manner. It will do no good to consider its authorship; suffice it to say that we are encouraged by being able to believe that a few of the chapters have at least an even chance of having been written by Charles A. Lindbergh. The heroic gentleman did, however, very definitely fail to grasp the opportunity of making the record of his achievement readable as well as instructive.

The trouble seems to be, as a matter of fact, that he leaves out practically nothing but the thing in which the reader would presumably be most interested—his flight from New York to Paris. It is all very well to dwell (even at some length) on his preparation in aviation, but it is pointless if it is to lead up to nothing. When an obscure figure becomes famous by a sudden thirty-three hours of supreme and thrilling endeavor, the interest will surely be in the thirty-three hours as against the years of obscurity. This, Lindbergh (or whoever it is) did not realize. Perhaps it is attributable to his very real, if somewhat overworked modesty; but that is hardly an excuse for *We*.

There is really no point in being over-critical of such a book, because it should be judged by its connections rather than merely as a book. But the main (perhaps the only) interest is ridiculously suppressed and such suppression, in such a case, is almost unpardonable. The name of Lindbergh is certainly immortal, but *We* is quite as certainly destined to be forgotten. What a pity that an opportunity of this type should have

been muddled for the world of books when it was so splendidly carried through for the realm of science!

(*Putnam, $2.50.*) *J. R.*

THE EARLY WORM

This is a collection of Robert Benchley's more recent writings which have appeared on occasions in the *New Yorker* and like periodicals. The reason for the title is never made clear, but it covers the mass of accurate misinformation as well as any other. The book does not require a heavy-weight mind to appreciate it. In fact you had better not read it if you like to be thought of as serious.

The first lesson is called a "Talk to Young Men"; and if supplemented by Dr. Sylvanus Hall's "What a Young Man Should Know", will pretty adequately equip one to pass through this corrupt vale of tears unscathed. In this same sketch, Mr. Benchley thoughtfully considers the sex life of a fish and concludes that there is nothing in it to arouse envy.

In the confidential talks to college men, the author strongly advises agains a scientific degree for the average student due to the unfortunate twist of affairs that causes laboratory periods to run on till four P. M., thus causing him to miss the first round of cocktails at his week-end destination. He suggests French 16s (exceptions to the verb *être*) as a substitute.

Somewhere along the line the Christmas Card evil is analyzed, and some snappy suggestions for varying the jolly old Russian custom of setting a time bomb under the Christmas tree are offered.

It might be well to mention the fact that the illustrations are by Gluyas Williams, which may please you or not. If you don't read this book you will have it thrust upon you anyway; so you might just as well read it.

(*Holt, $2.00.*) *J. B.*

A GOOD WOMAN

When *The Green Bay Tree* appeared as the first novel of an unknown Louis Bromfield, it was greeted with cheers and skeptical shakings of heads—cheers for its merit, and shakings of heads in doubt of the author's ability to maintain so high a standard of excellence. *Possession* and *Early Autumn*, the Pulitzer Prize winner, showed a steady increase in power; and now *A Good Woman* surpasses all Mr. Bromfield's previous efforts. Against a background of the exotic and sensuous African jungle where naked women wear themselves out carrying jugs of water to pour over the bellies of obscene idols, and of the sordid and ugly mill works of a small industrial city where naked men die pouring molten steel for the great god industry, he has sketched the story of Emma Downes, "a good woman", who by her stupidity and selfishness ruined the lives of all with whom she came in contact. A pillar of the church and of all temperance and reform movements, the patron saint of her small town, she drove her husband to drink, and eventually flight; and her son, Philip, to a life of a missionary, and to a loveless and nominal marriage with the dowdy Naomi, offspring of a line of missionaries. It was she who drove her son to the grinding life of the mills upon his return from Africa; who forced Naomi into an elopement with the local minister and then both to a double suicide in a squalid boarding house; and she who eventually caused Philip's own death in the African heat, only after he had driven his life-long love and second wife half-mad by the ideas which she had so deeply inculcated in him that he could not escape them. This done, she consoled herself for her undeserved tribulations by the fact that her son had died "in the service of God". With passionate self-pity she resolved

to bury the past, to marry an influential politician, and to devote her life to the uplift of humanity; for, as Philip's father once told him, "Your Ma's a queer woman. She's got as much energy as a steam engine, but she never knows where she's goin', and she always thinks she's the only one with any sense. And my, ain't she hard . . . and unforgivin' . . . hard as a cocoanut!"

Yet the merits of the story lie in the character study as much as in the plot. Philip, a sensitive being whose retarded discovery of the art of living is the most important single action in the story, almost completely occupies the center of the stage and succeeds in demanding interest and sympathy. Naomi is one of the most skillfully drawn characters in contemporary fiction; it is no mean art to transform a naturally ludicrous figure into a genuinely pathetic one; but these, and all the other figures in the action, are mere feathers blown to their destruction by the cruelly blundering force of the "good woman".

Superficially Emma seems to be a feminine Elmer Gantry. Really there is no comparison. Elmer was an absolute hypocrite, purposely, wholly, almost unbelievably, bad: the character of Emma is a much more subtle and convincing one—her overwhelming bigotry and stupidity blinded her; she honestly considered herself a misused paragon of all virtues. *A Good Woman* lacks the sensationalism and epigrammatic wit of *Elmer Gantry* but it strikes much deeper. The simplicity of its style, the wealth of its characterization, and the inevitable rich tragedy of its plot, tend to make it more impressive, more moving, more devastating.

R. C. B

(*Stokes, $2.00.*)

TRADER HORN

To this book a just review could probably never be given by a person who has not come under its spell. Frankly we have not, although we approached it with every intention of finding it as diverting as did the vast majority of its readers. It is the story of a long and truly remarkable experience on the Ivory Coast of West Africa, told with disarming naturalness by an old man looking back over a rich life. Unusual we will grant; excellently well done we will grant; but we find that even the best of material can grow monotonous. And we find ourselves wondering whether, even after all the assurances of verity, Alfred Aloysius isn't romancing considerably, in spite of himself. This, of course, would be no reason for not enjoying the book—it would simply put it in a little different light. In point of fact, it is slightly difficult to see how the old trader, once started on his reminiscences, could help straying rather far into the paths of his imagination. Trader Horn is without doubt an immensely interesting character, but a small part of his book would have done us nicely.

J. R.

(*Simon, Schuster, $3.50.*)

THE HAVERFORDIAN *does not aim to make its review sections guides for the buying of books or theatre tickets. The new Drama department, whenever it appears, will follow the lead of the Book department by offering digests rather than short comments. Even when (as in this issue) we turn to an occasional screen performance, this plan will be strictly pursued.*

DRAMA

LONDON TO NEW YORK—THREE PLAYS

While *Broadway*, *The Constant Nymph*, and—*mirabile dictu*—*Abie's Irish Rose* continue to draw the applause of London theatergoers, the English capital sends in exchange as its contribution to the 1927–28 New York dramatic season three successful English plays of varied types. *The Letter*, a melodrama from the pen of Somerset Maugham, has already opened in New York with Katherine Cornell in the leading rôle. *Interference*, also a melodrama, at this writing is playing a one-week stand in the metropolis of the Maryland Free State with a distinguished cast, prior to going to New York. *The Fanatics*, an ultra-propaganda comedy, is scheduled for Broadway later in the season, the date being as yet uncertain.

Much space has recently been devoted by American dramatic critics to *The Letter*, and widely divergent opinions have been expressed. Personally, we cannot quite share the tremendous enthusiasm that has been manifested in some quarters for this thriller. With the memory of *Rain* and *The Constant Wife* still fresh in our minds, we expect something more from Mr. Maugham's talent than a mere technically excellent murder story, for that is the best that can be said of *The Letter*. A married woman, having been cast off by her lover, flies into a jealous rage and kills him as the curtain rises. We can credit the author at least with an unusual beginning. The rest of the play reveals her efforts to convince the strong arm of the law that she committed

the murder in defending her honor and at the same time to keep her worshipping husband from finding out about her affaire d'amour. Her lawyer knows the worst, and in order to secure her acquittal on the murder charge is forced to pay a large sum for blackmail. And so on, through a not very remarkable plot.

Then why, you ask, did the play take so well in London? One answer is Gladys Cooper, who acted the lead for all it was worth. Miss Cooper is an invariable drawing card with English audiences. But a more important reason is this: Mr. Maugham has displayed such marvelous technique in the construction of the play that a huge majority of the spectators are holding on to their seats during a great part of the performance. The plot, commonplace though it is, is whipped up to so high a degree of intensity that the audience is held spellbound with anxiety concerning the outcome. It is the sort of play that absorbs your interest while you are watching it, but in retrospect makes you wonder why on earth you ever wanted to sit through it.

This very intensity presents a rather serious problem in producing the play. The part of the wife-murderess calls for a constant display of extreme emotionalism that is attainable by very few actresses. Miss Cooper carried it off brilliantly in London, and if the reports from New York are to believed, Miss Cornell is repeating the success. That being the case, *The Letter* should provide a good evening's entertainment for all but the most blasé theatergoers. But beware of it if ever a second-rate actress is cast in the lead, for the play will not carry on its own merits alone.

Interference, though also a melodrama, presents quite a different case. If *The Letter* is characterized by "thrilling", "polish" is the keynote of *Interference.* The play is a product of Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden who may be congratulated on having turned

out so delightful a work. One London playgoer said of it, "Cunningly compounded, skillfully seasoned, expertly served, *Interference* is a dish for the most discriminating public. Highly sophisticated melodrama, astonishingly sustained from start to finish." That is no exaggeration. The ordinary material of secret love affairs and blackmail, with a few variations, has been worked into a thoroughly delightful comedy-melodrama of the most refined sort. The thrilling intensity of *The Letter* is replaced by sparkling dialogue that is a joy during the performance and a pleasure to think upon afterwards,—and all this, mind you, in the midst of an interesting and well sustained plot. It is a remarkable combination of a type that is becoming all too rare on the contemporary stage.

An appreciable part of the credit for the notable success that this play scored in London was due to the excellent acting of Sir Gerald du Maurier in the leading rôle. This distinguished actor gave a memorable rendering of exactly the kind the part required, and contributed, along with a good cast, to the success of the performance. The reports from Washington and Baltimore where the play has already appeared, indicate that the producer, Gilbert Miller, has assembled a more than adequate cast, including A. E. Matthews, Phoebe Foster, and Arthur Wontner, who are said to be repeating the success of the London cast. The work of Mr. Matthews and of Mr. Wontner, the latter a star in *The Captive* last season, is said to be especially brilliant. All in all, it seems safe to predict that *Interference* will take as well in New York as it did in London. It certainly ought to.

The third, and in our opinion the best of the three plays, is *The Fanatics* by Miles Malleson. It is a play packed full of propaganda of assorted kinds,—trial marriages, birth control, anti-war, anti-church, and

so forth. It is iconoclastic to the *n*th degree, worked out with perfect logic and interspersed with innumerable *bons mots* and brilliant flashes of high comedy.

The theme of the play is announced in the lines:

"I believe you've got to have something of a fanatic in you to do anything worth while these days. The thing is to keep one's fanaticism and to keep one's humanity."

The plot concerns a young Englishman, like so many Englishmen, a War veteran, and dissatisfied at the failure of the War to make the world safe for democracy (and for a number of other things said to be equally desirable). In three acts of intensely interesting drama, he and some others in the cast announce their views on life and their theories of living, in an altogether delightful series of dialogues filled with delicious humor and a great deal of very sound logic. Like most logical theories, those advanced in *The Fanatics* are largely impractical, but they are none the less interesting and thought-provoking. No matter how complacent a state of mind one carries to *The Fanatics*, one is certain to come away with a feeling that our social order has not been such a howling success as one might have thought.

Besides its other virtues, the play stands out as being eminently well constructed and well written. Particularly notable, in addition to the dialogue, are the sharp rises in interest and humor that characterize the ends of all of the three acts. The plot being relatively unimportant, these rises cannot be called crises, but the close of each of the first two acts leaves the audience decidedly stimulated and eager for more, and the end of the play is quite satisfying. *The Fanatics* throughout is decidedly reminiscent of Shaw, except that the characters stand out as being more real than do most of Shaw's. Surely no higher praise could be asked or given. *The Fanatics*, with its disturbing comments on the existing social conventions, is a play that every good Republican

and every believer in "Coolidge prosperity" should see and absorb, because for just such people has Mr. Malleson written it.

The play was produced in London with an excellent cast. The personnel of the New York production has not been announced, but if it is good the play should carry, provided it is not censored. There are some passages containing some very interesting and very frank comments on sex. These passages, though by no means obscene, provoked comment from London critics, who termed the play "outspoken". "Outspoken" it certainly is, but it gives the impression of clean frankness, not of "dirt". If the Powers That Be, in New York, see it that way, well and good. If not, they may ruin it.

E. D. H.

MURRAY HILL

Murray Hill, Leslie Howard's first venture as a playwright, is frankly labeled "a farce". Really it is much less farcical than many a more pretentious effort. An aunt of the Misses Tweedie—the Misses Tweedie of Murray Hill, of course—has left her fortune to a great-nephew, Worthington Smythe, subject to the Tweedie approval of said nephew. Worthington arrives for the funeral in a state of extreme inebriation, and, in an effort to save his fortune, he is shipped off and the undertaker's clerk, Wrigley, takes his place. Of course this mistaken identity theme leads to many complications,

for Wrigley turns out to be the lover of Amelia, the only niece and ward of the Misses Tweedie—and, of course, he isn't *really* an undertaker's assistant at all, but a rich young man. Meanwhile the real nephew returns as a friend of Worthington and, having liquored up the youngest and most kittenish of the Misses Tweedie, proceeds to show her "a night of it", returning almost simultaneously with the pair of lovers who had meanwhile tried to stage an elopement. And what a scandal there is! But everybody is happy by the time the curtain falls.

All this is rather weak material, but Mr. Howard has succeeded in translating it into witty and brilliant comedy. The cruder points of the plot are delicately handled, and the dialogue, while spicy, is by no means offensive. The caricatures are shrewdly drawn and set each other off perfectly. Minor theatrical gags, such as Worthington's lurid exposition of his model of an old maid's home, are used in a most novel and effective way.

With the possible exception of the somewhat colorless work of Genevieve Tobin in the rôle of the young niece, the cast gives excellent interpretation to its parts. Mr. Howard himself ably fills the rôle of Wrigley, but the real honors of the evening are divided by Gaby Fay as the youngest Miss Tweedie, and Glenn Anders as the real Worthington Smythe. That excellent actor, whose work in *They Knew What They Wanted* is now theatrical history, gives his interpretation of an inebriate rôle an unexpected wealth of humor. His scene with Miss Fay in the second act is one of the most hilariously funny bits to which the stage has been treated.

When shown in Philadelphia, the third act lagged decidedly, and only the pantomime of Mr. Anders kept it from falling flat. By the time the play reaches New York it may have been doctored up a bit. We hope so.

R. C. B.

The King of Kings

(*Editor's Note:* The opinions of this photoplay have been so numerous, so divergent, and so definite, that the HAVERFORDIAN has decided to try to get to the bottom of the matter. Variously called, "The Gospel According to St. Cecil" and "DeMille's Contribution to Christianity", it is perhaps the most understood and misunderstood motion picture that Hollywood has sent east. We have asked Dr. Grant to consider it for us, seriously; as a theologian he does so.)

THE Life of Jesus the Savior, freshly selected from the extant memoirs and newly portrayed, might easily be the title of this amazingly fine spectacle. The story is new. One recognizes favored scenes from the Gospels, many an apt quotation, and all the heroes are there who assisted in the beginning of the Gospel faith. The properties are adequate, the scenery is grandly fabricated, the portraiture is as vigorous and satisfying as the imagination can render. Jesus and Judas Iscariot, Caiaphas, Mary the Mother, and Mary Magdalene stand out in the picture. The boy Mark and Simon of Cyrene are nearly all new. The mother of the thief who reviled from the cross is a tender invention. Other new conceptions are the inert strands of cords in Jesus' hand as He overturns the tables of the money changers and releases the creatures on sale, and the burning of the temple vail by lightning strokes at the time of the crucifixion. The scenes between Jesus and His mother are very lovely.

Mary of Magdala, the courtesan, misses her favorite, Iscariot, who has followed in the train of a carpenter from Nazareth. She goes in her zebra-drawn chariot to reclaim her own and incidentally to fascinate Jesus. The result is her complete conversion under His Command "Be Clean". Judas is an ambitious, handsome youth who hopes to climb high in the service of Jesus, who seems likely to be made King. Judas stays with

the Master until disaster threatens and then in bitterness sells Jesus' secret to the enemy. Jesus, in the meantime, strong, sensitively tender, whimsical, greatly magnanimous, and always masterful, continues His daily work of healing and teaching.

The supremely difficult representations are handled with considerable success, even such as the healing of the blind, the scenes in the temple, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, the trial before Pilate, the way of the cross, the death, the Easter morning, and the appearance to the disciples. Considerably more than half of the two hours and three-quarters is given to the Passion Week, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection.

Perhaps the artistic peak of the story is the temptation by the arch Satan himself, who assails Jesus in the temple just after the populace has sought to force Him to become their King. The Last Supper is a close second for the honors, however, and considering that it has been so often depicted, and hence is one of the best known pictures in the Christian world, is very well portrayed. Judas neither eats of the bread handed to him nor drinks of the common cup when it is passed about the circle, though he pretends to do both. The sacramental touch to the event is enhanced by the aura which glows from the chalice in the deserted room.

The earthquake is grossly, almost grotesquely overdone and relieves the tension of the tragic hour rather than accentuates the horror. Much more difficult situations are handled superbly and we are left with a sense of the superiority of moral power over the physical and worldly. The acting of the younger Schildkraut in the part of Judas is excellent. Altogether, one looks upon the screen production of *The King of Kings* and declares that it is good.

E. G.

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVII HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1927 NO. 3

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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Sonnet

Although I shall have been misunderstood,
It will occur to no one, after all,
That I was not the person whom they would
Have made me; though, in kindness, they recall
Some harmless late-deceased that was not I,
That hypocrite whose self they did not know
Is all that I will be remembered by:
So have I seemed—and they shall see me so.

The one quite splendid thing they will not see—
This constant effort to appreciate
Fineness in men and women, beauty of place.
(My ghost, I think, will smile so wearily,
And sink back to eternity and wait
With tolerance—perhaps—upon its face.)

J. R.



And he sat on the topmost top of a hill
With a bird on one finger,
A bird on one toe,
And he sang, "Fol-de-rol-
I'm-a-fine-sort-of-singer",
For never a whit cared he-o!

The Man on the Hill

AND there he sat on the top of his hill, singing, singing. What did he care for the town below and for the people there, and for the various things they were saying and doing? They weren't saying anything of *him*—that much was certain. Also, they weren't *doing* anything that concerned him. And what if they had been? Here was he, singing and not minding for anything but this particular hill and the birds seemed rather fond of it too. And fond of him.

So, truly, did it matter very much that some great new powerful foreign potentate or emperor or something had just entered the high gate down below? Or that the turning point of the history of some continent was in the balance? Or that eras, periods, régimes were to be reckoned from this day? Not to him, certainly—not to him, and not to the birds. Also, not to the hill.

Probably somebody, down there, would be shrieking some excited thing, pretty soon, about his having run away at just the time he was needed most. And they would all babble foolish logical sentences about his duty to somebody and his loyalty to somebody else and about his fealty to something and about his debt to something else. None of them seemed to understand that he was not a bit concerned with these somethings and these somebodies. Indeed, if he was not, why should they bother about it?

Whatever was happening down below, he hadn't had the slightest interest in it, and it wasn't—even remotely— his fault. That was all there was to it. He owed nobody anything, and nothing to anybody. This was his hill, and the birds seemed fond of him, and he was singing, singing. . . .

My Garden

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

My garden is an oil-painting
That God must have made
In a moment of abstraction,
Just for fun.

I did not plant it,—
I found it all as it is now:
I merely watered it, and plucked out the stones,
And protected it.

And now,
It is a little oil-painting,
Done in beautiful, big, careless strokes,
With a few delicate, accidental, little splashes.
It is not in lines, row upon straight row,
Nor in circles, and round, regular plots—
It is all huddled together,
With a single path through the middle,
(For it is a small garden.)

The tiny Asperula
Look through the tall thin legs of red poppies
Up at the sky.

There is only a single row—
Larkspurs, very tall and proud and military;
They happened to come up like that.
Larkspurs look well in rows—
Like soldiers, stomach in, chest out!

Sometimes my garden speaks to me.
It moves quietly in the breeze,
First one way,
And then another.
The little tender flowers, Portulaca,
Chime in with the big heroic ones
To have their say;
And the mignonettes seem to strain
To express themselves with their very sweet smell.
I do not quite understand them yet,
But I shall some day.

Often the blue sky burns straight down,
And tingles on my garden;
But I sit in the shade of a tall sycamore,
And watch as their hearts beat.
Perhaps I shall understand them some day.
I think perhaps they can tell me
How God happened to make them
In a moment of abstraction
For fun.

So Long as I Have . . .

REAMS have been written—doubtless reams more will be written, of the vagaries and the vices and the what-have-yous of the youthful American generation. It has seemed to bother no one that the youthful American generation has written nothing of itself, in relation to these vagaries and vices and What-have-yous. Not that the riotous life of the college lad and the college lass has not been represented and misrepresented frequently enough. Reference is made to the deep philosophical treatments of morality and indulgence and laxity of stamina; to the considerations of how far this thing has gone and whither it will lead if it goes so much farther; to the line of high-sounding and totally unsound doctrine that is expounded by the grey-bearded professional pessimists whose pens scratch incessantly in dark studies far from contact with the objects of their psuedo-concern. There could be no such thing as a general spokesman for modernity. But there should be some effort to provide an understanding whose basis is in the statement of youth about itself rather than the statement of age about what it thinks youth to be. A broadly inclusive "we" will be used for this purpose.

We have taken what has been set before us with no concern as to who provided it, or how much effort was expended in its provision. Such things as automobiles and radios and jazz bands happened into our world and fell into our hands and it never occurred to us that years had been used in their development, or that great parental labor had been necessary for their pro-

vision. If we were not supposed to have them and to use them as we saw fit and to weave them into our plan of things, we should never have been permitted to lay hands on them in the first place. We never have had any sympathy for the plan of letting us have and then impressing upon us the fact that the giving was an original error. Supposing we don't know how fortunate we are? Grandma and grandpa never had and never did, but what's the point of that? Grandma and grandpa never had the chance to, and if they had, they would have done exactly as we are—we give them that much credit at least.

And is it our fault that the great amendment occurred in our life-time? Or that human nature is constructed to insure a real or a supposed desire for things prohibited? In such external ways we live in a world definitely changed from that in which our elders lived. Prosperity has enabled us to *have* more, and legislation has done what it has done, and we have built our unique patterns of living therefrom. But the building has necessitated mental attitudes, somewhat as the building of a house necessitates architectural advice, and mental attitudes are almost too slippery to be caught and jailed for misbehavior.

Our arrogant plea of innocence for inheriting the modern world in its present condition must certainly be backed up by an equally arrogant denial of responsibility for the attitude of mind mentioned above. Somehow, from somewhere, we were possessed with the firm conviction that we only live once, that we're only young once, and that life's too short to look very far ahead. We developed the supreme conviction that, in spite of various poets, one possesses a greater capacity for enjoying one's self when one is carefree and few of years than when one has the weight of the world and

several score of winters to carry. Dorothy Parker did pretty well for us, when she said:

So long as I have yesterday,
Go take your damned tomorrow!

Only we substitute "today" for her "tomorrow", confessing as little interest in what has been as in what is going to be.

It is all perfectly simple: the capacity for doing exhilarating, joyous, frowned-upon things, is not an infinite capacity. If we have it in our possession *now*, we figure that now is the time to utilize it. There have been other modes of procedure, we admit; but we insist that there have been no others quite as suitable to us—and we aren't, if you please, going to bother trying other procedures to see if they might not be superior. Ours works nicely enough.

Perhaps we represent the Renaissance, and perhaps the hypothetical adversary at whom all these disputatious remarks are addressed is the Middle Ages. Perhaps we have developed to a degree higher than any ever attained before, the concept of living this life because this life is good. Heaven knows we are far enough from supposing the present world a vale of tears through which we must pass into the all-important next. Being ourselves for the sake of being ourselves, doing things for the sake of doing them, and not worrying much. Our plan is nothing more than an effort to live fully, happily, temporally, and nonchalantly in a world not made by us. Complaints should be addressed to those responsible for that world.

John Roedelheim

White Dawn

Today I may love only little things,
The tiny tremble of a moth's white wings,
Or one green blade of grass, even; I may
Not love big distant things today,

For if I were to fill, most casually,
My heart with star and wind and wind-swept sea,
The added weight of one still drop of dew
I know would break my full heart through.

Captive

Believe me it is not alone that I
Unconsciously appraise small things I do
(Inconsequential things, done casually)
In terms of how they might appeal to you,
Neither that, as I read, your face should grow
Softly upon my open page, nor yet
That it should say so clearly what I know
And mock my so brave efforts to forget.
I know how much you mean to me in ways
More devastating, less to be denied—
I realize how full you fill my heart
Through one decree, by which I must abide:
That in another's arms I think of you,
Loving you most when least desiring to.

Eric Hirth.

Heroics

DIMLY visible by the faint light of the myriad stars (for there was no moon), a little band of horsemen picked its way along a small valley. Considering the rockiness of their path and the clearness of the air, they made rather less noise than one would have expected. They talked—if at all—in subdued tones, not because there was any pressing need for silence but because the vast panorama of the stars above and the all-pervading stillness of the April night had quieted, for the time at least, their warlike spirits. For the moment they forgot they were Gothic warriors and imagined themselves—in so far as their rude, savage minds could—Greek philosophers speculating on the origin and end of the universe. A few hours before, they had been mere coarse, animal-like barbarians setting out on a plundering expedition; a few hours later, they would be tall, fair-haired fiends, cutting and slashing, killing and being killed, crying out in ecstasy or in agony: while the spell lasted, they were almost civilized.



A dozen yards in front of them rode their leader. If his followers were subdued by the magic silence, he was crushed. His head sank on his breast, the reins

dangled loosely from one hand, his horse went where it would. Although clad in the same tattered skin clothing, he cut a far different figure from his companions: his height, though considerable, was much less than theirs, his hair and eyes were brown, his features more finely chiselled. In short, he was no wild Goth but an erstwhile Roman provincial.

As he rode, plunged in thought, poignant memories arose in wave after surging wave, and conflicting emotions fought for the field of his brain. They mustered into their armies the ghosts of his dead past, called up dreams of days forgotten and reopened wounds he had thought long since healed. The shadowy recollections of his former life passed in spectral parade before him—what a difference ten years had made! Then he had been not Glatius the renegade, but Glatius the rich young landowner. A dull throb of pain went through him as he turned over in his mind the circumstances which had brought about this change.

An almost forgotten ancestor of his, banished from Rome in the turbulent days of the Flavians three centuries before, had come into possession of one of the Thracian gold mines; succeeding generations had prospered till Glatius's father owned the richest mountain villa in all southern Thrace. Left an orphan a year or so before coming of age, he had been forced to accept his uncle Lucianus as guardian. His uncle had looked with covetous eyes on the property he then held as administrator and plotted cunningly to hold it as owner. Nor, under that corrupt governmental system, was his task a hard one. Just at that time, in 367 A. D., the Eastern Emperor Valens, having formally espoused what the Christians of the West regarded as the Arian heresy, had inaugurated a persecution of what he as firmly believed were the Athanasian heretics. A word in the ear and a bribe in the hand of the nearest pro-

vincial magistrate had resulted in Glatius being declared an Athanasian and, as such, an enemy of God and the Empire. So far as he had bothered about such things at all, Glatius had, in fact, accepted the Arian rather than the more orthodox beliefs; but denial, unaccompanied by a larger bribe than his uncle's, had proved of no avail and he had been forced to choose between imprisonment and flight. Accompanied only by his body-slave, he had left behind the soft, pleasant life of his villa, crossed the Danube and thrown in his lot with the barbarian Visigoths. Here, not so much through any inborn genius as his knowledge of Roman affairs, he had risen to a position of some importance. When, pressed by the savage Huns, the Goths had the year before asked and obtained from the Imperial authorities the right to migrate into Roman territory, he had even played a minor part in the negotiations.

His raised his head and gazed steadfastly at the panoply of stars above. Their number seemed scarcely greater than that of the barbarian host as it lay encamped by the Danube waiting to be ferried over by the Romans. He could picture in his mind that great spectacle of the fleet of boats filled with human freight crossing and ever recrossing the mile-wide current of the swollen river. He could hear the confused cries of the thousands waiting on either bank, the barking commands of the Roman soldiers, the despairing shrieks of the boat-loads overturned and drowning. He could remember the astonishment of the Roman officials as more and more barbarians, in numbers surpassing even the fabled hordes of Xerxes and Darius, had crowded down to the river passage till nearly a million Goths stood on the Roman bank. He smiled grimly as he reflected how Roman cupidity had brought on the present state of affairs with the Goths ravaging all Thrace. The proud warriors had sold their cattle,

enslaved their sons and prostituted their daughters to escape the stipulation that they surrender their arms. Then, systematically starved in a land of plenty that their money might enrich Maximus and Lupicinius, the Imperial governors, they had at last rebelled, defeated the troops opposed to them and seized the land in their own right. Now, within a year from the time they had crossed the Danube, they were gradually over-running all Thrace. A fierce desire to revisit his old home and revenge himself on his uncle had seized Glatius and now he was leading three score of his new companions to plunder his own villa.



One of the horsemen drew up to his side. Glatius dreamily turned and recognized his faithful lieutenant and devoted body-guard, Sirax. "My lord," murmured Sirax, "are we not near it yet?"

"Be patient," replied Glatius slowly—almost wearily—"I know the way. What difference does a little time make?"

"You are not yourself to-night, my lord. Why do you hang back now when before you pressed on so hard?"

At another time he would have regarded the question as impertinent; now he rejoiced at the chance to unburden his mind. In answer he whispered, "Ride forward with me a little way." When they had done so he began, "Sirax, did you ever love anyone deeply—madly—not with your body alone, but with your whole being—what these Greeks would call your soul?"

"My lord, I marry Arthea at harvest time and none awaits the harvest more eagerly than I."

"You marry her because you love her or because she is comely and it is the will of your people and hers? But, no matter. Perhaps you remember when I first came among your people?"

"I was still a boy, my lord."

"True, and I counted for but little more. Your people think very little of a broken-spirited dreamer. For two whole years I was inconsolable—but not in mere vain regret for my former life of ease. I had given up more than a mountain villa when I fled; I was in love. Clodina her name was—short, slim and dark, she seemed and was scarcely more than a child. She too was a ward of my uncle's—a distant cousin o mine—and in a year or two, no doubt, we would have married. We roamed the mountains together in childhood and in youth confided our secret ambitions to each other. She knew how passionately I loved her and I am sure she loved me as much. I have often wondered what became of her after my flight. She would have killed my uncle, I think, if she found out it was his doing—she loved me that way. If I could find her tonight and take her away with me, I would be almost reconciled to this hard, savage life. And her joy at my return—at my resurrection . . . to see me—to embrace me——— to ——"

Here his voice trailed off and the two rode for a half hour or so in silence, Glatius overcome by his memories and Sirax too wise to break in upon them.

All at once the sight of some familiar landmark recalled him to the business in hand and turning around toward his men, Glatius barked forth a sharp command. Instantly the lyric spell was shattered and the light of battle flamed anew in the men's eyes as a moment later they wheeled sharply to the right and urged their horses up a scarcely definable mountain path. In a few minutes they had reached the brow and could look

down upon a large isolated villa nestling in the next valley. Here Glatius halted them.

Secluded though it was, the place was not altogether unprotected: a short distance down the valley—scarcely an hour's ride for mounted legionaries—lay the Roman garrison of Danalium. It was evident, therefore, that his tactics must be those of a stealthy raid rather than of a wild sacking of a conquered city. Accordingly, Glatius posted a dozen men along the road leading to Danalium to cut off any tell-tale fugitives; this done, they descended upon the villa. Glatius, knowing that it was impossible to keep his men in hand, gave them up to plundering at the start, and they, in the frenzy of avarice and lust which always held sway at such times, made for the women's quarters.

With the virtual accomplishment of his long cherished plan, Glatius's mood abruptly changed. He no longer felt the wild thrill of hewing down all obstacles and smashing his bloody way wherever he chose, fearless of God and man. For once he could take no pleasure in the looting, could not revel in the might of his good right arm, could not get gloriously drunk with the wine of power. A sharp pang of homesickness shot through him—homesickness for that collection of ancient Grecian urns he had once made, the sunsets he had seen from the porch, the long mountain walks with Clodina and all the other pleasures he had enjoyed in that almost forgotten youth of his. The sight of his old home had transformed him, for the nonce, into the old Roman Glatius of ten years back; he revolted at the thought of this villa, *his home*, a smoking ruin and longed to put himself at the head of his slaves and beat off these desecrating northern barbarians. Even his old hatred of Lucianus was swallowed up in this new passion and in all good faith he set out to find and warn his uncle.

A light glowed in the villa proper: he surmised it

to be Lucianus, ever a miser and too suspicious of human nature to keep a steward, poring over his accounts. Not quite himself—or perhaps almost his old self—



Glatius headed for it and, silently drawing aside the door-hanging, stood behind him. "Good-evening, uncle," he drawled.

Lucianus started as if his voice had been a screech from the tomb; his eyes went wide and involuntarily he cowered in fear. Glatius smiled down at him—not the cruel, sardonic smile he had so often practised for this moment, but a somewhat puzzled, yet withal a friendly smile. He had forgotten his rôle and thought of himself as a mere bearer of tidings. Before he could speak, however, his uncle had regained his composure.

"Well, Glatius," he began in his old oily, yet domineering manner, "you seem to have had a hard time of it. The Goths aren't such kind hosts, I judge,"—looking at his tattered clothing—"but perhaps I can remedy that and spare you a little money besides. Crops have been bad this year so I can't give you much and, of course, I'll have to do it all secretly and you mustn't stay here. Here, take this bag now and I'll send a slave with more later, but for the love of God don't let yourself be seen here."

At this reception Glatius's warm-hearted intentions began to cool, but he carried out his resolution bravely. "I am no bedraggled fugitive, uncle," quoth he. "The Goths are at your very doors and I am their leader. I give you this one chance for ——"

"Ah, Glatius," his uncle broke in, "always the young blusterer and his fiery thunderbolts. Come! come! it won't do. Here, take this and go or else, by Christ! I'll have you scourged from the door like any beggar."

Gone now were Glatius's merciful intentions—death to the wretched old villain! revenge! his long plotted revenge! His hand flew to his side but even as it did so the piercing shrieks of women and the hoarse cries of men reached their ears and Sirax, bloody sword in hand, entered the room.

Lucianus's eyes again went wide and again he quivered involuntarily with fear as he realized that he was not only trapped but self-condemned. Like a startled snake he darted for the opposite door but, at a word from his master, Sirax quickly seized him. "Put him out of the way," commanded Glatius curtly. Ten years of that hard, barbarian life had robbed him of all pity for a fallen foe. Sirax's long sword rose and fell—and it was all over.

Startled by a slight rustling of curtains, Glatius slowly raised his eyes from the corpse on the floor. There in the doorway stood Clodina.

For a full minute neither spoke. Clodina stared at him in a blank, stupefied way as if unable to comprehend what had happened. For his part, Glatius was at first far from astonished: there stood his old love before him, there on the floor at his feet lay his old enemy—everything was working out just as he had fondly pictured and planned. As he continued to gaze on her, however, it became evident that this was not quite the Clodina he had left behind ten years ago. It was not only that the slim, rather pretty girl had grown into a somewhat stout, heavy-featured woman; there was a faint elusive quality, a certain winning charm gone from her face. Her eyes, once sparkling and expressive, had taken on a dull, bovine vacuity;

her hair, once blown about her face in such attractive wisps, now seemed merely to straggle; her whole air was listless. Of a sudden, however, it changed; she brightened and spoke—though even as she did so Glatius could not help noticing that her voice was a harsher one than that he carried in his memory.

"So you have come back at last! Tell me about those ten years." Merely this and never a word about the dead man at her feet. Apparently she accepted that as a matter of course. Could she know of Lucianus's guilt?

For reply he made a slight gesture toward the outside with all its confused din—whispered oaths and shouted prayers. "You forget," he said, "that I am in command of all this and must see to the safe return of my men."

"As to that," she answered, "be at ease. If you will give the order that no one else is to be killed, I can see that none of them give the alarm at Danalium. Let them plunder if they wish, but no more killing. Go."

Obeying without question, he turned toward Sirax to give the necessary command but no one was there. Arthea's faithful lover was busy elsewhere chasing a terrified slave girl. Cursing him perfunctorily, Glatius left the room and performed the errand himself, calling in the small guard placed on the road, ordering all killing to stop and then once more leaving his men to their orgies.

He returned to find Clodina, bejeweled and clad in a different gown, lounging luxuriously on the couch. "Sit down now and talk to me," she half commanded, half entreated. Again he obeyed as a matter of course.

He found himself telling her of his life with the Goths; of those first hard years of barbarism; of his gradual rise to a position of something more than a mere renegade; of those terrible months of starvation after

they had crossed the Danube; and of their present situation with the Empire trembling beneath their blows, the old Greek civilization prostrate before them, and Thrace theirs for the taking. He described the villas they had looted and the towns they had sacked; grew almost poetic as he spoke of the ecstasy of dashing through a captured town, seizing whatever pleased him and, by mere virtue of his hacked and bloody sword, master of all he surveyed.



The thousand questions he had meant to ask her were slowly crowded into the background—almost into forgetfulness. Time and again one died on his lips as, by a skillfully timed query, she started him off on a new tale. She had always been a good listener—it explained to a great degree her ancient hold on him—and under the spell of his own words he was slowly forgetting his disillusionment at the first sight of her. As her old fascination for him grew, his feeling of heroic exaltation gradually faded. He talked less of captured cities and more of the destruction of everything fine and artistic which went with such scenes, less of conquest and more of loneliness. He began to realize how solitary his life as a Goth had been and rejoiced at having someone to talk to who could understand his confidences. As he sat there his soul filled with a feeling of peace—the peace of a sea-weary sailor who has at last won safe to port. Abruptly he realized that now he was really happy.

As they had talked, the hours had rolled by, the din

outside grown less and less and, with the approach of dawn, almost ceased. Suddenly it rose anew. The hoarse commands, the hoof-beats of iron-shod horses, the clash of sword on sword and spear on shield, could mean only one thing—the legionaries from Danalium were upon them. Probably outnumbered and sure to be taken at a disadvantage, the Goths had no chance and Glatius knew it was all over. He and his men would bleed out their lives in the arena or sweat them out in the slums of some Mediterranean city—if they were not butchered on the spot. He looked at Clodina and her smile of triumph told him the stunning truth. It was her doing—probably when he had left her to disperse the guard, she had sent a slave to Danalium.

"I am as good as dead and it is your doing," he said.

"Your uncle is dead too," she replied, pointing to the corpse on the floor, "and you killed him."

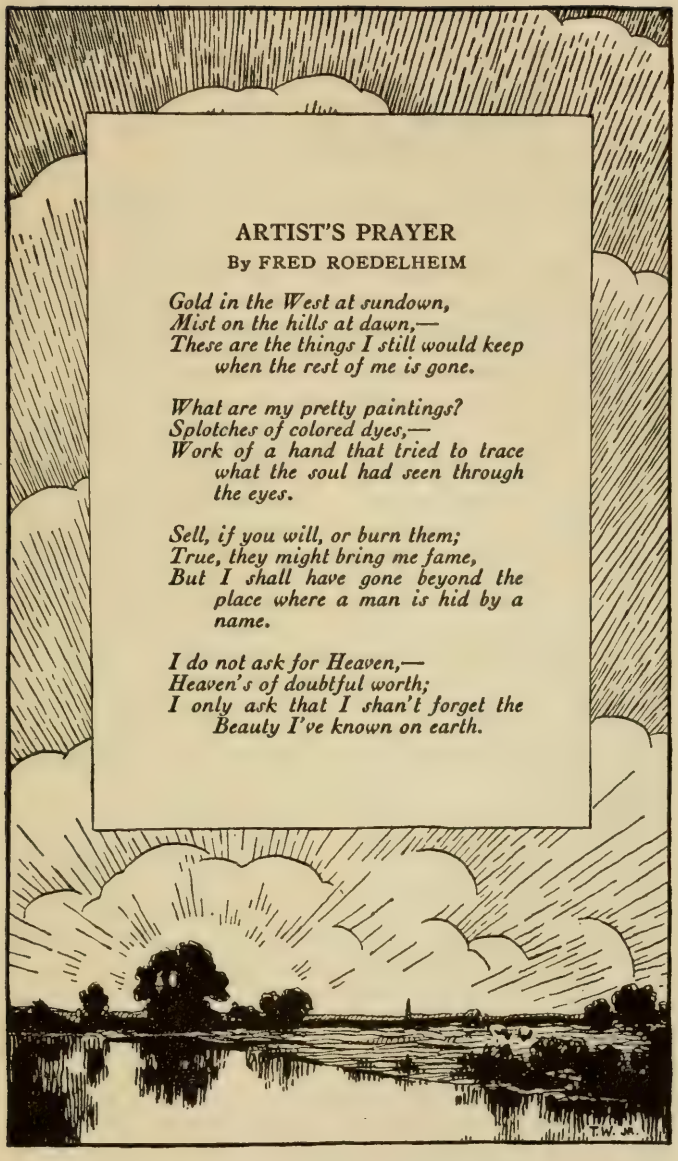
"Yes, he was my enemy. But why have you betrayed me?"

"He was my husband."

J. W. Martin

Skeptic

Cleopatra, Helen and Dido
(*Probably vastly overrated*),
Cleopatra, Helen and Dido
(*So much remembered, so much forgot*),
Cleopatra, Helen and Dido
(*Praise the Lord for what's unrelated*),
Cleopatra, Helen and Dido
(*What had they that* my *love has not?*)



ARTIST'S PRAYER

By FRED ROEDELHEIM

Gold in the West at sundown,
Mist on the hills at dawn,—
These are the things I still would keep
when the rest of me is gone.

What are my pretty paintings?
Splotches of colored dyes,—
Work of a hand that tried to trace
what the soul had seen through
the eyes.

Sell, if you will, or burn them;
True, they might bring me fame,
But I shall have gone beyond the
place where a man is hid by a
name.

I do not ask for Heaven,—
Heaven's of doubtful worth;
I only ask that I shan't forget the
Beauty I've known on earth.

A Philosophy of Art

(AN INTERPRETATION OF CROCE)

SIDE by side with what may be called genuine philosophy there seems to be a type common to certain artists and scholars, and to the great mass of people. Approximating the philosophical value of rationalizations, it is called "philosophy" by those who are too much in haste to arrive at any sort of explanation and whose intellectual curiosity is too easily satisfied by the substitution of aesthetic pleasure. To quote Douglas Ainslee, the Scotch poet: "As an undergraduate at Oxford I had caught the exquisite cadence of Walter Pater's speech, as it came from his very lips, or rose like the perfume of some exotic flower from the ribbed pages of the Renaissance. Seeming to solve the riddle of the Sphinx, he solved it not—only delighted with the pure pleasure of poetry and of subtle thought as he led one among the pathways of his Enchanted Garden, where I shall always love to tread."

What is this problem of Aesthetic, what value results from attempts to solve it? "Many a brave adventurer has navigated the perilous seas of speculation upon Art. The remarkable insight of Aristotle gave him glimpses of its beauty, Plato threw away its golden fruit, Baumgarten sounded its depths, Kant sailed along its shore without landing, and Vico hoisted the Italian flag upon its shore." Of all philosophers, Benedetto Croce seems to be the only one who has penetrated the morass of imperfect thought, scientifically studied it, and given an accurate description of its true character as a spiritual activity.

It is a well-known fact that a very small portion of our actions are in any sense really rational. As a Greek scholar has said in connection with matrimony, rationality is impossible, and if it were possible it would be inadvisable. In everyday life we make constant use of intuitive knowledge. The so-called practical man lives rather by intuition than by theories and abstractions. Those philosophies which ignore the real value and influence of the imagination are apt to work counter to their own aims in striving to find out what reality is. For too long logic has usurped the rights belonging to the field of imaginative knowledge, which it has all but looked down upon. Intuitions are a purer form of knowledge than concepts, and indeed quite independent of the latter, though concepts are not independent of intuitions. A musical motif; the impressions of a sunset or a garden of roses; all the forms of human passion, are most certainly intuitive facts. Granting therefore that imaginative knowledge is real and independent of intellective knowledge, the relation between them may be defined as one of double degree. The first is the intuition and the second is the concept. Just as impressions are the material of intuitions, so are intuitions the material of concepts, and knowledge by concepts is knowledge of relations of things and those things are intuitions.

Of the several features connected with intuition it will suffice for our purpose to point out just one of them. We have said that impressions, sensations, or to be more exact, formless-matter, are the material of intuitions. The chief characteristic of sensation is that of passivity, something which is experienced but not produced by the mind of man and which the latter cannot apprehend so long as it remains mere matter. Only as it is clarified, developed, elaborated, and differentiated by aesthetic activity does it become

concrete and real,—in a word, intuition, the imaginative form of knowledge. We may say that the peculiar essence of intuition as distinguished from the passive, natural fact is this: every true intuition is expression and it is formed only by making, forming, objectifying, *i.e.* by aesthetic activity. To take a simple illustration. If one is called upon to outline the contour of Europe, he can only do so in so far as he has an accurate picture of Europe in his mind, an intuition of the contour. As accurately and as quickly as he can make the drawing, so far has he advanced toward forming a true intuition of the contour of Europe. On the other hand the portrayal or expression of a moonlight scene in music calls for something else besides purity of expression. The soul of the artist is revealed in his sense of dramatic values, in the lyrical and vivid quality of his work, in the personality and passionality of his art, without which the intuition is cold, emotionless and lifeless. In fact, *pure* intuitions are essentially *lyricism*. They represent states of the spirit, and these are feeling and personality, which are found in all art and without which art is absent, simply because pure intuition is absent.

Having most superficially sketched enough of the features of a philosophy of aesthetic for the purpose in hand, it would be well to sum up the foregoing in a general way. Aesthetic activity as one of the forms of spiritual activity is expression; in its higher moments, lyrical expression; one resulting in the intuition, the other in the lyrical intuition. Such a scheme will be found invaluable whenever criticism of any kind of art is attempted.

The first consideration in approaching a work of art is to classify the spirit of its author. Thus, in the history of music, Beethoven occupies a quite definite place in relation to Bach and Scarlatti on the one hand,

to Wagner, Liszt, and Debussy on the other. Once this is determined, the actual criticism of the work in hand may be attempted. First, what is its peculiarity and in what way is it individual and original; how does it differ from other works? In the case of Debussy we find such peculiarities as the use of the whole-toned scale, the kaleidoscopic nature of much of his music, the use of new and striking effects in orchestration and harmony, the frequent subordination of melody to harmony and rhythm, etc. Second, its degree of purity, —How far has the author kept himself clear of all considerations foreign to the perfection of the work as an expression, as a lyrical intuition? How much of the work comes directly from inspiration and how much is "composing"? Does the artist indulge in such diversions as merely technical display, effects that surprise and shock the reader and listener? Just so far as the work expresses his sincerity, true emotionalism, and individuality, may we form a just estimate of its worth. All other matters are questions of personal taste, individual preferment. Unfortunately the latter standards have prevailed too often to give what might be considered a just and valuable criticism. And indeed other extraneous details, *e. g.*, whether the artist parks his or her sky-blue roadster beside a fire-plug, recommends a certain brand of cigarettes, and takes a Turkish bath twice a week, are interesting in themselves though non-essentials in the work of aesthetic criticism.

The materials of intuitions may also be concepts, intellective knowledge, indeed they are usually mingled with mere sensations and old expressions. In this case they must all descend again to the level of impressions, in the work of producing a single expression. Beethoven is not popular with the moderns because he drew heavily on conceptual knowledge, therefore they call him philosophical. And indeed it is true that his music

has a peculiar richness, variety, and depth of meaning which requires an effort on the part of the hearer to appreciate and enjoy. With the great mass of people Irving Berlin gets across because his music is based almost entirely on sensuous material. The difference between the two men is not depth of emotion, but complexity of their expressions. A flapper's heart is indeed deeply stirred by Berlin's ballads, just as much as some are by Beethoven's Fifth. But she can never hear the same thing more than a few times without becoming tired of it. With repeated hearings, the music of Beethoven engraves itself on the mind, always getting clearer and richer in meaning.

Aside from the concrete results we have obtained from a brief examination of the essence of Art, there are some indirect, and, philosophically, more important ones. John Ruskin, Walter Pater and others made the mistake of assuming that because art was in contact with life, life was understood through art. True, art is not concerned with the abstractions of the intellect, and therefore it does not make any mistakes, although it is not aware of that fact. But this must not cloud our vision to the fact that art is only the dream of the life of knowledge. "Its complement is waking, lyricism no longer but the concept; no longer the dream, but the judgment. Thought could not be without fancy; but thought surpasses and contains in itself the fancy, transforms the image into perceptions, and gives to the world of dream the clear distinctions and the firm contours of reality. Art cannot achieve this; and however great be our love of art, that cannot raise it in rank, any more than the love one may have for a beautiful child can convert it into an adult. We must accept the child as a child, the adult as an adult." What is overlooked is the reflective, critical consciousness of Philosophy: that which criticizes science and

determines the nature of art, things which neither abstract sciences nor art can do. The means for awakening this consciousness of thought is a precise understanding of the limits of art, the construction of an Aesthetic.

J. Hamor Michener

Indebtedness, to W. W.

Wordsworth,—to you in a peculiar way
We youthful rhymers stand in heavy debt;
Others, sustaining golden word and phrase
Have given inspiration due, and yet
We somehow felt that their realm was not ours,
So high above our own their stars were set.
For these the Muse kept constant vigil, and
Unwavering their flames of genius burn;
But when from them we turn to you, our hopes
Revive; our gloom is lightened as we learn
That, safely an immortal, you could be
Sublime and then ridiculous, in turn.

E. T. A.

The Gate Out of Reality

And there I thought I saw a gray old man
With winter in his beard,
Unbowed, though sere, with something of the weird
In that bright eye did seem was in myself.
I challenged him: for here the path was hid,
And trusting in his age I thought I'd find the way.

Then half in doubt he fingered o'er my words
Which seemed to cause him pain.
"The path you say is here? Pray, look again!
You saw the way—and I must always feel?"
I followed where his eyes in question gazed—
There was no road, no path, nor aught to build upon.
I turned once more to ask; but he had gone.

Bramwell Linn.

France Looks Us Over

(*Editor's Note:* "Impressions of America" written by newly-arrived foreigners have become so common that we are apt to be deceived by the straightforwardness of the few which are, happily, perfectly honest and unconscious efforts. It is a bit difficult, perhaps, to realize the relative curiosity to the rest of the world of many things that are almost second nature to ourselves. Perfectly unpretentious and quite unassuming, the following article was written by request for the express purpose of pointing out those seemingly trivial differences that are so indicative of divergence in temperament and in civilization.)

THE United States exercises such an attraction on the minds of young Parisians that it seems quite natural for me to be here now.

The first thing to be noticed is that there are no points of resemblance between France and America: everything, here, is different, and of all the countries having a white civilization that I have ever visited, yours is certainly the most original—the one that has the most personality. It is a young, and novel personality, but a gigantic one.

When the steamer had freed me from its prison to disembark on the New York dock, my impression was that of having fallen into another world. This impression would have been much stronger, much truer, if I had never seen England or visited London. But, having toured an English-speaking country, I was less surprised in setting foot on your continent. The signs, the buses, the sound of voices, and several words overheard in the course of conversations recalled my stay in Great Britain; and when I crossed Fifth Avenue, certain spots reminded me of Oxford Street and Picadilly Circus.

But what of your skyscrapers? The truth is that we had been told so much of them, on the other side

of the ocean, that the sight of them was no cause for surprise. Deceiving? No. Dazzling? No. I like them, that's all; and I find certain of them very aesthetic—I could distinguish three styles in their architecture, but the thing that struck me most forcibly was the absence of balconies, and I breathed a sigh of relief when I perceived balconies adorned with plants on some of the mansions about the Fifth Avenue Cathedral.

The elevated: a frightful thing, let us admit.

First mishap: I got lost in your subway, and an express carried me, with lightning speed, in the opposite direction from the one in which I wished to go.

First encounter with an American: The conductor of a bus didn't want to give me any change, and I had no dimes.

First disappointment: I read on a menu, "Cocktail". Allured, I ordered a cocktail, and they brought me a little glass of something or other—sauce I believe! Laughter from the waitress who was serving me. . . .



The Old World and the New, or: M. Stoll's first encounter with the most doubtful of America's contributions to civilization.

First astonishment: I am told that central heating is distributed by the city, as are our gas and electricity!

One of the things that struck me was the abundance and size of your newspapers: they are everywhere! On the tables, on the chairs, on the ground, in the parks, and the wind lifts them sometimes in great clouds in the middle of the street!

Another thing that astonishes me is the number of places where smoking is forbidden; in France greater freedom is allowed.

In my opinion, the most difficult thing for a Frenchman who does not know your language very well, is to order a meal. How to manage with a menu always full of extraordinary names? One might as well be reading Hebrew. Also, I find myself continually fooled: One day I saw *escalloped macaroni* and I thought that, as in Paris, that meant *Escalope aux Macaroni.* But not so: they bring me no meat and I look in vain for scallops under the prying eyes of the waitress, who understands my distress not at all.

They told me that taxis were cheap in New York. As for me, I find them expensive enough. It wouldn't amount to much if they went straight to the address given, but they must spend an hour cruising Fifth Avenue and stopping at every corner. At this rate the taximeter is a lucrative invention.

But I've forgotten to tell you the most marvelous thing in this country: it is the accuracy of your telephones (I never had a wrong number) and above all, the politeness of your operators—but I deplore the fact that there is but one ear-phone: if there is anyone around you, you can hear nothing.

A peculiarity of New York is the number of beautiful automobiles. In Paris, eighty per cent of the autos are ancient, are prehistoric in model, and have their colors

worn off by time. Here, the contrary—the number of fine cars makes the ordinary ones conspicuous, whereas in Paris, the number of ordinary autos causes a fine one to be marvelled at.

And the trains? The Pullman is certainly very comfortable and is worth the small difference in price. In France one would pay much more for the difference between second and first class.

Drug stores and automats are original here as the *terrasses de café* are a Parisian monopoly.

Your movies are marvelous. Their programs are so full that the film itself seems secondary in importance.

I could tell you volumes more but I must stop—my conclusion is this: I have a profound admiration for a people like yours who have the genius of modernism and comfort. Your factories, your railroads, your products, are marvels; and your outlook on life is most practical, in the sense that money plays a considerable rôle in your activities. We would have much to learn from your civilization, but you must not blame our backwardnesses, for we have on our shoulders ages of history which have woven a tangled web of tradition and local custom, hard to overcome. But I have confidence in a future of progress for France. Only give us time—and above all, wish to learn to know us, as I am learning to know you—more each day,—thanks to my stay among you.

From the French of J. H. M. Stoll



BOOKS

CELIBATE LIVES

There are times when we get a very definite inferiority complex about our American literature; here, for example, is an Irish gentleman, Mr. George Moore, that makes the strong, stark staginess of our Dreisers and Andersons seem puerile and silly. Certainly we can boast no writer that concentrates into his books so civilized and refined an art (we hate this word every bit as much as you do) as George Moore. It's this sort of thing that convinces us that the stability and serenity that come only with generations, is something that not a single one of the American writers possesses; perhaps it is something not in conformity with the American temperament, perhaps we only need to wait—one or two of our writers, such as Willa Cather, seem to work definitely in that direction.

There is some talk in Moore's introduction to this book of stories, about the necessity for "melody" in any form of art, and particularly in the short story. This seemed like idle drivel until we had read the stories, when we began to have a faint glimmering of what the man was driving at. There are five stories in the volume, the best being *Henrietta Marr*, the subtle tale of a young lady who knew what she wanted but couldn't quite get it; and the most striking being *Albert Nobbs*, the very curious account of an unfortunate woman who all her life has gone about under the guise of a man. All of these treat of delicate, slightly pathological situations, but with so restrained a technique that one can't help (pardon if we seem to harp on this) having one's little

misgivings about what our American greats would have done with the same material. There are occasions when good taste becomes a mighty difficult proposition, and *Celibate Lives* always conforms to it with a beautiful self-confidence.—**95%** *F. P.*
(*Boni & Liveright, $2.50*)

SOMETHING ABOUT EVE

Of course one might as well admit right off the bat, that Cabell writes English about as well as anyone these dreary days. We don't say, mind you, that the name of Jimmy ought to be added to the names of Edgar, Mark and Walt up in the clouds of American Literature; but the man has something to say, and says it beautifully, so why quibble?

Something about Eve is an acrid Voltairian story. Gerald Musgrave, Virginian, pays a visit to another world, and chats with the Great Deceased and Divine,—Eve being one of those present. Which obviously supplies Mr. Cabell with a splendid chance to devolve in very lovely and obscure words, his suave and mature and sophisticated views on life; but in it, too, is a dose of hemlock for the facile-minded, and *Something about Eve* is torturous reading. You will be mislead by the prettyfication and charm that smiles now and again, for around the corner there is always a nasty Cabellian kick in the teeth.

But the book does not leave one discouraged, for there is a big comforting tolerance about this Jurgen, Silver Stallion business that Mr. Cabell has in common with Anatole France and Rabelais. Surely he is their spiritual inheritor.—**93%**

P. S. For the benefit of the carnal minded and the Boston Watch and Ward Society, we call attention to section 16, "The Holy Nose of Lytreia". It is really quite astonishing. *J. B.*
(*McBride, $2.50*)

I KNOW A SECRET

This, we are told, is the book everybody has been wanting Christopher Morley to write. We wonder, after having read it, whether it isn't rather the book that he has been wanting to write, for years and years and years. Probably it is both; certainly neither the "everybody" nor the "he" has any reason to be disappointed in the result. It might not be going too far to say that the success of *I Know a Secret* has been jeopardized by over-zealous advertising: It has been carefully pointed out that, although it is a children's book, it will be even more delightful to grown-ups. This may be true, and we are quite ready to admit that it is, but Messrs. Doubleday Page and Company should know that the really rare specimens of this type (the *Alice in Wonderland*s and the *When We Were Very Young*s) fell into the favor of the elders by natural means, and not by the force of advertising. In other words, we are suspicious of any conscious effort to make a book appeal to us when it is ostensibly written for our baby brothers. But we should hasten to say that this is the publisher's, not the author's error. Mr. Morley, evidently an excellent sort of a father, writes of and for his four children and their pets and their pets' friends; he writes pleasingly as always and more naturally than ever. And Jeanette Warmuth does admirably with the decorations. We were prejudiced against this book, and we recommend it anyway,—which ought to mean something.—90%

(*Doubleday Page, $2.00*) *J. R.*

BALLADS FOR SALE

Miss Lowell's third posthumous volume of poems will neither add nor detract from the general estimate which time will give to her work. There is nothing new or startling in this collection of poems of varying

merit—we have long since become callously acclimated to the form of free verse and the spirit of the Imagist Movement. The works in this volume are collected from various periodicals, and their composition is dated over a number of years. Hence certain of the poems which may have seemed significant when first published, have here lost that significance when grouped in a collection.

The volume, as I have said, is one of varying merit. Most of it is just so-so; a little is very poor; and a little is very fine.

It may be added that the volume proves conclusively that nothing is as tiresome as free verse if read in quantity. At the same time the work is certainly vastly superior to the great bulk of contemporary verse.

(*Houghton Mifflin $2.25*) *R. C. B.*

THE WOODCUTTER'S HOUSE

There is no adjective that fits *The Woodcutter's House* better than "lovely"; Robert Nathan's clear and poetic prose is like a delicate web stretched between trembling blades of grass. The story is idyllic and simple. The chief characters, Metabel, Joseph, Uncle Henry and Prissy Deakan, are not like human beings, while the animal characters are quite sophisticated and go about talking of sex and life in a worldly-wise manner. There are, for instance, Musket the dog, who had belonged to a fiddler and had danced for applause and pennies, Isaiah the horse, who is a somnolent stoic, and a wasp who lived in the attic, and who was the largest apple-owning wasp in the county.

Using these characters, Nathan weaves around them a delightful tale, so simple, so charming, and so lovely that no one who loves good books should neglect to read it.—90%

(*Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00*) *R. M. D.*

MARGHERITA

This short novel by Leon Kelley appeared entirely unannounced, and turned out to be a pleasant surprise. One is left in doubt after having read it as to whether it is a first novel, or merely the only one that managed to get published.

"Charm" and "atmosphere" have both been done to death by book reviewers, and it is with hesitation that they are used here; but it just happens that they are the exact words that describe this story. The author has a definite style, but it is so simple that its peculiar quality may not be at once placed. The chief virtue of it is its ability to create atmosphere without doing so in an obvious manner.

The story centers around the life of a New England woman, the daughter of an Italian singer and a Boston importer, which queer parental combination produces Margherita—a woman who is both sanely practical and crazily ethereal, depending upon which strain of her ancestry is in the ascendency. She adopts a young Italian pianist and at once becomes devoted to him, and although this love is returned, it does not prevent her from suffering at his hands when his marriage looms on the horizon. This book is really worth reading.—**91%**

(*Putnam, $2.00*) *J. B.*

SILENT STORMS

Ernest Poole's new novel grips one in spite of stilted conversation and minor characters who torture the imagination in that they are so overdrawn. It is evident that Mr. Poole has never had a mother-in-law, since his Charlotte, minor character though she be, completely dominates the novel with simpering, saccharine sympathy. The plot deals with the problem of international marriage. Some one should remind

Mr. Poole that "too many conflicts spoil the soup"; the number of conflicting forces which are grouped about his vital problem merely obscure its objective.—80%

J. K., Jr.

(*Macmillan $2.50*)

RESPECTABILITY

We've come into contact with Mr. Bohun Lynch before several times, as the author of a "History of Caricature", the editor of an anthology of ghost stories, and as a caricaturist himself. Now he goes and writes a novel. Mr. Lynch, we feel sure, is a very nice sort of English gentleman, with a knowledge of painting, a dry sense of humor, and an acquaintance with Max Beerbohm. And here in this book he bridles and snorts and occasionally gets just a little bit morbid about two generations of ladies, one bound in by the rigors of respectability, the other breaking loose from it. Mr. Lynch writes with peculiar grace, with restraint, and with a penetrating insight. Result: we should have a first-rate novel. Why *Respectability* isn't quite that is difficult to say, but it isn't—quite. Perhaps the author is too comfortably imbedded in his Morris chair to be able to make living such a scene as that of the mother trudging for miles with her baby on her back, vivid as the scene managed to be. Perhaps the solution is that Mr. Lynch has too balanced, too refined a mind, but this is merely a conjecture. We do, however, recommend the book very sincerely, for it is a beautifully finished product, if perhaps a little blind.—80%

F. P.

(*Little, Brown, $2.50*)

(*With this issue of the* HAVERFORDIAN, *the Book Department is instituting a system of grading novels on the basis of 100 per cent. Naturally it does not seek to evaluate the comparative worth of books in different fields—it attempts rather to grade them according to their position in their own particular field.*)

THEN, TOO——

From Gallagher to the Deserter, by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. (Scribner's, $2.50) Here's over 700 pages of just real good old-fashioned short stories—the kind our parents (if they were really refined) used to read; guaranteed to look slick on the library table, next, say, to Galsworthy's "Caravan". 85%

Ideals, by EVELYN SCOTT. (A. & C. Boni, $2.50) Brittle, merciless sketches of character (we really mean it too), with just enough low life thrown in to make them pretty snappy reading, especially "Queenie Abrams". 83%

White Hands, by ARTHUR STRINGER. (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00) An ideal companion for the bath tub, nice and clean and Y. M. C. A., and just the right size to hold in a reclining position; and if, perchance, it goes down the drain-pipe, well, then it goes down the drain-pipe. 60%

Purse Strings, by EDITH M. STERN. (Boni & Liveright, $2.00) If you're one of the happiness boys who don't think that Money Really Matters, read this fine story of parsimonious bourgeois life some two decades ago. Recommended. 87%

Lazy Isle, by GEORGE F. HUMMEL. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) This is really a summer book, being a pleasant, effervescent narrative about wine and women on the island of Capri, exactly suited for the hammock mood. 80%

The Nuptials of Corbal, by RAFAEL SABATINI. (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50) And you know what General Robert E. Lee said about this Sabatini person. 65%

Are you Decent?, by WALLACE SMITH. (Putnam, $2.50) Don't get excited, it isn't that kind of book; even so, it isn't bad, and does for the cheap vaudeville stage what Jim Tully did for the circus in "Circus Parade". 83%

The Lonesome Road, by LUCY FURMAN. (Little, Brown, $2.00) This won't cause the stir in fashionable circles that "The Time of Man" did, but for those whom the prospect of a simple, lucid and moving story of the Kentucky mountains attracts, we recommend it highly. 85%

The Barberry Bush, by KATHLEEN NORRIS. (Doubleday, Page, $2.00) This is the sort of book that makes one want to throw around things, preferably copies of "The Barberry Bush". 30%

Caste, by COSMO HAMILTON. (Putnam, $2.00) If it's High Society that you want here's a boatload of it by a capable author, with enough left after you get through to pass around among your girl friends. 75%

The Black Bull, by H. BEDFORD-JONES. (Putnam, $2.00) It's a shame that Sabatini beat this author to it; the Borgias hold forth in these pages in as exciting a manner as they ever did in "The Banner of the Bull". And now who's ever heard of H. Bedford-Jones? Such is life. 80%

Count Ten, by MILDRED EVANS GILMAN. (Boni & Liveright, $2.00) Dear old New England Puritanism drops around again for a pleasant three-hour session in a novel which we can recognize as being at the same time dull and good. 79%

Samples. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) This collection of stories does for us approximately what the "Georgian Stories" do for England, and manages to be interesting at the same time, even if not strikingly original in its selection. 80%

Bugles in the Night, by BARRY BENEFIELD. (Century, $2.00) This really deserved a leading review, but we found on second thought that we had nothing to say about it beyond that it was perfectly satisfying and entertaining, finely written, and an ideal best-seller; for we have already forgotten the plot. 85%

In a Yun-Nan Courtyard, by LOUISE JORDAN MILN. (Stokes, $2.00) Some more Mr. Wu stuff, with fine passages and a good deal of prettification, and the prospect of making an even better movie than "Mr. Wu." We can't resist from recommending this especially if you want to take a real good mental vacation. 80%

Angel's Flight, by DON RYAN. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) Another book about New York, the movies, etc., and with a vengeance; the genuine beauty of some passages makes it seem a pity that the book is so disjointed and arty, and is built on so fragile a conception. 75%

Delia Demonstrates, by BERTON BRALEY. (Century, $2.00) All about a real peppy salesgirl who simply exudes common sense and Personality Plus till you wish she were there in the flesh and you with a table knife handy; you might (though we throw this

out as merely a conjecture) be able to stand it if you don't mind the persistent odor of Fleischmann's Yeast that stares out at you from every page. 50%

Slag, by J. McIntyre. (Scribner's, $2.00) It takes about twenty-four hours to recover from the nice pleasant graveyard atmosphere of this book, and to realize that, after all, it's not half-bad. We made the mistake, knowing that our limit for this kind of book was one every six months, of reading this shortly after "Ninth Avenue", with the result that usually follows an overdose. 80%

Gold, Gore and Gehenna, by George A. Birmingham. (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00) This is one of those frolicsome books where everybody (including Lady Anne) goes mad and starts on a treasure-hunt; fast and furious, and proud of it. 77%

Dream of a Woman, by Remy de Gourmont. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) A letter-novel, sensuous and fleshly, detailing forth in a convincing manner one of these complicated French love stories, with just enough suggestion of perversion to make it fashionable. O, this French race! 88%

The Unpaid Piper, by Woodward Boyd. (Scribner's, $2.00) We're getting into a real mean vindictive mood by now, and if another book comes around expatiating in the grand old manner on how the Younger Generation is going to Hell, we're going to flunk it for fair. Now let them come forward, who dare. 60%

The Sentimentalists, by Dale Collins. (Little, Brown, $2.00) We were asked to star this book, but somehow that inevitable baby in the story got on our nerves; which was too bad, for outside of that it was as good an adventure story as we've read for many a day. But that baby. . . . 80%

The History of Anthony Waring, by May Sinclair. (Macmillan, $1.50) It hurt as sincere an admirer of May Sinclair's as we are, to see that lady's fine art go sour this way; when a man's lifetime is going to be compressed into a few pages, something (with all due respect for Miss Sinclair's ability to extenuate) is going to be lacking. We only hope that she'll raise this 80 to her usual 95 next time. 80%

Empty Shrines, by Elizabeth F. Thomas. (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00) The combination of vaudeville, Milan and Palm Beach ought to put this book in the movies. It would make a pret fair movie, with, say, Clara Bow and Milton Sills. 70

ty
%

Moon Lady, by UPTON CLOSE. (Putnam, $2.00) The very essence of China hangs over this excellent novel; only one thing we wish—that we might have had the China, and perhaps the heroine, without the rest of the book. 80%

Bed and Breakfast, by CORALIE HOBSON. (Boni & Liveright, $1.75) Clean wholesome fun in an artists' communal house run by a professional virgin. With pictures. 75%

This Way Up, by SOLITA SOLANO. (Putnam, $2.00) A rather effective treatment of the fatal fascination exercised by a Spanish dancer (Raquel Meller Type) over a young American. Parisian in both setting and style. 80%

The Lunatic in Love, by J. STORER CLOUSTON. (Dutton, $2.00) You will be amused to see Mr. Essington in love, and all we can say is that if the people in Mr. Clouston's next book act as crazy as they do in this one, we will look forward to it with pleasure. 80%

Captain Cavalier, by JACKSON GREGORY. (Scribner's, $2.00) A pleasant colorful romance of Spanish California. What more can we say? 77%

An Unmarried Father, by FLOYD DELL. (Doran, $2.00) Here's the old father and son motif again, this time it being the reverse side of "Sorrell and Son"; Mr. Dell has settled down a little, and writes with both dignity and effectiveness. 85%

The Black Douglas, by DONALD DOUGLAS. (Doran, $2.50) It gives us a nice warm feeling inside to know that a direct descendant of the old war-horse wrote him up in this novel, and made a pretty presentable job of it, too. 80%

Thicker than Water, by W. C. TUTTLE. (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00) Wild Western stuff, and good of its kind. Professional dignity forces us to give it a 70, however. 70%

Translations from the Chinese, by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. (Doubleday Page, $2.00) And just to think that Mr. Morley learned all his Chinese off laundry-slips! 70%

God's Drum, by HARTLEY ALEXANDER. (Dutton, $7.50) Very interesting and de luxely published poems about the Aztecs, etc.; a splendid appearing book to have lying around, but for the archeologist rather than the litterateur.

Creatures, by PADRAIC COLUM. (Macmillan, $2.50) The Artzybasheff drawings are fine, and so is of the poetry what we could understand; the rest of it we'll blame ourselves for not understanding, and when we say that we're saying something, we being the sort of person that we are.

Let's Pretend, by GEORGETTE AGNEW. (Putnam, $1.75) Pretty weak after A. A. Milne, but then we're spoiled. **75%**

The Harvest of a Quiet Eye, by ODELL SHEPARD. (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.00) A peculiarly pleasant book, consisting of drawings, poems and sketches about lanes, brooks, hawthorn and other attributes of the New England countryside. **85%**

The Wolf Cub, by MAURICE SOULIÉ. (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.00) The adventures of Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon in the early days of the West,—the interesting story of a profoundly interesting man. This book was crowned by the French Academy, and is especially recommended to those who enjoyed Blaise Cendrars' "Sutter's Gold". **90%**

The Joyous Friar, by A. J. ANDERSON. (Stokes, $3.00) Another fine biography in the new manner, this time of Fra Filippo Lippi, the scandalous, sensual, socially inclined painter of the Renaissance. One understands, after reading this, why this man's Madonnas have such a fleshy torturous smile on their thin lips. Get me? **85%**

Certain Rich Men, by MEADE MINNIGERODE. (Putnam, $3.50) In a very interesting and readable meandering journalistic style the keen-minded Mr. Minnigerode does up our "successful" men of America. The sketches include Stephen Girard, Jay Cooke, Daniel Drew, Cornie Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and Jim Fisk. Verb. sap. **87%**

Happiness, by WILLIAM LYONS PHELPS. We wouldn't resist sticking this in just to show that zero's the limit. For God, for Country and for Yale, presumably, the darling Mr. Phelps has at last solved that little question of happiness that's been bothering the world for a few thousand years, and how grateful we do feel. Just in case anybody's interested, we might add that Mr. Phelps's recipe to be happy is "to think interesting thoughts". Now isn't that nice? On second thought, we'll give this book 1% for its courage in thrusting itself on the world. **1%**

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVII HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1928 NO. 4

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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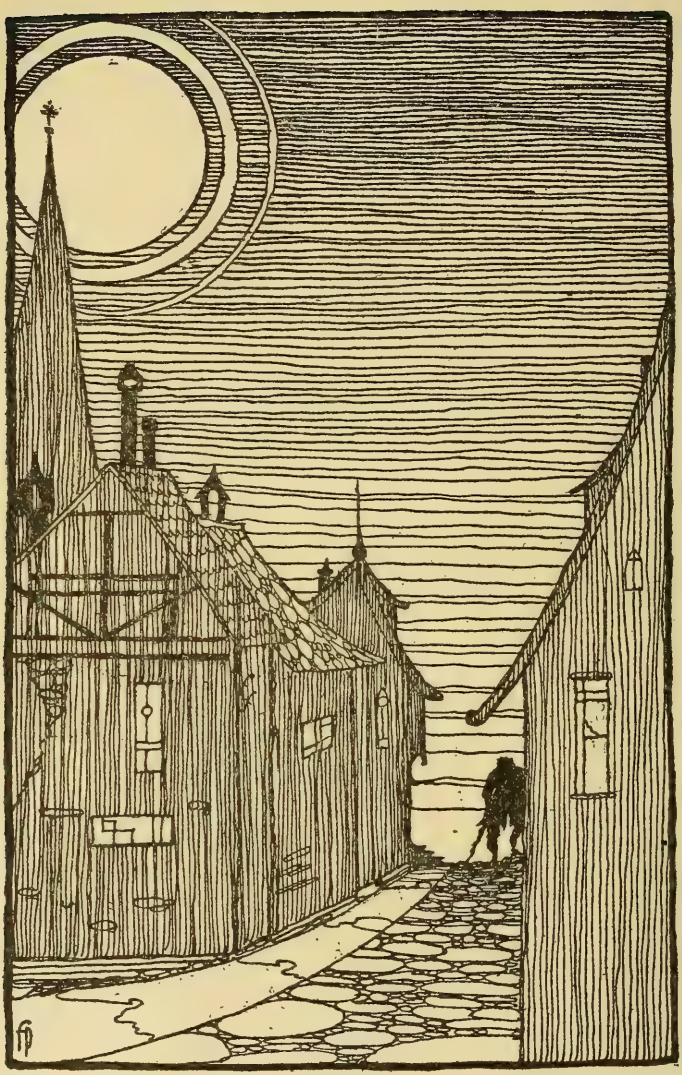
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Sonnet

There are a hundred trifling things I crave,
A hundred things that have appealed to me
With an unreasonable intensity—
A hundred things I see but may not have,
And these must constitute my little shrine.
I have a very real and present fear
That death may come one day, one month, one year
Before that moment when they might be mine.

For those less rich in earth's inheritance
I cannot feel, if they have never known
Richness. A darkened life is no mischance
To him who never has beheld the sun:
I hold desire more fierce than ignorance,
Imperfect blessedness more cruel than none.

J. R.



" . . . as he made his halting uncertain way through the dark streets . . ."

The Dark Banner

IN THOSE young years in Heidelberg, when faces were scarred and the sword blade was justice, he had drunk and fought and loved with the best. It was not that his fame had rung high in the tavern gardens—for had not the name of Wilbrecht echoed to countless years?—rather it was that his soul was a flame and his heart not yet grown old when age found him, defiant beside his Stradivarius.

And now the Neckar still ran blue between its meadowed banks. Blue and lazy as it had always been and as it always would be. To Erich Wilbrecht, lonely and wan and waiting for death, the place was a curse of tortured memories—a curse that might have been a blessing. Never, by this unforgetting stream, could he clear his mind of a flashing, ringing panorama of events and of men. Over the events he himself had held the whip and among the men walked, in stateliness, the woman who haunted him still. . . .

* * * * * *

It was the other Heidelberg now, with its battlements and buttresses black against the stars. They were quiet days, with only the trampling of hoofs on the hills like a thunder from Italy, and slow passing of the black-clad merchants over the cobblestones on their way to the carnivals. There, over the village, rose the castle, gray and monastic, where lived the Duchess Renate. Here spread the gardens within the walls and the poplars gleaming like pillars before the sun. But somewhere deep in the cellars the rust of old shields and armor mingled with the fragrance of sweet red wines to rise cold and austere to the stairs of the courtyard; for the Lornenhofs bore in their

breasts the cries of the ancient battles and the high gallantries, and theirs was a stern blood. What of it, that on the turrets the dark banners were torn and wistful? The Duchess Renate still sat proud in the balconies, with her black braids against white satin, and her black lashes against her cheeks.

But behind the short hills, where the trees grew taller and more dusky, the young Erich sang to the violin that sang to him. It was near the earth he lived, and his pulse beat with the strong warmth of it—even with the old swiftness and poetry and wonder of the Nibelungen. For this he was called the "wonderer", as they saw him sitting by the waters, eyes twitching with an unknown longing and pulling the young wet clovers. . . .

The day came when the Cardinal's men passed through Heidelberg. There were trumpeters, and the brave ringing of steel, and in the by-streets the singing of lutes and the clapping of hands; and the burghers and guildmen cheered as the young-faced Cardinal from the Netherlands rode through the streets raising his eyebrows and smiling. Later in the day the townsmen rode out to the meadows and pastures that fringed the waters. Rockets and great high-colored candle lights swinging in the air made the night gleam like a hidden jewel. There were songs, gallant and high-hearted and, farther off, the more patient sound of guitars.

And underneath the ash tree by the road, away from the motley crowd, two eyes reflected the fires and flaming arcs over the stream; and the small sound o a violin swam high into the leaves. It was more quiet there. All about there was noise and loud laughter, and bawdy singing, and the song of the Neckar in the night wind could not be heard.

Farther up, by the banqueting tables, sat the nobles,

and with them, the Cardinal. Their faces gleamed pale with the candles, and their eyes were lantern-lit and gleaming. There, in the half darkness, sat the Duchess Renate, still and cold and white as always, and unsmiling. And her vision floated, a forgotten melody, to Erich, as he sat far in the darkness. Old lost things came up in him, and he heard voices whisper. . . . All the bitterness was gone. There were young clovers again, and white stones washed clean by the waves. It was slow to occur to him that something new, too, had come up in his heart, for he was young and had loved bravely, and like a boy.

As the night grew more deep, the lights and the voices grew less. Long after the Duchess had left the tables, her image still sat in the great chair, cold and white and sullen beneath the stars. And when Erich left the bleak gray merrymaking place, it was with a song in his heart and a little of pain.

* * * * * *

Deep in his confused thoughts, he let his horse take him, unguided, out past the scattering of houses at the end of town, and over the fields on a straight line for home. Into the grove of tall sycamores he made his way. When about in the midst of the trees, he suddenly straightened up out of the reverie into which he had sunk, to behold two riders barring his way. As he drew up, one of the figures moved slowly away, a stone's throw into the underbrush; as it did so, he saw the rider swiftly turn and toss a head of black, black hair, in an impatient, petulant gesture.

The other figure approached him, at a trot, and a heavy voice called out to him,

"The Duchess Renate is not accustomed to the staring eyes of villagers. She is annoyed by them. She will be in town while the festival lasts. Kindly be discreet, or there may be shedding of blood."

"My friend," replied Wilbrecht, "I care not how long you stay or whom you escort. My sword is the friend of my eyes—the eyes rest where they will and the sword tells them that they may."

With calm deliberateness they dismounted and tied their horses and drew their swords. And when the flashing of blades was over, Wilbrecht nursed a bloody shoulder, while the stranger lay groaning at the foot of a sycamore that observed him from its aloof height, with no sympathy.

The bushes parted and the Duchess Renate rode out into the clearing. She looked down at the bleeding form of the man who had fought for her, and she rode slowly past it; she knelt by the man who loved her and bound his wound with a dark banner torn from her saddle.

* * * * * *

Out of the high gate and down the long avenue of tossing poplars, through the shouting town decked in carnival garb, out on the gray road over the hills, they rode. He with his head high, on the black horse, and she, in her proud defeat, on the white. Your old Prussian was not prone to bothering with just desserts and free consents when a thing of beauty was to be had for the asking. Gustave von Dürlinger, being a Prussian, was but little troubled over the fact that his bride did not love him and would never be made to. A kind of stolid practicality peculiar to his blood, allowed him to overlook what to him were temperamental—and therefore unimportant—peculiarities, such as this. That she would be an obedient and a faithful and an externally competent wife, he did not doubt. That she loathed him with a cold loathing, he did not care, or did not see. Down the valley, along the beloved Neckar that she was leaving forever, past the Black

Forest of shadow and fear, to the Dürlinger Schloss. She rode in frosty triumph over the bridge into the massive prison walls of her new home; and she cursed an abode that was as unfeeling as the lord who ruled over it. She and the gaoler and the household cheering and dancing and welcoming, in its absurdity.

Erich, whose heart was too young and too staunch to be broken by battle, went back to the old violin and played to two smouldering embers that were eyes and to a torrent of black that was her hair. The Strad that he loved was more than a solace now. It was a low vibrant voice, sweet in its finality, and it told him that he should not try to forget. His part, it said was to wait in hopelessness and to be strong when strength was least. And the bow told the strings that she would not come back and the strings told the bow that he loved her. . . .

* * * * * *

Night had come 'round again, inevitable as the hands of a clock; the old white moon (it was a grinning, unkind moon, now) was again swinging through the tall gateways and over the battlements, growing all the while more dim and ghostly, like a half-remembered dream. Erich laughed as he made his halting uncertain way through the dark streets, up to the castle, with the violin trembling under his arm. Suddenly he sang, as he had not sung for this score of years:

Love that is sure
And a heart that is pure
And what if the world be gray?
Give me your sighs
And give me your eyes
And the world shall be mine today!

Slowly a wind arose; October came flying on black wings over the valley, and the leaves moved uneasily in their dreaming. As he neared the postern gate, the rain began to fall. The moon was no more, it was blackness on the hill, and uneasiness.

Quickly he stepped into shelter under the high gate-roof.

"*Maria Mutter Gottes! Das der Donner dich nehme!*"

His voice was a thin pathetic thing, not worthy of the high fervor that had brought him again to the old beloved places. He was a quaint old man, people said, and he felt his end was near. And so he raised the cup to his lips once more, and went the rounds. He thought again of young clover, and of black braids and black lashes against the white. Again he was under her window (the room had been empty these long years) and looking up through the rain, And as he stood under the gate, again he took out the ancient Strad, and played as he had played on a night long ago, under an ash tree, by the water. . . .

"Damned useless ——" He was growing rebellious, strangely, and plaintive.

"And *you* won't be the better for the rain, my child!" He placed the violin under his jerkin.

Suddenly the old tenderness swept over him, and the old sorrow. There was little of strength now, and only a great compassion for all the world and himself.

The window lighted up; his mood changed to a blinding feebleness. There was a face, and two braids, black and silver through the rain, against black velvet.

"*Meine Herzogen,*" he whispered and his voice failed him. . . . Suddenly he understood, and holding his heart tenderly, like a brimming cup, he turned and wandered down the hill, through the rain.

* * * * * *

Now at last he could die. He had seen her again and she had seen him, and their eyes had spoken—God

had been good this one final time, and now he could die with no fear of heaven.

Slowly, slowly, he gained the high-flung knoll that looked out over the town—the knoll on which he had left his heart, never to find it again. The faltering autumn dusk settled on Heidelberg, seeming to glide down the slope and to pass him by in its uncertain course. To pass him by as happiness had, and love. He sank to the sweet, dewy grass and remembered a prayer.

It was nearly dawn when she came to him. Death was coming, too, but she was moments earlier. As on the evening before, and as on an evening long before that, her eyes had sought his . . . And then she was in his arms. Death was to come. She was speaking ——

"Is it not enough that we have loved?"

"It is enough."

Struggling to his feet, he waved a dark banner high, high above his head, challenging death as it came.

John Dickson Carr



Two Sonnets

By I. L. Hibberd

AUTUMNAL

There are some few thin incandescent things
That ever seize me with a new quick thrill
And shake me into muteness; brave white wings
Of moths at night; swift wild things that are still;
Rainbows; the clear sharp gleam that does not stay
On sea-wet sands; the tiny singing quiver
In a bird's throat; wet streets; sun on a bay;
And many lights caught in a dark fast river.

Yet now, without there is a slight soft snow
Falling. And still I quietly sit and shake
By a dead hearth, momently growing colder.
With ten years less I'd be upon that lake
Now thinly dust-white. I'm not. O I know
That I am slowly, slyly getting older!

OLD BELOVED

My heart was once responsive as your own,
My lips were once a laughter and a lie—
Think not that you have lived or loved alone
More deeply or more beautifully than I;
For even when my heart has flown forever
Out of the opened casement of your eyes,
I would not have you pity me—no, never:
My flame will burn in silence till it dies.

You, who have known my heart when it was younger,
You, who have here known glory in a face—
Leave me my peace, my patience, and my hunger,
My memories, and the stillness of this place.
It is not right that you should come to me—
You who revered the thing I used to be.

A Sort of Editorial

THERE is always a temptation, at this time, to wax delightfully, naïvely, unspoiledly scholastic, and break forth in an editorial called, "The Christmas Spirit". In it, attention would first be called to the fact that it is, once more, the joyous Yule of the year; the whole world, it would be pointed out, has turned from the naughty pursuits of its work-a-day life to the high and the fine and the *more-blessed-to-give-than-to-receive*-ish; the point that we, of the South Mervick High School, are certainly especially fortunate (and therefore should devote ourselves the more to the glad business of making others happy), would be stressed; peace, in short, would be on earth, and good will to men. All this is just as it should be,—make no mistake about that. Doubtless South Mervick High School *is* especially fortunate this year (having won the Thanksgiving Day game with Mervick Central); doubtless there *is* peace on earth, excepting as always, of course, the inevitable revolutions in Mexico. Certain other observations, however, might be made along somewhat the same line,—just to show that we've left our rosy scholasticism behind and have donned our cynical collegiateness. Some detail (this as a warning—a beyond-this-point-you-needn't-go-if-you-haven't-the-time-to-spare) may be necessary for this purpose.

We will omit entirely, just to keep from being too nasty, the observation that, while giving may be more blessed than receiving, it is not nearly so economically sound. Likewise, we will pass over the pedantic crack about the correct translation being, " . . . *to men of good will*" rather than, " . . . *good will to men*",—because the idea is probably erroneous anyway. We

will assume that all the conditions emphasized by the editor of the South Mervick *South Mervickian* are quite accurate as stated,—and promptly step entirely off of his innocent toes. We will merely carry his (well, it isn't exactly *all* his, but a great deal of it is) Christmas Spirit on a little observation tour with us, into a random home, which has been kindly thrown open to us for observation uses.

(The Christmas card habit is, clearly, an epidemic disease. All attempts by thoroughly competent persons having failed to discover the route of its entrance into this country, research in the field is practically at a standstill. It seems little short of criminal that the preliminary steps of germ-isolation and the later process of quarantine-supervision are, at the present writing, being shamelessly neglected. To be quite coldly philosophic about the awful thing we must look at it this way: somehow it reached our shores, somehow it spread, and somehow—facing the battle with cool determination—we must conquer it.) But to the home. There is young Ferdinand, lately graduated from college, and lately returned from abroad, who must get to work weeks before the rest of us so as not to disappoint the people who were so nice to him and asked him to tea and bored him stiff in London; and perhaps a girl or two in Paris whose lives would be wrecked beyond repair if he "forgot"; and then there is a Spanish address—but maybe a package, not a card, is to go there, and we must stay in our field. The rest of us, fortunately, can forget all about it until, say, the twenty-third, at which time we will all remark that we were very thoughtless of the poor post-office employees and that next year we will surely remember to mail early and avoid the rush. Joe, Ferdinand's younger brother, will stifle a poor remark about "that's what they get paid for, isn't it?", but he will think it just the same.

Uncle Horace, who presides at a bank, will have had everything nicely taken care of by Miss Hoffman (the *ne plus ultra* stenographer) and he will not have to bother much. Miss Hoffman, so the rest of the family figures, well earns her Christmas present of a diamond tiara, for this service. Everyone borrows everyone else's stamps really intending to pay them back; and young Tim has at last learned (to the regret of his mother, to whom the learning may prove to be no small expense) that the pretty tuberculosis-prevention stamps will not carry an envelope through the mails to a destination—no matter how close the destination or how hard the stamp has been licked. The cards do help to get rid of those t.-p. stamps, tho—no one can deny that. In fact if you paste them on with the reckless abandon of a paperer of walls, you may hope to get rid of at least a third of your five (or was it ten, Flora?) dollars' worth. In any case the basic rules of the game (yes, I know I called it a disease a while back, but honestly, the metaphor's much too hard to continue) will be observed, and they are these: If the card from the person to whom you had not intended to send one, arrives *on or before the twenty-third*, you may send him one in return,—if it is a slightly more expensive one; if it arrives *later than the twenty-third*, you may send a New Year's card. Be it well understood that this last rule is perfectly ethical and bears no resemblance, even remote, to cheating while the referee's back is turned. The part of the book that contains the rules for procedure next year (for "next" read "this", if situation has arisen *last* year), if you have sent and have not gotten, is a bit hazy; impatient persons cross offenders of this type off of their list immediately, and the other two per cent just keep right on sending and sending.

The question of presents is so delicate as to be almost

taboo in a printed treatise (we'll stretch that word a bit). But all information as to the gauging of how much and its relation to the expectation-quotient will be sent free, in a plain paper wrapper, upon receipt of a dime to cover cost of mailing. Whatever it is, remember, will be "just what I wanted" anyway, so it really shouldn't matter much what is selected. However, in the better circles it is considered poor sportsmanship to present (for example) a wicker baby carriage to a young and handsome bachelor, or (for example again) a Pekingese puppy to Arnold, who lives in the city and already has two dogs who share his particular dislike of Pekingeses. Putting this positively, rather than negatively, it is a good thing to give a book to a person who likes books, or a piece of old Javanese pottery to a person who fancies old Javanese pottery. The method eliminates a great deal of the element of chance, though to be sure it may help to build a vulgarly large library, or a rather unwieldy museum of old Javanese pottery. When it comes down to a present for the person who has everything he wants anyway, it is sometimes both advisable and mannerly to select something that person will almost surely *not* want. Far from being arbitrary, this is nearer to an effective treatment of willfulness or, as somebody has very aptly said, "It serves him right".

The Day itself cannot be adequately described in the space at hand. The scene in the observation-home by which I was particularly attracted would do justice to a volume by itself. Jason and Maude watching the three youngsters descend upon the presents heedless of the tree whose trimming had taken most of their night and all of their available sense of beauty. The arrival of Mabel and Herman and Godfrey in time (oh, plenty of time!) for dinner—the dinner from which Godfrey will probably not recover for at least a week.

The destruction of little Amy's nice new things, one by one, as relentlessly and as inevitably as the decline of Rome. And Aunt Hannah dashing madly hither and yon, picking young Peter out of the dogs' drinking water bowl,—telling Amy for the sixteenth (actual count) time that yes, her new doll is *very* cute,—telling Horace to wait till tomorrow to clean it all up and not to be so impatient,—arranging for an early supper that no Trojan army could possibly think of getting away with, after the dinner that she has just finished arranging.

Christmas, the Christmas Spirit, should not be lightly dismissed in a blaze of glittering and inclusive phrases. Let us get down to the details of the matter,—see what makes what constitutes this most remarkable of all holiday phenomena. Such an observation tour as I have sketched would certainly prove beneficial to each and every one of us in the realization of these details. As surely (it *is* pretty sure, by now, isn't it?) as tall oaks from little acorns grow, the Yuletide spirit is as great as its component parts. It is the college's job to spread this gospel, even as it is the part of the South Mervick students to carol "It came upo-on a midnight clear. . . ." when hymn number seventy-three is announced.

Merry Christmas, everybody and——oh yes—*Happy New Year* too!

John Roedelheim

The Married Man to His Pipe

An Ode Impromptu

By Charles Wharton Stork

Good old pal, you never tease me,
Always do your best to please me,
Spare my overburdened senses
Lectures on disease, expenses.
I need only not mislay you,
Have a mixture to display you
At your ever faithful best. Oh,
Then no fear but—voilà! presto!—
All my cares like thistle fluff
Go to limbo in a puff.

Patient pipe, though I neglect your
Comfort, do you resurrect your
Grievances against me? No,
In an instant you're aglow,
Pouring spice of consolation
For each trial, each vexation.
Am I dull, 'tis you that fire me;
Vapid, it is you inspire me
To high thoughts beyond my hope.
Do I fret or sulk or mope,
You will ease my melancholy.
Do I chafe at my own folly,

You can steer me back to reason.
Am I happy, you can season
My delight with richer flavor.
Am I reckless, you can savor
The wild daring of the fit.
Shrewd magician, you can hit
On my every secret mood:
Whether in outdoor solitude,
Pines around and sea before us;
Or amid the camp-fire chorus;
Or in mellow study nook
With that best of thirds, a book;
And you never scorn to blend
With the good talk of a friend.

Women think but little of you;
Not the less for that I love you.
If they call you foul and smelly,
They're but jealous, I can tell 'ee,
Of your power to give full measure
Draughts of un-uxorious pleasure.
You keep quiet till I want you,
That's why most I fain would vaunt you
As a model of discretion.
You betray no man's confession.
In your nature, I opine,
There's a sympathy divine.
Blessings on your pungent bowl!
Have you, pipe, an answering soul?



PETER

Peter the Pedlar

PETER the pedlar was a simple fellow, as poor as he was honest. But in those days, the simpletons were not always so simple, nor the poor men last served, as you shall see. He was such a one as is born under the planet Mercury when he be poorly dignified, —that is, in appearance tall, with a long face and nose, fair eyes, brown hair and a thin beard, and by nature of a sharp, subtle fancy, witty in a dull way, and much given to prating and boasting.

This Peter was set upon by two robbers upon the highway that leads into Prague, half-naked wretches who rode suddenly at him from behind and threw him down with their spears. He made off as fast as he could go, leaving the two thieves to divide all the nice things in his fardle between them, his needles and threads and spectacles and beads and touchboxes and crosses and cards and other things, but most particularly, his fine linen shirts, cut after the pattern of the shirt at Chartres which had belonged to the Virgin Mary. And it was well that he wore one of these shirts himself, or else he might never have escaped alive. As it was, he came well-nigh penniless into the city, where there was no chance to make an honest earning, for the people were at war with Sigismund, their King, who was encamped with a great army nearby.

The Pope had declared it a crusade against the anabaptists of Bohemia, for that they had raised the standard of Antichrist, and Sigismund was the leader thereof. This aroused great fury among the people of the reformed church, who had insisted time and again that the pope himself was Antichrist or the Devil, it mattered little which. Then Sigismund marched into the city and raised the siege of the Hradcany Castle; but the Hussites

retaliated well, for they won a great victory shortly after.

All this fighting was a great nuisance to Peter the pedlar, who cared neither for war nor for the fine points of religion, but put himself into the keeping of Saint John Nepomuck, a great power in those parts. He walked about the city in sad hunger and misery, until bye and bye he came to that quarter where the Jews lived.

"Here is a good place for me to rest," thought he, "for these poor Jews, damned though they be, are not going to be clattering around after Antichrist."

No sooner had he given himself this assurance, than a body of horse came galloping over the cobbles as fast as they might go, and had there not been an open door nearby, he had been laid out by their hoofs, food for the dogs.

Once inside the doorway of Master Jew's house, Peter went farther, peeping first around all the corners, and for no other reason than for morbid curiosity. Very soon he came to a table where were wines, meats and other good things a-plenty. This sight was more than an empty stomach could endure in passive honesty.

"It is plain enough," thought he, "that these poor Jews have run away to hide from the soldiers in the street, and that John Nepomuck does not mean to have me die of hunger."

Then he began to eat and drink, taking just a bite from each dish and just a sip from each cup, so that nothing would be missed and no harm done. Very soon there were voices and a rustle of clothing, and the Jews came in and sat down to their dinner; but they did not see Peter the pedlar, for he was under the table trembling with fear. This was no wonder, too, and I for one would have trembled likewise, for every Jew is a fiend incarnate, as all the world knows, and woe to the

poor Christian that falls into their power; here were six of them, talking gibberish, and for all that Peter knew, plotting some deviltry, perhaps his own crucifixion and death. With this thought he turned cold, and the sweat chilled his brow; he braced his back against the top of the table to prevent his falling against their legs, which were moving about as they reached hither and yon for food above. In doing this he raised the table upon his back and slid it a little across the floor. The voices died out into a terrible silence. Trembling and gasping with fear, he turned him about and carried it back again.

Quickly he knelt and prayed with great devotion, in order to assure himself that he was in the keeping of John Nepomuck. This gave him strength, so that when he saw one of the Jews beginning to bend over to look under the table, he dealt him such a furious blow on the foot with his fist, that he sat up at once, with a cry. Soon he treated a second Jew likewise, and then he could see that now it was they and not he that trembled, for all the legs were quivering and they spoke in low whispers. Bve and bye one of them addressed him aloud.

"I am one of the greatest devils in Hell," said Peter, giving the man a tremendous buffet on the great toe, "and you must not speak gibberish if you would have me listen. And if you are not civil, you shall pay for it."

"What must we do to be honorably quit of your lordship?" said they.

"O, nothing much," said Peter, "the poor Jews of this town have been troubled enough already, and as one devil to another, I may say that I would not have bothered you one whit had not your speech offended me."

"It is well that your lordship is aware of our poverty," said they.

Yes; the demon under the table was very well aware of that, and consequently he would ask no more than a good healthy dinner and as much gold and silver money as he could carry away with him. To this they mumbled and grumbled, and finally agreed.

"Very well," said he, "and that I may not frighten the ladies—being most hideous to behold—I shall come out from under the table in the guise of an honest young man; and you may call me Peter."

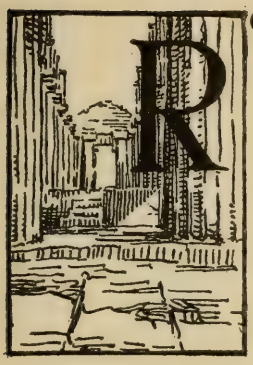
In this way, with the assistance of Saint John Nepomuck, Peter the pedlar might have become a rich merchant, had he not spent the greater part of his money on fine clothing, and on feasting and pretty wenches at the taverns. So that in the end he had nothing to do but lick his fingers and set out a-peddling again.

C. C. Sellers

Now I May

Frankly, I do not believe in love—
It's a hoax and a sham and a snare;
Women are all deceitful wretches
And passion is folly, I swear;
Love is a form of insanity,
Some kind of a mental disease
(For my *love—who was constant—*
Has chosen another,
And now I may say what I please.)

Romantic Greece



OMANTIC Greece is not quite the same as classical Greece. It is the Greece of Leonidas and of Pericles, of Sappho and of Socrates that we call classical. What does it mean, this term? It means that the soldiers and philosophers of ancient Greece are enshrined in memory as actors in a sort of dream-world that defies the rough usage of time and change. They are so set apart because their words and deeds are transmitted to us through the medium of a literature that is itself a supreme achievement of art. It means also that on the material remains of Greek life, temples, theatres, sculpture, vases, on all works whatsoever, the Greek who made them bestowed that mysterious charm of perfect art which exalts the thoughts of the beholder beyond time and place to a realm of changeless beauty. Such is the classical land of Greece, the spiritual homeland of artists and idealists.

Different indeed from this classic dream-land was the real Greece of ancient times. That was a glorious confusion of cross-purposes, a meeting-place of human atoms charged individually with abundant energy, and combining and recombining to produce collectively a varied and spectacular sum of achievements, some good, some bad,—achievements moreover in either case absurdly significant in comparison with the circumstances that produced them. For the glory of Greece was as fleeting and unsubstantial in its actuality as it is solid and perdurable in the realm of the ideal. The

throbbing life of a few generations of blundering impulsive Greeks has been purged of dross and transmuted for us by the twin alembics of art and memory into an enchanted palace of the imagination whose antique beauty is timeless and flawless.

Great, however, as is the charm of classical Greece, it has a rival,—a romantic Greece which the traveller in Greek lands today discovers for himself. Romantic Greece, like classical Greece, exists in the imagination of the beholder. Its charm is for those who know and love it. The classical is beautiful with a beauty that is understood and orderly, that charms without surprising, and that charms the more, the more it is familiar. The romantic is beautiful and strange. It astonishes and captivates. It is full of incongruities that throw into relief new, hidden harmonies. When the romantic ceases to be strange, it may retain its beauty and become in its turn classical. If on the other hand its beauty is less than its strangeness, it fades on acquaintance into the commonplace. Now, though the romantic Greece that the traveller discovers may exist only in his imagination and though perhaps it could not survive a lengthened stay in Greece, yet so long as the freshness of the traveller's impression is preserved by the magic element of distance, so long will the charm of romantic Greece endure and shine beyond the reach of tedium.

It is a vision of unspoiled nature, of towering crags and peaceful valleys, of rugged coasts and shimmering isles, of gorges and of plains, of snowy summits lost among the clouds, and of stony mountain wastes aglow with sudden flowers of spring, as varied as they are thick and numberless. It is a vision of patient people toiling hard for bare necessities, but withal content,—friendly and democratic too with the simplicity of those who have never imagined a world too big to be a neighborhood. It is a vision haunted by memories of Frankish

knights building and defending the mighty walls and keeps that still stand frowning at modernity from their isolated peaks and islands, dumb witnesses to the departed glory of barons and of dukes, of Venetians and of Turks. Moreover, amid the natural environment, the life of modern Greece, the memory of medieval pageantry, there shines the glamor of the ancient world, glorious in its ruins. The remains of ancient Greece have been brought to light after long burial, have been restored and freed from the incrustation of time, or have been discovered in remote corners now made accessible; and fragmentary though they are, they are more than enough to kindle an imagination already stored with fuel from the pages of Greek literature.

Greece is little visited by tourists, and the wayfarer will find a wealth of charming shrines of the imagination, in which he may forget the busy world and lose himself in an environment that belongs to some past age far more than it does to the hurrying present. Such a spot is Olympia, remote even from the slow current of modern Greek existence. Here there are the rivers and the hills and the remains. Among the ruins of temples and monuments the trees and the wild flowers have returned to cover the traces of modern excavation. There was no town here in ancient times, and hardly a sign of human existence is perceivable near the place today. The altars and the columns in their overthrow are alone eloquent of human rivalries and human achievement, for they recall the days of Pindar and of Plato when once in four years the Olympic festival attracted an immense throng of Greek men from all lands. Here they encamped for a few days, witnessing the games, meeting old friends, gaping at the displays of tyrants and of sophists, listening to harangues, and in general filling the quiet valley with a babel of chaffering and chattering that must have made it seem very empty

indeed by contrast when they all departed again as suddenly as they came. Great was the glory to be won at Olympia in those days, by athlete or wise man or tyrant; and great today is the peace that there as elsewhere ultimately buries winner and loser alike in all our glorious conflicts.

At Mycenae we are left alone with the departed glory, not of a free people, but of imperial tyrants whose works survive to advertise their vanity. Classical Greece owes its fame chiefly to literature. Its ruins are slight and feeble compared with these Cyclopian remains. The walls at Mycenae had stood for a thousand years before the Parthenon was built, and they tell without words a tale of power and of needless waste of the strength of slaves. These ranks of stones, each weighing many tons, may well remain in place forever. No one has been tempted to remove them, for since the kings who built them there has never been a near-by uler powerful enough and absolute enough to command rn equivalent of the reservoirs of human toil that must have raised them in the first place. They defy the puny efforts of peasants and freebooters alike. Permanence of human achievement is here attained in stone, but alas for dreams of fame! It is the spirits of Agamemnon and of Clytemnestra that haunt these ruins. They have supplanted the fame of the line who built these walls, just as they supplanted in reality the last degenerate successors of the first lords of Mycenae. The art of Homer and of Aeschylus has conferred a permanence of fame that reigns triumphant over this mere monument in stone.

At Sparta we marvel that the state which humbled Persia has left hardly a trace of its existence. We marvel also that the magnificent mass of Mount Taygetus that dominates the view from the city should be almost uncelebrated in verse. How famous are the

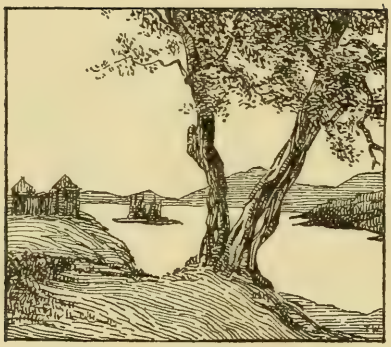
lesser hills of Attica! The Spartans were silent in their lives and they left their deeds to speak for themselves, recorded only in the writings of the strangers they despised. Mistra on its peak is far more eloquent of Frankish arrogance and turbulence and of the days when Greek civilization found for a brief period a refuge here from the spoliation of the Turk. Castle and churches and humble houses all stand deserted. After Constantinople Mistra fell, and here the Turk crushed out the life and left the shell of Byzantine civilization still standing aloft among the crags to this day.

Of all the sanctuaries of the archaeologist Delphi is the most mysterious. Its mighty cliffs and its deep gorges subdue the visitor to something like awe. Perched precariously on the slope of great Parnassus, looking off across the gulf below to other towering heights, Delphi must always have seemed to exist merely on sufferance. The works of men here hardly challenge the power that was before man and will be after him. The bright light of Greek scientific thought dispelled the influence of Delphi from other regions, but here at the centre the shadow of religious awe still rested. The underlying primitive was always near the surface, and now the works of civilization have succumbed and savage grandeur reigns once more as of old.

At Athens nature recedes into a humbler position. The works of man occupy the centre of the stage. Athens and the Piraeus are to be sure mostly the newest of the new, but in the very centre rises the Acropolis once more freed from its medieval overgrowth and raising to its old eminence of rule the temple of the virgin goddess upon which Pericles and his fellow citizens lavished the superfluous resources of their imperial democracy. All around stretches the natural theatre of the Attic hills; at sunset they shine with the same ethereal purple glow that inspired the poet Pindar

to call Athens her of the violet crown. The violet crown and the Parthenon are still there. So is much else of course, but into those two is packed for the romantic traveller all the significance of ancient Athens, whose ruins grow ever more romantic as time adds the element of strangeness to their beauty.

L. A. Post



The Freethinker



I have done with cant and fable,
All fetters of the mind,
And all that doth enable
The blind to lead the blind.
I have burned down shrine and altar,
Of fetish, saint and god;
I have made their prophets falter,
And on their ashes trod.

I greet with mocking laughter
Archbishop, monk, and priest;
I smile at their hereafter
Of famine or of feast;
For the dumb, believing, lowly,
I have but scornful ruth,
And naught to me is holy
That is not born of Truth.

For, bare of myths and morals,
Life stark before me stands,
And cold grow men's sham laurels,
Within her icy hands.
Nor loyalties nor treasons
My calm disturb or mar;
I have but faith to Reason—
To see things as they are.

Mine eye, with sight of seven,
Sees, free from charm or spell,
Not lured by hopes of heaven,
Nor lashed by fears of hell;
And, Truth, now shall I find thee,
Long sought o'er sea and sod;
For I've cast the gods behind me,
And turned my face toward God.

J. W. Martin

Not the Strength

I think there is but one quite tragic leaf
In all the crowded volume of man's tragedy,
And I have often prayed, and I shall pray
That God will not see fit to have it turned for me;
Though pain might not suffice to bow my head,
I fear that in the distance there will always be—
Invincible—the shadow of that grief
That I have not the strength to face with bravery.
This thing alone I have a constant horror of:
To not be loved if ever I should deeply love.

Robert Barry

Le Pays Rêvé . . .

. . .L'acharné voyageur qu'un long ennui promène
Par les pays divers au spectacle pareil,
S'est arrêté surpris, en un soudain rèveil,
D'enfin voir le tableau dont sa pensée est pleine.

Le rêve! la vallée adorable et lointaine
Le coin mystérieuse qu'inventa le sommeil,
Ce pays irréel luit sous l'or du soleil
Et semble avoir surgi d'une aube surhumaine.

Oui c'est bien là ton charme inexplicable et doux
O pays entrevu dans tant de songes fous!
O patrie attendue où la course s'achève!

. . .Ainsi, lorsque sur moi son regard s'est levé
Voyageur de la vie attardé dans mon rêve,
Je vis dans ses yeux clairs ce que j'avais rêvé.

J. H. M. Stoll

BOOKS

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

Readers of this review will no doubt be gratified to learn that the present reviewer has been rendered speechless with admiration. Absolutely speechless. Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (in polite circles it is already being called, "The Bridge") did it.

Five people are hurled into the abyss as the bridge of San Luis Rey in Peru breaks one sunny morning; the book is devoted to the stories of these five, ostensibly with a view to discovering whether the catastrophe was purely accidental or the result of a Higher Intention. The three tales which make up the book center, roughly, around the idea that there are solutions for nearly all things in this life of ours, but not for a love that is too great.

Doubtless it was when we saw how all this was done by Mr. Wilder that the speechlessness set in. There is an epic quality woven into these very subtle stories; there is glamour, and lambency, and humor . . . well, we are getting silly. The book is only a thin slice, but it reaches all the way up and all the way down. It is useless to try to place one's finger on the thing that makes a book as fine as we consider this one, but we announce, with great sincerity, to the world at large, that we know of no other American novelist who so combines the qualities of understanding and of beauty as Mr. Wilder; and if that doesn't constitute greatness we confess ourselves at a loss as to what does.

96%
E. H.

(*A. and C. Boni, $2.50*)

RED SKY AT MORNING

It has become so natural to take for granted that the novel succeeding a very excellent one will be inferior to it, that many people (and certainly many reviewers) simply let it go at that. To be sure that is the easy thing to do. We must here depart from the general course, however, and state with emphasis that Miss Kennedy has performed the remarkable feat of matching her *Constant Nymph* with another story along the same line, quite as fine. The Crowne twins, children of an unfortunate father who leaves their lives before making any impression on them, grow to be the wealthy and altogether charming lion and lioness of London society. Contrasting them with their cousins, the unfortunately ordinary Frobishers, the authoress makes them vivid as she made Sanger's Circus vivid—withholding nothing. At a time when it is trite to speak of authors' positions in the literary world "being assured" Margaret Kennedy holds up her head as a novelist entirely devoted to the production of work that is essentially readable in spite of the fact that it is careful. We see her as a silent, watchful figure observing the life that surrounds her with tolerance and dignity, pondering long and writing well. **94%**

J. R.

(*Doubleday Page, $2.50*)

THE FIFTH CHILD

It always has been and always will be, we suppose, a disputed question as to whether there is an authentic field of art that belongs to the very young writer. *The Fifth Child* is an excellent case in point, for it is frankly and proudly the work of a young man, sporting up all the good qualities of youthful writing and not at

all worried about the regions beyond its reach. If there is at times the shadow of a pose, or a turning about of the head to see the effect he has left behind him, it is difficult to criticize the author for this, for they definitely add to the exuberant spontaneous method of the whole book. The translation (from the German of Klaus Mann) is very adroit in displaying all these characteristics.

We are told how a fifth child is born to a widow who has been living out in the country since the death of her husband some years ago, the father being a young student who has happened into the neighborhood; but the most valuable and sympathetic part of the book deals with the life of the other four children. All this is done in a method which to American readers will recall Schnitzler, with somewhat of his undercurrent of symbolism. Single lines of a most remarkable insight and suggestiveness make this a very interesting book to read: it is not great, certainly; but it is in its way very choice. **90%**

F. P.

(*Boni and Liveright, $1.50*)

JALNA

Just when such atrocities as *Children of the Ritz* had made us forever lose faith in prize novels, along came *Jalna* to prove that there are exceptions to every rule. For the winner of the *Atlantic Monthly* $10,000 prize for "the most interesting novel of any kind, sort, or description" is, indeed, a remarkably fine piece of work. Mazo de la Roche has created another of those "family stories", lacking plot, and reveling in atmosphere; but so very vivid and picturesque is that atmosphere that it is not until the book is laid aside that one suddenly realizes that there was no story at all. The characters

stand out, not so much as actual people, as like those so much more real shadows that inhabit our dreams—this distinctness and vividness of personality is not only a characteristic of each and every person in the story, but even of the pets—Bony, Sacha, and Nip. Coupled with some very fine prose, it is the force of the personality of the various members of the White-oak clan that impels the reader relentlessly to finish the novel in a single sitting. But pleasure which the work affords is not limited to a few hours; old, toothless, ribald Gran, and young Wake, at least, will occupy a permanent place in our mind in that group of eternal friends which includes an assortment ranging from Tish to Hamlet. 93%

(*Little, Brown and Company, $2.00*) *R. C. B.*

THE MOB

This is M. J. Lorente's translation of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez's *La Horda*, which was written more than twenty-two years ago. It deals with the turbulent town of Madrid and with the love affair of Maltrana (whose book is to make him famous) and Feliciana. The scene that it describes is nothing so much as a whirlpool of cast-off humanity; as such it cannot help being depressing to a degree. And there is a great temptation to draw a rather decent parallel between that old Madrid and any one of a dozen large American cities—one might, if he chose, wax eloquent here about the changelessness of times and customs and all that sort of thing. Seriously, however, it does its work well. Ibáñez may not always be an artist but he is always alive; *The Mob* achieves both these ends, simply because its author never lets us doubt that he himself is a part of the picture he paints. 85%

(*Dutton, $2.50*) *J. R.*

ON THE KING'S COUCH

Here we have the story of Anne Roman, who came to Paris from Grenoble to be the mistress of Louis XV, just because Casanova, self-appointed Chevalier de Seingalt, made up a horoscope for her in which he pictured her as the king's favorite. Naturally enough, Anne does not prove equal to the task of displacing Madame de Pompadour, and is, in the end, vanquished and sent into a convent, partly because of her love for Casanova, and partly because, although beautiful, she is quite kind-hearted and unselfish.

Taking place as it does in the time of Louis XV, there is necessarily in the book much description and more talk, and hosts of historical personages appear in every chapter. Poor Louis is made to pass his hand over his forehead and say, "Après moi, le déluge.", and every now and then Casanova or Madame de Pompadour, or somebody else utters a priceless and historical *bon mot.* As it is, however, the book is a very amusing and light-hearted piece of work, although it obviously loses somewhat in being translated from the original French of M. Aubry. 83%

R. M. D.

(*Boni and Liveright, $2.50*)

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN

Mr. Ernest Hemingway has been heralded the world over as the writer of world-beating short stories, and we do not hope that this review will be more than a tiny voice in the wilderness, striving for Truth. We flatter ourselves that we read his stories five years ago, when no one had heard of him, and considered them quite good, and said so. Recognition for this discernment, we fear, will never come to us, but at least it's

going to give us the Strength and the Courage to put ourselves up as a pretty fair Hemingway-judge in our little way, damn it.

These stories aren't revolutionary; they aren't even wonderful, as the old lady from Dubuque said of Ethel Barrymore. They're just darn good stories, that's all. We mean it. This strong stuff, dealing with prize-fighters and marines and such like tough guys, has, we take pleasure in being quoted as saying, been done before. It merely hasn't been done quite this well. Almost, but not quite. But we notice that Hemingway verges toward types, and if he succeeds in always giving us a *bona fide* slice of life, it is pretty usually the same slice.

"The Killers" is much the best story of the bunch; its quality of fatality and splendid dialogue carries it very close indeed to art. But those strong double-fisted men who can take their vodka and their Hemingway straight, and in big gulps, will like all of them. All of them, that is, except maybe "Banal Story". 89%

F. P.

(*Scribner's, $2.00*)

FACE VALUE

This is a story of the childhood and youth of Serge English, born in a Parisian brothel. The reader is regaled with all the intimate and sordid business of such an institution. The earlier portions of the book are so insinuatingly dirty (yes, that's what we said) that one becomes disgusted—but reads blithely on! The catch in the story is that, unless your own mind is above reproach (which ours is not) you don't grasp the significance of all the details. But despite the unpleasantness of the early part of the book, it is much better than the last—in which Serge is adopted by a

wealthy English couple and circled in aristocratic society, with the results that might have been anticipated.

Mr. Campbell's rapid journalistic style makes his novel suitable for swallowing at one gulp. Despite the fact that it is interesting reading, you had better be careful whom you send it to, for Christmas. **0%** or **100%** (depending on the color of your soul).

(*Dutton, $2.50*) *J. B.*

LOVE IN CHARTRES

This isn't going to be a seller; we might as well make that clear before we start. There is, in the two hundred-odd pages here, a total of about five pages of narrative; the names of the hero and heroine aren't even mentioned (they are called "the man" and "the girl", or simply "he" and "she"—a system we seem to have met with before); and the average reader won't have much of an idea of what it's all about, or care either. In fact, the Average Reader (it looks better in caps, doesn't it?) won't get beyond page 3.

But for the more contemplative minded there is true gold—pardon us, we forgot ourselves—there is some right mean stuff to be found here. The thing is simply, with an emphasis on the "simply", the story of two young Americans that meet and fall in love in the shadow of the great Chartres cathedral, live together, and finally separate. There is nothing tawdry or cheap, nothing to catch the eye; one lays down the book in a half-daze, and a dim realization that in these few pages of beautiful calm prose there is somehow injected an overtone of other-worldly permanence, that one has learned to know intimately its nameless protagonists.

But here we're getting mid-Victorian again. A man as clever as Mr. Nathan Asch (who seems to be in his

rather early twenties) will doubtless, like Mr. Hemingway before him, learn to turn his talents into more popular channels, and some day produce, maybe, a "sensation". But *Love in Chartres* will remain, of its very nature, a unique and penetrating document.—88%
(*A. & C. Boni, $2.50*) *F. P.*

CARRY ON, JEEVES!

These short stories, all printed in periodicals at one time or another, succeed in being consistently amusing. in the traditional Wodehouse vein. As a group, they are not quite so delightfully entertaining as *The Small Bachelor* or *Leave it to Psmith,* but those who want light and effortless reading can rarely do better. The stories all center about Bertie and his meticulous and immaculate valet, Jeeves—a delightful fellow, never daunted and ever successful. In each of the ten episodes this admirable character succeeds in untangling some affair or other in a wholly delightful manner. The stories are all about on a level. If we had to choose favorites, we might mention *Jeeves and the Hard Boiled Egg* and *Fixing it for Freddie.*—85%

R. C. B.

(*Doran $2.00*)

Verse

Dick Turpin's Ride, by ALFRED NOYES. (Stokes, $2.00) The very estimable English poet's latest collection. At the risk of dishonor, we state that it is our conviction that Mr. Noyes writes really fine poetry quite seldom. The poem which gives the book its title, in the same vein as the justly famous "Highwayman", can not touch the earlier work for dash or feeling, and it is (with the possible exception of "Fey Joan" and the sonnet "The Sea-Mark") the best of the new ones.

Steep Ascent, by JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER. (Macmillan, $1.50) The handicap of a famous husband does not daunt her, and we're very glad of that. For while she will probably be relegated to the large category of poets whose talent never approaches genius, hers are many beautiful moments productive of many beautiful single lines.

Tristan and Isolt, by JOHN MASEFIELD. (Macmillan, $2.00) We wish that Mr. Masefield had seen fit to make a poem instead of a play, this time. For he sees the characters of the lovers so clearly and brings out their lovable folly so well that he could not possibly have failed to render them splendidly in what ought to be his favorite medium. A few of his longer pure poems would have been powerful drama in drama form; and the story of Tristan and Isolt appeals to us as a perfect opportunity for Masefield's poetic expression without the impediment of the theater form. Perhaps it is just as well, for he could not have outdone Robinson anyway; and probably not Swinburne either.

Then, Too

Splendor, by BEN AMES WILLIAMS. (Dutton, $2.50) The story of the splendid in an ordinary life—not trite, as it sounds. A painstakingly accurate background of progressive events in the thirty last years of the nineteenth century, with a newspaper atmosphere all through them. Well done. The first of Mr. Williams' novels that has not been serialized. **90%**

The Canary Murder Case, by S. S. VAN DINE. (Scribners, $2.00) We recall the frayed look of our copies of *Scribner's Magazine* while this fine story ran in it. Just about the best mystery story of the year, by common consent. **80%**

The Defenders, by STELLA G. S. PERRY. (Stokes, $2.00) This is a story of "romance and action" back in the days of Andrew Jackson. Well now, our feeling for stories of romance and action ain't what it used to be, but even at that, something told us, after we had read ninety pages, that somehow something is lacking somewhere in this here book. **70%**

Juggler's Kiss, by MANUEL KOMROFF. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) We don't understand why this book isn't creating more of a stir than it is; it is genuinely good, a well-written, poetical novel, and interesting to boot. 86%

Him, by E. E. CUMMINGS. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) We recall when Cummings was a cloud on the literary horizon, small but looming in the distance; now he is straight overhead, and he is still, alas!, rather small. He should have realized that even a first-rate poetical gift can go stale on a consistent diet of artiness. 75%

Eros the Slayer, by AINO KALLAS. (Macmillan, $2.00) Our glimpses into Finnish literature (from which this is a translation) hitherto have been few and casual; but the two very fine stories in this book will put us on the lookout. There is more than an incidental merit here. 85%

The Wayward Man, by ST. JOHN ERVINE. (Macmillan, $2.50) Another tale of a lad's craving for the sea, and his wanderings thereon, written in the author's fine, sober, classical prose. Highly recommended. 88%

It, by ELINOR GLYN. (Macaulay, $2.00) It is only with great jittering of fingers that we are able to type the title of this historic work on to paper; emotion carries us before it like a ship in a storm at sea. Honest, girls, it's just grand! And the style,—gosh, kid. . . . 2%

A Yankee Passional, by SAMUEL ORNITZ. (Boni & Liveright, $2.50) The author of the remarkable "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl" turns to the power of Catholicism, taking his hero—an undertaker's assistant—through the conglomerate New York of the time of the turn of the century. The same strange power as appeared in the earlier book, and quite as effective. 88%

Jeremy at Crale, by HUGH WALPOLE. (Doran, $2.00) Proving that old friends are best in spite of their faults and occasional dullness. 85%

Zelda Marsh, by CHARLES G. NORRIS. (Dutton, $2.50) One of those disturbing females, holding forth almost too long—for slightly less than five hundred pages, in fact. Despite the fact that it begins more pleasingly than it ends, it cannot help but appeal to the undoubtedly large circle of admirers of Brass and Bread. **78%**

Lily-Iron, by MARY BRIGGS. (McBride, $2.00) In which the author does better by a dull and disagreeable character than he deserves. All of O'Neill's crudity with little of his genius. **70%**

The Gay Dreamers, by ROGER DEVIGNE. (Stokes, $2.00) A simple story of simple souls, simply told. Some will find in it the delight of mellow wine; others, of distilled water. **75%**

It is Better to Tell, by CATHLEEN COYLE. (Dutton, $2.50) In which a delicate situation is handled with subtle delicacy. A sensitive, pathetic mother of illegitimate children. Some beautiful description in a Flemish setting. **81%**

Louis XVIII, by J. LUCAS-BUBRETON. (Putnam, $3.50) This picturesque biography of a rather pathetic figure should, even with the competition being what it is, go on the shelf of the year's best biographies. **87%**

The Confessions of St. Augustine. (Boni & Liveright, $3.50) Another addition to the very excellent Black and Gold Library put out by Liveright's. This is one of the world's most profound autobiographies, and is only too little read. Perhaps the present edition may help this situation, as it helped Brillat-Savarin's great opus a year ago.

A Short Course in Love Culture. (The Unicorn Press, $.25) This rather wonderful little book (and real reasonable, too!) has brought Love to where all the rest of the arts and sciences are already harbored—the Correspondence School. We can only hope that the L. C. Society, which has put out this pearl, will continue its noble work and make these U. S. a fit place to live in, from a Love Culture point of view. **10%**

Roaring Bones, by PRINCE WILLIAM OF SWEDEN. (Dutton, $2.50) The adventuresome prince tells his tales with slightly more vigor than we would have been led to expect. Big game hunting in Africa has been written of, better, and it has been written of, worse. Several translators seem to have been killed off in the process of translating the fourteen chapters. 79%

Girls Who Did, by HELEN FERRIS & VIRGINIA MOORE. (Dutton, $2.50) The classic example of the book that attracts by its title and then betrays its trust. Decidedly not the type of thing you would have thought. The stories of how some real little girls got ahead in life—Peggy Hoyt and Alice Foote MacDougall for instance—and nice wholesome little girls they were. Probably a very good textbook for that queer animal, "the goil wit a career". 40%

Me—Gangster, by CHARLES FRANCIS COE. (Putnam, $2.00) Unpretentious and unpleasant realism that often succeeds in being exceedingly interesting, and even fascinating. 80%

Salome, by OSCAR WILDE with inventions by JOHN VASSOS. (Dutton, $3.50) A new edition of this favorite with the pictorial end taken care of adequately for, perhaps, the first time. The perfect partnership between author and illustrator-decorator is here as it is seldom seen. So good, in fact, that our copy was promptly stolen.

THE BOOKMAN

It might be permissable, though it is certainly not conventional, to review a magazine. The new BOOKMAN, *under Burton Rascoe, is probably all that a magazine ought to be—according to us at least. It is terribly serious in the beginning, as it must be; and it is sufficiently "literary"; but when one reaches the departments, he has in store a treat of delightful informality obtainable in absolutely no other American magazine. It gives one great joy to see John Farrar relinquishing the helm but not disembarking, and conducting his several pages called "Anonymously" with the carefree air of a released schoolboy. He and Rascoe disagree with one another, very nearly call each other liars and horse thieves, and give the general impression of being perfectly sincere but quite unconcerned all the while. Then we have a "sort of department" by Bob Benchley, and a section named (very poorly) "Variety" in which Dorothy Parker is entirely at home. The only trouble being that the darned book costs too much.*

The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVII HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1928 NO. 5

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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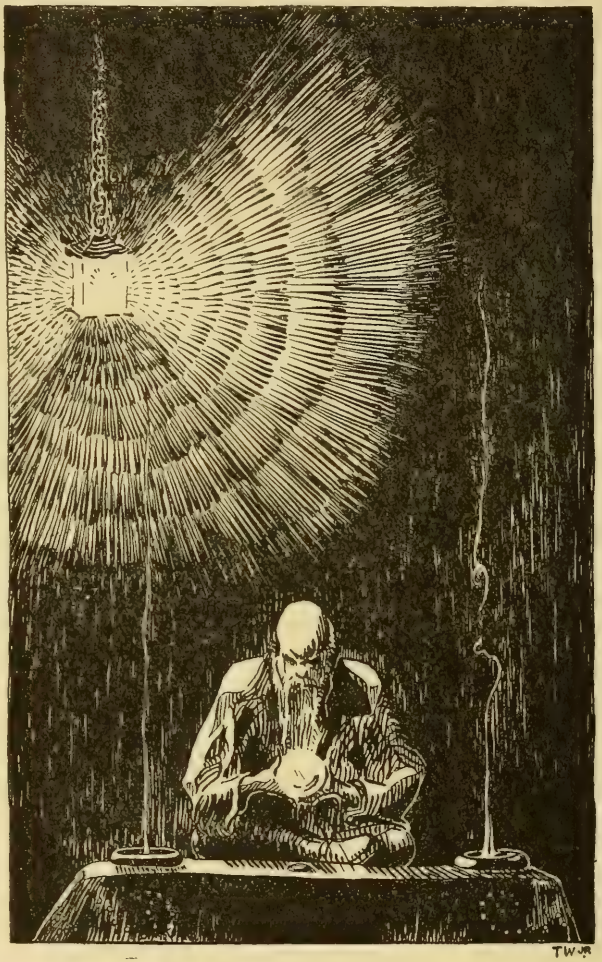
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Sonnet

These scribbling years have taught me this at least:
That thought and word are allies but not friends;
The pen still scratches after the mind has ceased
Its quick dictation; inspiration ends
Before the servant hand neglects to serve,
Learning by constant practise only then.
(Resulting from this process we observe
Our automatic literary men.)

For thought and word are allies but not friends;
One must be master, one the slave that brings
Its surly temper and its eyes to covet
The upper hand. And if the vigil ends,
The hand, as is the way of underlings,
Plays false. (This is a perfect instance of it.)

J. R.



"The Scorcerer is squatting on the throne . . ."
The Kings Peacock.

Reading Around the World

"IT IS a favourite pastime with some people to make lists of books which they would choose to be their companions in case of their being cast away upon an uninhabited island." Thus a recent writer of the sea, who confesses that Lloyd's List would be her choice. There is no accounting for taste in such matters.

I never expected to be forced to make such a choice, and had never given the subject the consideration which it deserves. But the sudden prospect of a voyage around the world, with only an incidental stop of a few weeks in China, brought me face to face with the employment of a large amount of leisure. My human companions had been selected for me with the utmost skill and consideration; hardly less important was the selection of the books which were to be my other companions and for which I must myself be responsible.

Leisure is a rare commodity in our civilization, but it may still be had in quantity upon a long sea voyage. The airplanes may deprive us soon of slow surface travel, and the chances of being cast upon a desert island are growing negligible, but a sea voyage offers twelve to fifteen hours a day of as nearly complete leisure as it is possible to secure here below. In anticipation, the question arose "What shall I do with it?" No considerable quantity of books could be taken, for I proposed to journey with only hand-luggage, and books simply cannot be bent or crushed like socks and ties: they hold their corner bravely in any sort of a container.

Before saying what I took, it is fitting to apologize to certain favorite authors for not selecting them as companions. There is, for example, LaBruyère with his *Caractères*, but I read them every year; there are

Pascal's *Pensées*, but I just read them two years ago on a short voyage, and the same is true of *Don Quixote*. These three are excellent companions and, but for the reason given, they would have pressed hard to be included in my meagre accoutrement. No ordinary novels, French or otherwise, would be satisfactory because of the small amount of ammunition for thought which they would furnish; a novel is very well when it is to be slipped in between distractions, but a novel does not last long enough to be considered for a voyage or a jail sentence. One could revel for weeks in a full set of Dickens and Trollope, but such a collection of library editions was out of the question.

As a matter of fact, the ships' libraries of most ocean liners contain a remarkable conglomeration of literary junk. One suspects that they have been furnished chiefly from the cast-off choice of previous travelers. In a recent number of *La Revue des Deux Mondes* M. Edouard Champion, of the well-known publishing house, points out that many Americans do not buy books with the intention of keeping them. The ships' libraries must be one of the places where they dispose of them! One cannot cavil, of course, with the shelf containing Bibles, hymn books and prayer books for the Sunday service, but the rest are enough to make one despair of human taste. How did such novels ever find a publisher, and who could ever have read them? I will mention no names, but the traveler by sea will be able to fill in the omission. However, after the printed catalogue, the steward and the key of the closed cases have all been assembled, one is sometimes thankful to secure the least bad novel at which one has helplessly stared through the glass doors and upon which one's choice has been fixed. But, after all, such books are not intended to satisfy the requirements of more exacting readers, and I hasten to give an account of my own small but nutritious library.

The books selected for my test case were the New Testament, LaFontaine's *Fables* in French, Vergil's *Aeneid* in Latin, and Shakespeare's complete plays, the last named in three volumes of Everyman's Library. There was of course a reason for the choice of each of these, for the New Testament suffice it to say that I wished to read it consecutively to see what it had to say upon a certain topic; LaFontaine is a healthy epicurean and a poet whose charm never grows stale; the *Aeneid* I had read through twice before, but new beauties develop with each fresh perusal, and moreover, in the earlier books it is essentially an epic of the sea to whose mercies, like Aeneas' band, I was committing myself; in addition to the conventional reasons for taking Shakespeare, there was the fact that there were some plays which I had never read at all. These, then, were to bear the brunt of responsibility for keeping my mind awake and on edge during a vacation of unparalleled duration.

These were the books which, as Cicero says, had proved a delight at home and which, I trusted, would prove no hindrance abroad. But before chronicling some account of the outcome, I should state that one of my companions, unknown to me, had provided for himself a trunkful of new books on China, Japan, and the Far-East situation in general, specimens of which he placed at my disposal every morning on the Pacific with embarrassing generosity. In defense of my own classics, I had to tell him that after consideration, it seemed best to approach the East with an open mind rather than with the prejudices formed by the tomes of his western observers! He was inclined at first to be skeptical of my sanity, but the hours of silent communion he saw me spend with my Oxford Vergil finally convinced him that I was sincere. It was too cold to be on deck, so we each dug a deep hole in the luxurious

divan before the electric heater in the smoking-room and there pursued our divers tasks with his substantial library parked between us. My companion's books served as a symbol dividing asunder the modern scientist concerned with remaking the world to-day from the impenitent classicist doting on old wives' fables and twice-told tales.

A brief stop in Japan and a longer sojourn in China disturbed the monotony of sea travel. There was much to see and to be done. Aeneas was left temporarily in the midst of his unenviable rôle in Carthage smarting under the deserved reproaches of poor Dido and sister Anna, while the unfeeling Fates beckoned him to an empire in Latium. I never cared much for this chapter in Aeneas' career and was quite willing to allow my chivalrous sentiments of resentment on behalf of the Carthaginian ladies to cool off, when I should be able to turn my back on Africa without shame and to face the perils of Schylla and Charybdis with equanimity.

It was Christmas time in Canton, and I was far from home. Reading LaFontaine in China, of all things! Yet from out of all his worldly philosophy came a cry from the heart in *Les Deux Pigeons*, which, as George Fox said in a very different connection, "spoke to my condition":

"L'absence est le plus grand des maux."

What folly could have possessed me to leave home and be absent from the family circle at Christmas time? Doubtless, they were even now thinking at home of my welfare and asking

"A-t-il tout ce qu'il veut,
Bon soupé, bon gîte, et le reste?"

The parting at home had been hard, but I had been braver then and had said in substance:

"Ne pleurez point . . .
Je reviendrai dans peu conter de point en point
Mes aventures. . . .
Quiconque ne voit guère
N'a guère à dire aussi. Mon voyage dépeint
Vous sera d'un plaisir extrême.
Je dirai: J'étais là; telle chose m'avint:
Vous y croirez etre vous-meme."

Of course, like a pigeon, I got back safely,

"Que bien, que mal. . . .
Sans autre aventure fâcheuse."

But is there anything more touching in LaFontaine than the old man's counsel in this connection based upon his own experience?

"Amants, heureux amants, voulez-vous voyager?
Que ce soit aux rives prochaines.
Soyez-vous l'un à l'autre un monde toujours beau,
Toujours divers, toujours nouveau;
Tenex-vous lieu de tout, comptez pour rien le reste.
J'ai quelquefois aimé: je n'aurais pas alors,
Contre le Louvre et ses trésors,
Contre le firmament et sa voûte céleste,
Changé les bois, changé les lieux
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux
De l'aimable et jeune bergère
Pour qui, sous le fils de Cythère,
Je servis, engage par mes premiers serments."

Manila, Singapore, Penang, still as far as possible from home, but moving in the right direction! As we

plowed through the molten seas of the tropics, we sought shelter under the awning of the after-deck. And there one day a remarkable coincidence was revealed. Three men were sitting side by side and queried what each was reading. One was reading the *Aeneid* in English, one was reading it in Latin, and one was preparing an edition of the fourth book, and this through no pre-arrangement. Yet some say that Latin is dead! Probably not another ship in the fabulous Seven Seas could have offered such a testimony to the strength of the Vergilian tradition, but where is the author of to-day who can anticipate such vitality nineteen hundred years hence?

> *"All places that the eye of heaven visits*
> *Are to a wise man ports and happy havens"*

says John of Gaunt in *Richard II*, but some ports are happier than others. I can imagine Colombo was one of the less happy havens to two of our young people who were separated there. First they went ashore to say farewell, and then they came aboard again, and then they went ashore again, and then returned to the ship in the harbor, and finally one was left ashore to stay. But, as usual, Shakespeare has an adequate description full of feeling for this as for every human situation. You remember how Imogen when left behind in Britain by Posthumus, who perforce took ship, sought for all details of her lover's embarkment from his man Pisanio:

Imo. "What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was his queen, his queen!
Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship."

Two days in Cairo with King Tut and the more acquisitive denizens of the bazaar were enough. The people of Egypt who are not dead may be classed, so far as I am concerned, with those of Ceylon's spicy isle, and the hymn of Bishop Heber gave the latter as low a rating as the rhyme would permit. Not even the Children of Israel could have been more reconciled to leaving "Pharaoh's land" than we were to take ship again at Alexandria with that little of which the Egyptians had not spoiled us. They have a long record as spoilers o, the strangers among them, and so far as we could see they have not degenerated in these last days. One might have lingered there pleasurably in the days of Cleopatra—"royal wench", Shakespeare calls her—for

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

But those days are gone and the charms thereof. We were glad to be on the Mediterranean, the home waters of Vergil and St. Paul. As we passed through the Straits of Messina at dawn and up the coast of Calabria, the last books of the *Aeneid* were much in mind. We were nearing those parts in which the Trojan exiles at last dug in. Many were lost in the attempt, and but few were chosen to found the new city. Vergil always surprises upon occasion with his great tenderness. You recall how Aeneas mourned for Pallas, first in words and then in touching rites to his youthful ally:

"Haec ubi deflevit, tolli miserabile corpus
imperat, et toto lectos ex agmine mittit
mille viros, qui supremum comitentur honorem,
intersintque patris lacrimis, solatia luctus
exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri.
Haud segnes alii crates et molle feretrum
arbuteis texunt virgis vimine querno,,
exstructosque toros obtentu frondis inumbrant.
Hic iuvenem agresti sublimem stramine ponunt,
qualem virgineo demessum pollice florem
seu mollis violae seu languentis hyacinthi,
cui neque fulgor adhuc nec dum sua forma recessit,
non iam mater alit tellus viresque ministrat."

But Vergil could respect foe as well as ally. Turnus made a deal of trouble for the invading Trojans. Indeed, it was he who had killed Pallas. Yet as Turnus is gradually hedged in and knows he must die at last, he will not flee, but will die worthy of his ancestors:

"Terga dabo et Turnum fugientem haec terra videbit?
Usque adeone mori miserum est? vos o mini Manes
este boni, quoniam Superis aversa voluntas!
Sancta ad vos anima atque istius inscia culpae
descendam, magnorum haud umquam indignus avorum."

I trust it may not seem morbid, but I find some of these ante- and post-mortem scenes on the battlefields among my favorites. Young John Talbot is another who will not flee the English camp, even when pressed to do so by his noble father:

"Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!

The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood."

This appeal to ancestry, and especially to one's parents, as a motive of virtue is heard all through the ages, but nowhere so often as in English literature. Was it not Stevenson in our own day who harks back to the same deep inspiration in the lines *To my Father,*—that father who had built the beacons on England's shores to guide lost sailors:

"This hast thou done, and I—can I be base?
I must arise, O father, and to port
Some lost, complaining seaman pilot home."

But the last dish of spaghetti had been eaten at Naples, the bouillabaisse over which we had lingered in the boulevard restaurant at Marseilles was only a memory, when we passed Gibraltar and nothing remained but the short run across the Atlantic in March "half-gales". The *Aeneid* was closed, and it was just as well, for we were now past Vergil's ken. Only Shakespeare, of my authors, could do justice to the shake-up we endured:

"The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood."

Propped and braced in the smoking-room, with nothing to distract me, I devoted days to Shakespeare. There was time to read a play at a sitting and to do a little pondering and note-taking on the side. Coming

to him from the French side, it is not his plots that interest me; the French have left him out of the contest on that score. Nor in general, do his comedies measure up to the tragedies, many of them being comparatively trivial elaborations of conventional Italian intrigues. But the tragedies, and especially those based upon English history, contain passages of unsuspected beauty and impressiveness.

However, after all the whimsical comedy, the knowledge of human nature, and the touching pathos, there remains a constant adequacy of language for every situation. Hazlitt, in speaking somewhere of Shakespeare's choice of words, observes that: "There is scarcely a word in all his more striking passages that can be altered for the better. If any person, for instance, is trying to recollect a favorite line, and cannot hit upon some particular expression, it is in vain to think of substituting any other so good. That in the original text is not merely the best, but it seems the only right one." Dante alone is comparable with him in this respect, and he also is not to be accounted for. These two men possessed a linguistic imagination which sets them entirely apart from others of the modern world and places them with

"La bella scuola
Di quei signor dell' altissimo canto
Che sopra gli altri com' aquila vola."

How suddenly come changes in circumstances! And how well it is to have some literary memories to tie to! The Nantucket lightship was passed as the last play of Shakespeare was finished. Mr. Podd went back to join the Plutocrat and Billy the Kid in the ship's library. But my own books came ashore to instruct me in many another scene. They had proved "a delight at home and no hindrance abroad, companions by night and in travel and in the country".

W. W. Comfort.

Trilogy

By Frederic Prokosch

Three things I know
That must be still:
The lips of one
Just dead; a hill
At midnight;
And the petals that
Have fallen, fragile,
Delicate . . .

Three things I know
That may not die:
The watching mountains;
The low cry
Of oceans
On a winter noon;
And the white trembling
Of the moon . . .

And now I say
There only are
Three things I love:
The last gray star
At morning;
And the moon's white light;
And April
Wandering at night.

Peut-Être

Let me believe, my dear, the constancy
Of love we take on faith, as yours and mine.
Rather than daily swearing dreary vows—
A thing we may not do—be ours more fine,
Holding as true some truths we have not sworn
And knowing, untold, the many things we know:
Year upon year we yet may find our love
Subtler, because we chose to have it so.

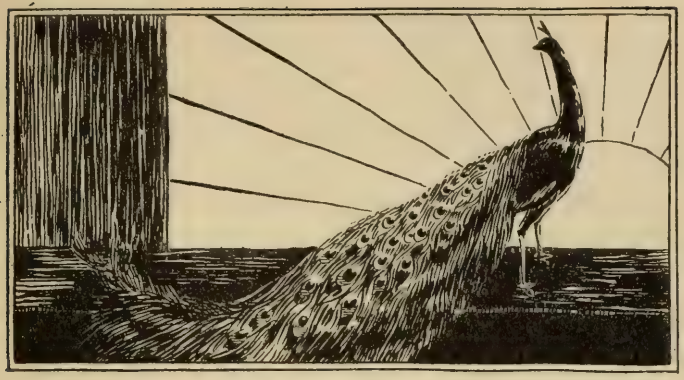
J. I. G.

In Two Voices

Your love was but a lyric, a light song
Suddenly lighting on me, over soon;
And yet it might have changed into a tune
Empty and vague, had it been sung too long.

Your love was but a spring wind after rain,
Blowing upon me, ruffling my heart for fun,
Without a thought. And now I find no one
To come and brush the wrinkles smooth again.

Eric Hirth.



The King's Peacock

FIRST SCENE

A Garden Before the King's Villa. *There is a large clearing in front. Around it lie colored cushions and rush-mats. From it a path leads back to a black stairway rising to the veranda of the villa itself. The sun makes the yellow rose blossoms appear like petals of gold; the keora plant seems to have imparted its soul to the surrounding shadows. The silence is broken now and again by the scream of parrots. Two elderly retainers are squatting motionless on the ground, at the left.*

Ret. 1: Will not our King soon tire of this life?

Ret. 2: He must leave it. He has no choice.

Ret. 1: He will leave her?

Ret. 2: Today. The Singalese princess arrives soon. What will happen to Ghyn Phru, I know not.

Ret. 1: When will the marriage come?

Ret. 2: I know not. But this I know,—one heart, at least, will break when it does come.

The other shrugs his shoulders and continues smoking. Both rise and leave when two attendants enter R. They bear two low ebony chairs and some cushions which they

place in the center of the clearing. Enter C. MHO PHOUNG, *and* GHYN PHRU, *clad in flimsy Malay silks. Following them, comes a Burmese slave, bearing two tiny children on her hips. The King and* GHYN PHRU *seat themselves, while the children are placed at their feet and are given marble blocks to play with.*

MHO PHOUNG: But several hours are lacking to the two years that we have spent together.

GHYN PHRU: And after that, you will go,—to her?

MHO P.: Go. (*Nods*).

GHYN P.: And you are happy?

MHO P.: Happy as a god. And you?

GHYN P.: I too am happy,—happy as a goddess.

She smiles, turns her head, and gazes into the distance; the rubies hanging from her ears tremble, and she is more beautiful than ever.

MHO P.: And tomorrow?

She is about to answer, when the servants rise, and, whispering to each other, point to the left. The King and GHYN PHRU *both glance in that direction; the latter slips away quietly, R., the Vizir of the King approaches* MHO PHOUNG, *and presents a message inscribed on the leaves of Palm trees. It remains unopened. The King notices* GHYN PHRU'S *absence.*

MHO P.: It is better thus.

VIZIR: Thou hast worshipped long enough at the Pagoda of the Silver Bells, Lord of the Moon and Stars, thy subjects and thy bride await thee. The ship of the princess is arriving.

MHO P.: I shall return one day,—return and worship here again.

He goes with the Vizir, L. GHYN PHRU *reappears to watch them go. Then, sinking down on the ground, she faints. It is rapidly darkening. The parrots are quiet; and the silence is broken intermittently by the melancholy cry of pea hens.*

SECOND SCENE

THE ABODE OF THE SORCERER. *It is strangely quiet and dark. On a slight elevation in the center is the black throne of the wizard. Before it stands an oblong table covered with richly embroidered black silk. On the center of the table gleams a large crystal in which strange and queerly colored figures seem to move about; on either side of it stands a low bowl with smouldering incense. Its smoke rises, sometimes straight as a candle, sometimes with demon-like distortions, finally disappearing in the darkness above. The light from a large, red lamp which hangs on the left, clothing the left side of each object in red, is the only light in the room, except for the vermillion glow of the smouldering sandalwood.*

The SORCERER *is squatting on the throne, almost motionless. His features are difficult to distinguish, as he is extremely aged and wrinkled. He fondles the crystal with hands that are like a vulture's claws. Enter R.,* GHYN PHRU. *She possesses the frailty of a cassia-flower as she stands before the sorcerer, and her quivering opal ear-pendants glow.*

GHYN PHRU: Lord of the regions of the unearthly, take pity upon an unhappy woman ——

SORCERER: You have a sad tale to relate.

GHYN P.: A king once loved me. I, a young and poverty-stricken girl, returned it. To him I bore two soft-skinned sons who now, with their father, have left me,—left me to rot like a wounded dove. I wish to go to my children.

SOR.: Your children, who will perhaps become princes and kings?

GHYN P.: I wish to go to my children.

SOR.: Your children, who will soon have forgotten you?

GHYN P.: My children! (*For the first time a note of passion is in her voice.*)

SOR.: Shall I transform you into a bird?

GHYN P.: A bird?

SOR.: Then you can cross oceans and lands, fly to his palace, and watch forever from the jessamine bushes in the grove that overhangs the Jamuna's waters.

GHYN P.: What bird would it be?

SOR.: I would transform you into a sea-gull, white as the pure ivory of the sacred elephant, for you are still the untarnished daughter of the sky and the sea.

GHYN P.: I would rather be a peacock. Transform me into a peacock, for then the King's children would love me.

The SORCERER *smiles, fondles his crystal. A purple mantle of smoke surrounds* GHYN PHRU. *Soon it disappears, and in her place stands a peacock. Its feathers have a strange sheen, and its eyes are two blood-red jewels.*

THIRD SCENE

(Three years have passed.)

THE KING'S BEDCHAMBER. *The room is vast. In shaded corners lie brilliantly colored cushions. In the center, on a raised platform of snow-white marble is the King's bed. Steps, covered with perfumed Persian carpets, lead up to it. Under a gorgeously embroidered baldachin of black velvet, reclining on enormous pillows of purple, lies* MHO PHOUNG. *A heavy, pearl-sewn cover weighs down upon his body. The pallor of his face combines with the olive color of his skin, to form a deathly, greyish hue. On the elevation, behind the bed, stand physicians and astrologers. On the right, in back, is a great ebony door. The light in the room is greyish, like the color of*

the dying monarch's skin. Through an enormous window, high above the bed, dawn is seen, slowly, slowly rising. Everything is silent,—only the physicians whisper, and astrologers murmur.

PHYSICIANS: The king's life is fading.

ASTROLOGERS: But his star fades not.

PHYSICIANS: The King passes.

ASTROLOGERS: Yet his star is still bright.

The ministers and courtiers murmur and wait. The great door opens slowly, and the Grand Vizir enters. MHO PHOUNG *opens his eyes when the minister approaches.*

MHO P.: How fare my pets?

VIZIR: One of them is no more, my Lord.

MHO P.: Which is it that died?

VIZIR: The large peacock,—the peacock with the soul. I saw it raising its lovely head, then slowly lowering it, letting it fall on its breast; its feathers lost their irridescence.

The King looks towards the door. Suddenly it opens, and a woman advances. She is strangely lovely, fragile as a Gulmohor blossom, and her trembling opal ear-pendants burn. She rushes through the crowd of courtiers and physicians standing between her and the King. She reaches the foot of the stairs leading up to MHO PHOUNG.

GHYN PHRU: I come to bring you light, my Lord, I come to bring you life.

She falls silently on the stairs. The King sits up in his bed. The physicians rush toward her. One of them says, "She is dead." The sun breaks through the vast window, pouring gold over the objects in its path. The shape of a large peacock, perched on the baldachin, over the King's head, is revealed. The hidden fire of the jewel that burns on the brow of a serpent king is in its eyes.

A rare fragrance fills the air, and sunlight falls like a blessing from heaven on all.

C. G. Baker



The Old Tale

The tale that's ever new is the tale that's ages old:
There is no call that is like the call to sea;
For my heart is brimming, brimming
With the rolling blue at dawn
And the screaming gulls come wheeling back to me.
Sing a song of many ports, sing a song of many lands,
Sing a song of distant islands, distant sky—
A hundred winds are blowing
To a hundred haunting harbors
And the sea-trail is the trail to find them by.
There's a prow that's cutting clean through the deepness of the green,
And a gleaming wake that's widening out astern,
And the hardest lot for me
Is to think about the sea:
It's the lesson of the land that I must learn.

F. T. Gower

The Fork in the Road

HEMINGWAY was in his castle. Current English proverb to the contrary, this castle was not his home but his class room, for at home he was but a poor vassal of a husband; here, under the title of Professor of English, he was a proud-crested troubadour-knight and lord of all he surveyed. Here in the towered capital of his tiny kingdom he could feel that he really was somebody—a man of parts with a definite position in the world. When pacing up and down with long, stately strides as he talked on literature to those roomfuls of Central European and negro youths who made up the classes in the Benjamin Franklin High School, he became a returned Crusader describing in glowing words the milk and honey of that holy land where he would lead his motley band on one more romantic pilgrimage. No sword ever clanged on shield, no spears rattled in applause; his blank-faced hearers would still slouch in their chairs with scarce a sparkle in their dull eyes, but in spite of themselves they were stirred, and more than one would secretly—perhaps unconsciously—vow to seek out some day these golden shrines his leader told of and mayhap even break a lance in their behalf. And Hemingway, who sensed rather than saw the impression he made, would be filled with pride. Imperious and baronial as his manner towards them often was, he bore a genuine affection to this cultural riffraff and prized all tokens of their approbation. Although he rarely realized and seldom admitted it, he was seldom so happy as when snugly ensconced in this noisy, nerve-racking citadel of his.

Hemingway yawned. Even the best of castles is likely to grow stuffy and tiresome at times, and on fine autumn afternoons his seemed especially confining. He glanced at his watch. Two-forty—only twenty more minutes.

Again he yawned and stared out the window. Amazing the way the sun hit the rear of those apartment houses beyond the garage across the street—symbolic, too, the way they turned their backs to all that glory in the west.

O dull, prosaic dwellings,
Turn round and see the sun!

Good tag end for a stanza, that—must write a poem on it sometime.

Abruptly he realized by the sudden pause in Katinsky's shrill-treble rendering of Brutus's speech in the Forum, that something was expected of him. Knowing from several years' experience in teaching Shakespeare to high school freshmen that it must be his cue to enter as Marc Antony, he hastily arose and swaggered majestically over to the other side of the class room, fumbling in his book for the place as he went. Brutus, satisfied, resumed his breathless oration, interrupted every now and then by a very Yiddish-sounding remark on the part of the "Citizens". Hemingway let them pass uncorrected; he was too busy planning how he would handle the approaching speech of Antony over the body of Caesar. The romantic character of Marc Antony, the man who could win an empire in the teeth of all Rome and toss it lightly away again for a woman, appealed to his own essentially romantic nature. Each year when he distributed the various parts of "Julius Caesar" to be read off in a supposedly dramatic manner in front of the class, he kept Antony for himself and declaimed it with great enthusiasm and vigor, if not with entire dramatic accuracy. The high-light of this performance, of course, was the famous address over the corpse of Caesar, and Hemingway always tried to make it come at the end of a period so he could pretend to have lost the place and give it all over again the next time.

He noted with satisfaction that he would be able to do this now and decided to read it straight through to-day and "discuss" it Monday. Plunging in with "Friends, Romans, countrymen", he plowed majestically onward in the grand oratorical strain until it came time for the "Citizens" to clamor altogether to hear Caesar's will. This they did so realistically that the dramatist's line: "The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will," became, as in real life it probably would, a perfectly unintelligible jumble of "Will! will! will!"

"Hold on there," Hemingway commanded. "Poor Will will turn over in his grave if he hears that." Somewhat nettled by the feebleness of the laughter this attempted pun drew, he went on to correct the "Citizens'" stage technique: "Now, all together," he admonished them, motioning somewhat in the manner of a college cheer leader, "so we can understand it. Try and wake up Zeritsky back there on the last row."

The resulting volume drowned even the roar of laughter at this "Old Faithful" sally, and the unison would have done credit to any rooting section. The action of the play, however, had stopped and Hemingway, in pointing out the cleverness of Antony as an orator, soon strayed into comparisons with William Jennings Bryan, Robert Ingersoll and Henry Ward Beecher, and finally into the whole field of Victorian literature. In the middle of a burning tribute to Browning's genius the period bell rang.

"Well, gentlemen,"—he used the term not in conscious sarcasm but merely to enhance their dignity and his— "we'll go on with this on Monday," he concluded regretfully.

"Book report on Monday, 'fessor," piped up someone on the front row.

"Well, then on Tuesday."

"Don't come to you Tuesday," earnestly volunteered another young genius.

"Then the next time you do come. Now pass the books up to the front row, gentlemen, and will you collect them, Mr. Churnoff and Mr. Riley?" Always "Mr."—like "gentlemen" it added fully as much to his poise as to their vanity—and amusement.

Riley and Churnoff were his two hopefuls. They alone of the class had a real interest in the subject which, in spite of their rather mediocre abilities, he had fanned into literary ambitions. Hemingway, who was reminded by them of his own early youth of boundless, over-weening hope and saw in each some small part of the man he himself might have been, had adopted them as protégés and encouraged them at every turn. Did Churnoff write for one of his compositions an imaginary dialogue of Adam and Eve visiting modern New York, he compared it not to the other squibs of this sort which filled the humorous magazines, but to Dante's "Inferno"; did Riley produce an especially crude and bloody murder story, he immediately cited the precedent of Shakespeare and "Titus Andronicus", and bade him persevere. He fixed their goals as stars so distant that it was no disgrace to fall far short. He encouraged but never criticized. To anyone really launched on a literary career he would have been as useless as a springboard in the capacity of wings, but to those on tiptoe poised for flight he gave an impetus, the lack of which had kept many a skylark, born to soar, flapping awkwardly on earth.

The two usually came up to his desk after class on some pretext or other to talk with him, or rather to listen to him with shining eyes. Today it was Churnoff inquiring about the return of his last composition and Riley as usual asking for the privilege of handing his next one in late.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Churnoff, I have it home. I'll return it

with next week's bunch. I think I remember it—Henry VIII and Brigham Young holding a discussion in Hades on marriage, wasn't it? Yes, that was very clever. Classmate of mine at college has written some very brilliant stuff along that line." (Churnoff knew when he said it that he was thinking of John Kendrick Bangs, but drank it in eagerly notwithstanding.) "Foster Traymoor—you may have seen his book that won the Pulitzer Prize two years ago—splendid chap, professor at Columbia at present. I was talking to him at the class reunion last year." And the next ten minutes were devoted to Hemingway's one contemporary hero, Foster Traymoor.

Riley explained the lateness of his composition by saying he was writing his first poem for it and couldn't make very fast headway. (He had rather nonplussed his professor the week before by coolly stating that he was thinking of writing a poem, and asking what metre Professor Hemingway recommended.)

"Oh, you mustn't be discouraged by that, Mr. Riley," said Hemingway. "The great English poet, Alfred, Lord Tennyson"—he always spoke of Tennyson this way; it sounded so dignified—"would often spend a whole day just in polishing one line, but when he got through that *was* a line. Amazing genius, Tennyson—Alfred, Lord Tennyson—marvelous ability." And so a rhapsody on Tennyson.

When he finally looked at his watch it was going on four, so gathering together his papers, he put away the books the class had used, locked up his desk and walked with the two to the stairway. He stayed in the faculty room only long enough to get his hat and coat; that cemetery of dead hopes, a third-rate high school faculty, always depressed him and he avoided its members—collectively—as much as possible.

Going home on the elevated he found it too fine a day

to mark papers as he usually did. Involuntarily he stared out the window at the sea of slag roofs, brick chimneys, and crazy-angled radio aerials from which he had turned in boredom a thousand times before. Now he gazed at them only half-bored, the other half fascinated—fascinated by the thought of the countless dramas being enacted in those tiny boxed-in stages, the hearts leaping with joy or throbbing with pain, the aspirations soaring bravely aloft and the dreams crashing miserably to awakening and disillusioment. All these people, each with his own hopes and fears, each going his own way thinking himself master of his fate, and yet each but a tiny coil in the great dynamo called society, controlled by some mysterious force which he neither understood nor even knew existed—this was Life! God! what a subject for one of those essays of his!

He started scribbling key sentences on the odd bits of paper he always had about him for the purpose, for essay writing was what a business man would term his hobby and he himself call his *raison d'être.* Hemingway lived in a world of hyperbole where praise was sounded with blaring trumpets and thundering drums, and blame entirely mute; consequently, his writing fairly flowered with extravagant superlatives. Like that amazing book, "Moby Dick," they contained large mixtures of magnificent free verse (he hated free verse in verse form and unconsciously wrote it himself in prose)buried in mere bombastic prose. Through all this choked but gorgeous jungle, however, there flowed a tiny stream of crystal clearness—a wild pagan joy of living and a conviction that in spite of all the bumps and bruises the game was really worth the playing. He had the fortunate ability to see romance in almost everything and particularly in the heart of a big city. However, much he enjoyed those long country walks he used to steal from his family on Saturdays, his best work was done in hymning the

savage beauty of the towering skyscrapers, the brilliant play of light and shade in the long, jagged shadows they cast on the hard stone pavements, and the mad intoxication of the scurrying, bustling crowds.

Such esssays as he completed he sent away to magazines—always to first-raters—and now and then received a check instead of a rejection slip. These, however, were small and few enough to keep his work on a virtually amateur basis—if not art for art's sake, at least for the sake of seeing "W. Forsythe Hemingway" printed in neat, impressive-looking black letters in the table of contents. So unremunerative was it, in fact, that his wife Mabel was forever nagging him to abandon it in favor of book reviewing. Having long since given up trying to make her understand that he wrote for the satisfaction of his own soul and that soul demanded creative effort, he would merely reply that he knew little and cared less about contemporary literature and wouldn't be bothered learning the catchwords of reviewing. And so he wrestled and strove with these essays of his, not being made happy by the mere writing of them but not being able to be happy without them.

By the time he had reached his stop he was well along in the architecture of his essay if not in its actual construction, and he arrived at the house with eyes ablaze and the intention of climbing to his den immediately to go on with it while his pen still dripped fire.

He opened the door. "Is that you, Walter?" his wife's voice called. "Where *have* you been? I was getting worried about you, dear."

"Just talking to some pupils after school. I'm sorry,"

"Well, anyhow, it's awful nice to be home for the rest of the week, isn't it?"

He made no reply.

"Now as soon as you get your coat off, please come out in the kitchen, Walter. There's something the

matter with the refrigerator door—you can't shut it—and I'm afraid all the food will spoil. I couldn't seem to fix it but you go out and see what you can do with it."

"All right, Mabel," he said kindly, "I'll tend to it right after dinner, but I've got some very important work to do now."

"But it wouldn't take you a minute," she objected.

"I know, dear, but this is *very* important and I must get at it right away," he soothed, knowing how futile it would be to attempt to explain.

"Well, what about this being important, too?" she queried sharply, her voice rising. "It's been that way all day. That's just the way you always do—put off, put off, put off—tend to your own affairs and never mind about me. Do you think *I* enjoy working out there in that kitchen all day? I guess not!"

Anxious to avoid the storm, Hemingway slipped off his coat without a word and walked out to the kitchen. Anyhow, manual labor was a good thought-lubricant.

Unfortunately, his optimism was not justified. His wife, much mollified, as if she wished to indicate her willingness to forget his misdemeanor, followed him to the refrigerator and, standing behind him as he worked, proceeded to regale him with a recital of the day's news. The morning mail had not arrived until nine o'clock, the laundry had sent back one of his shirts torn clear across the back, she had met Mrs. Hollingshead at market and been nearly a whole hour late getting home. In the afternoon May Crandall, whom she hadn't seen for simply ages, had dropped in and they had had a nice long chat. May's brother had just had an operation for appendicitis. And then Mrs. Digby had telephoned. "Oh yes! and somebody called up for you, Walter," she concluded triumphantly.

Walter said not a word; a great triumph of self-control.

"He was from Chapman's, the publishers," she went

on blithely, "but I couldn't find out what he wanted with you." He longed to remark that this probably wasn't from want of trying, but held his peace. "Anyhow, he asked if he could see you at eight o'clock to-night and I told him yes. You'd better put on a clean shirt. That one's awful grimy around the cuffs. There! I think I've told you all the news." He breathed a sigh of relief.

Dinner was a silent meal. After assisting in packing little Marjorie and Robert off to bed and helping Milton with his lessons, Hemingway finally climbed the stairs to his den. Sinking into his easy chair, he lighted his favorite pipe and leaned back blowing smoke rings. This always relieved his feelings and he needed solace then. Through the layers of blue smoke he gazed rather wearily at the pile of unmarked compositions. He wondered if Churnoff's had gotten in there. The thought train thus started made him trace over the happenings of the afternoon. He drew the embryo essay from his pocket, read it through with a rueful smile and slowly pushed it into a pigeon-hole in his desk—his isle of dead ships, where he kept all these bits which he had never worked up into essays—the half-burnt wicks of lights that failed, as he sometimes called them.

"Pettiness, thy name is woman," he paraphrased half aloud. He sighed a little as he thought how quickly the flashing sunlight of the afternoon had faded—but no faster than the exalted poetic emotions it had aroused in him. Should have climbed in a window in his stocking feet if he'd wanted an even chance of finishing that essay. Couldn't really blame Mabel, though. She was perfectly right according to her lights and it wasn't her fault if she couldn't understand. He'd been the one who'd tried to live by a double standard.

He who would woo the Muses
Must have no other loves.

Hmm.

He who would walk with the gods on Olympus
Must put off earthly shoes.

Not bad —might be able to work them up into something sometime. Could probably juggle a rhyme out of "Muse" and "shoes"—have to chop out part of Olympus, though—entirely too long. Why was it that he could never finish a poem? Was it because his second standard of life tore him away from it too soon? Did happiness consist in being able to live by one standard alone without any other butting in? Was that why it was so elusive and fleeting? Did one ever know when he'd gotten it? Did he — —

Buz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zr-r-r-r-r-r-ring!

The sound of the doorbell reminded him that he had still his shirt to change; as he did so he speculated on the nature of his caller's business. From Chapman's, Mabel said. He had sent his last essay to them. Could it be that they wanted him to write on contract? Suppose they did, what would he say? Bad practice that—prostituting a man's art, yet it certainly paid. Well, he'd go down and see the fellow, at any rate.

A red-faced, heavily built man rose to greet him as he entered the living room. "Good evening, Mr. Hemingway. How are you? Let me introduce myself. Donaldson's my name—George P. Donaldson, Advertising Manager of Chapman and Company."

Hemingway's face fell. "Glad to know you, Mr. Donaldson. You're in the business end of it, you say?"

"Yes, the Advertising Department—that is, of the publishing house, not the magazine. I suppose you wonder what I want to see you about."

"I must confess I'm completely in the dark."

"Well, it's this way. We've decided to strike out in a somewhat new line in the advertising of our books—

especially our standard sets which we're going to push rather hard. Now we've been looking around for a man who has a distinctive literary style—something flashy, in bright colors, packing a wallop and all that sort of thing, but literary enough to make people read his lay-out as something different and higher class than ordinary advertising copy. We've looked over our regular staff but none of 'em seem to fill the bill—good, clever chaps, y' understan', but nothing out the ordinary—which is just what we must have. Finally the magazine recommended you on account of some essays or something you sent 'em. They said they were *distinctive* enough to suit anybody." Hemingway winced at the suggestive way he stressed "distinctive". "And there's the case as it stands, Mr. Hemingway. I know it's rather a radical departure to get in a new man entirely green to the advertising game, but it's a rather radically new scheme of advertising."

"Well, I don't guarantee I'd come up to all those specifications," said Hemingway non-committedly.

"Don't you worry about that," replied the visitor, "that's our risk."

"Well then, how much salary would I get?"

"What do you draw now at the high school?"

"Twenty-one hundred."

"Hmm. Well, I can offer you a fifty per cent increase on that—say thirty-two hundred to start and considerably more later if things break right."

"How much of my time will it take up? Much work outside the office?"—he must spar for a breathing space somehow.

"Pretty nearly all of it, for a while at least, Mr. Hemingway. You see we have to plunge right into it as soon as possible if we want to make any bid at all for the Christmas trade, and you'll have a lot to learn at

first. You *would* have to do a lot of planning out and writing at home on your own."

"Well, er—uh—you see I get a good deal of spare time at present to spend on my essays. They may seem a more or less foolish waste of time to you, Mr. Donaldson, but they mean a lot to me and I'd hate to have to give them up."

"I don't want to hold out any false hopes to you, Mr. Hemingway, and to be frank with you, I don't see where you'd find the time. You see we'll be paying you a lot more than you get at the high school and we'll expect more of your time in proportion."

"But just what is this stuff I'll have to concentrate on day and night?"

"Well, for one thing, there's this set called 'The English Muse', a leather-bound, pocket-size edition of English poetry from Chaucer to Rupert Brooke. We're going to start in by booming the Keats, Shelley and Byron volumes. They're money makers just now and ought to make a good entering wedge for the edition. Now what we want is a series of short literary essays praising their genius, bringing in any famous quotations or verses about them and all that sort of thing. Look," said his visitor, opening his brief case, "here's one of the set. Nice looking, isn't it?"

Hemingway took it and glanced through it admiringly. It was evident that the idea appealed to him and the book was followed by a perfect flood of binding samples, proof sheets, art work and typewritten advertising specifications. As his visitor talked on and on explaining these, his interest rose; for a moment his imagination was fired by the thought of making that series of advertisements a classic of literary tributes.

"Of course your work wouldn't consist entirely of this," Donaldson went on. "It would probably be mostly pushing contemporary stuff—to be brutally frank about

it, trying to give a first-rate literary reputation to things that are mostly third-rate twaddle."

"Oh!"

"And then, there'd be a lot of business details to attend to—squabbles with the art department and so forth. I'm being unusually frank with you because we don't want you to take the job under any misapprehensions and then have to throw it up."

"Well, naturally, I'd want some time to think this over," Hemingway parried, on his guard once more.

"I'm sorry but we can only give you till Monday—first thing in the morning," his visitor replied. "It's a case where time's money. You'll have to start right away if you do decide to accept.

Hemingway winced. He hated sudden changes.

"I think I've given you the long and short of it now—I hope I've put it plainly. We'll be very pleased to have you with us, Mr. Hemingway, if you can see your way clear to accept. I'll expect to hear from you bright and early Monday morning, then. Good-night, Mr. Hemingway."

His visitor gone, he sank into a chair, thinking hard. The thing was so damnably complicated—Mabel and the children to consider besides himself. Why not lay the whole case before her? Surely she could understand his feelings just this once. He must have someone to talk it out with.

Mabel tiptoed up to the side of his chair and slid an arm across the broad of his back. "What did he want to see you about, dear," she asked.

"He wants me to take a position in their advertising department," he blurted out, his eyes fixed moodily on the rug. "Much better salary and all that but I'd probably have to give up my writing and — —"

"Oh! Walter! how wonderful!" she exclaimed, her face lighting up. "Now we can get that piano we've

been saving for, and new dining room furniture and a—why we can even move out to the suburbs!"

He turned his head away from her kisses. What was the use? Would she never understand?

He was walking down a long country road in the paling sunshine of the next afternoon, thinking furiously. It would be bad enough if he had only himself to consider—he himself liked fine things and good living well enough. But there was Mabel—she had no other goal or guiding star but glorified respectability; a fine country house with a host of servants, floors you feared to walk on and furniture you didn't dare use. Ugh! Still, she *was* his wife. And what about the children? He wanted to send them—the boys at least—through college like fine gentlemen, but how do it on twenty-one hundred a year? Practically no chance for a raise unless he became head of the department or the Board suddenly got munificent. And, much as he enjoyed his job at Benjamin Franklin, he didn't want Milton to go there. Besides, he always *had* wanted to see Europe.

But then his essays! They were the real things in his life—the stars that fixed the course of an otherwise purposeless voyage. Take them away and that voyage might end on the rocks. Yet disappear they would, he he knew himself well enough to admit, if he left behind the crisp, clear air of the classics he now breathed and sailed into cloud-filled southern seas. Yes! for the salvation of his own soul he must stuff his ears to this song of the sirens and avoid their rocky isle. Yes, all well enough for his soul, but was that the only consideration? Did being captain of his soul make him master of his fate as well? Old Francis Bacon had summed it up pretty well when he said that "he that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." His family's happiness

—had he the right to lay it on the altar in sacrifice for his soul?

Turning the bend at the bottom of the hill, he was confronted with a fork in the road. Two gray prongs, exactly alike with not even a signpost to choose between them, grew out of one and disappeared from sight, the one seeming gradually to climb the hill towards the setting sun, the other to fade into the distance near a small village. Hemingway, who hated to make a forced decision, sat down on a stone at the point where the two branches parted. To postpone choosing one of the two he drew from his pocket what he had been writing late the night before. For perhaps the twentieth time he read over these passionate outbursts—read them though they wrenched his soul—seeming to find a certain peace in sheer joy of craftsmanship.

"O the soul of the poet hemmed in by deadly commonplaces! O the pangs of an idea struggling for expression! O the agony of interruptions to the blest communion with beauty, with nature, with God! How racking to the mind, how harassing to the soul are the well-meant but tormenting solicitudes of good, practical, uninspired people—especially those who rule us with the terrible tyranny of uncomprehending love! How irksome the everyday tasks, how maddening the humdrum duties to one who feels the divine fire and longs to give it expression.

"But these are naught to his agony when he enters the valley of decision—that vale more fearful far than the valley of the shadow of death. The man in such position stands at the parting of the ways; at what will be either a new beginning or an inglorious end to his inner, truer life; at the choice between ignominous surrender to the commonplace or continued striving towards his high goal. The hands of those dear to him unwittingly try to hold him down; the thirst for temporary honors

goads him to awaken from his dream of romance and beauty. The materialistic maxims dinned into his ears from earliest childhood all point the way to the safe valley roads below: the inward consciousness of his high calling, the blazing of the divine fire, urge him to choose the precarious mountain paths above. In this conflict he must depend on himself alone; the advice of others is a hindrance rather than a help; he must fight the battle single-handed.

"Ay, pity the man who must pass through this fire, who must face this ordeal, who must make this decision. And yet, of such stuff are poets made."

He was in the valley of decision—at the fork in the road. Within one day the whole aspect of his life had changed. It could no more go back to what it had been before than this water in the ditch at the roadside could flow back up the hill. Whichever horn of the dilemma he seized—passive or active—his life would be forever altered; it could never again be the same. And time was hurtling on. He must choose! The poet in him would choose one road, the *pater families* the other, and yet they must both go the same. One of them must give in, there would be sorrow and heartache either way, but you couldn't compromise with a fork in the road. Choose! choose! take your road for better or for worse—on! on! fate was snapping at your heels. What did it matter if he couldn't decide which was better—both looked the same? Choose now and make up your mind afterwards! No delay! No retreat! Life was a one-way street with the traffic forever moving—faster and faster, onward and onward, never a pause. Bends, turns, sharp corners, and forks—take them all at full speed, snap judgments and forced decisions. No asking for sympathy! no hanging back! no time for thought! Pick your fork and travel it—choose!

Standing at the very parting of the ways, his back

squarely towards the hill down which he had come, and looking straight down both roads, the one to where it crossed the brow of a hill right into the golden disk of the setting sun, the other to where it met a few rosy points of light—fires lighted in the village against the chill of the evening—, Hemingway made his decision.

II

Slowly, pausing meditatively on each step, Hemingway climbed the stairs to his "study" up under the eaves. The evening had been a success but had left him tired. Yes, as Mabel could proudly say, a notable success: next week's *Fairview Herald* would contain a sentence or two to the effect that "Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Hemingway gave another one of their delightful dinner parties on Friday night, the guest of honor being the brilliant young poet and essayist, Mr. Delancey Winters." For once, this information was quite correct: Winters certainly was a coming author, he had been invited—naturally as guest of honor—on a business pretext by the Advertising Manager of his publishing house, and he had entertained everyone present with his wit and enchanted with his personal charm. That is, almost everyone—or everyone so far as appearances went—, for if his host thought him a bit of a conceited ass, he had the good business sense to keep it to himself. But then Hemingway had felt rather out of sorts, anyhow, when the evening had started; perhaps a sharp reminder from Mabel about sitting on that chair in the corner, perhaps spilling cigarette ashes all over his shirtfront while dressing, would account for it. At any rate, he had felt distinctly disgruntled throughout the whole affair and had played the part of "the genial host" required of him by the write-up in the *Herald* only with pronounced—through inward—grumblings.

He dropped into the chair in front of his desk, pawed unsuccessfully in a drawer for a pipe—damn Mabel where the devil did she hide them when she tidied the place up? (Mabel had not entered the room in a fortnight)—and finally lit a cigar. He looked boredly at the pile of mail. Bills, ads and a letter from Bob at Princeton. Putting aside the latter, he pushed the rest back into the rest of the litter on his desk. Too tired to attend to it now. Damn that conceited young puppy, anyhow! If he couldn't name a dozen young chaps of Winter's age who could write better stuff, he'd eat his shirt. Why, by George, if he'd stuck to essay writing, he could have done better than that himself.

He rocked back in his chair, blowing smoke rings. Queer how that violin piece they'd heard over the radio, kept coming back into his mind. "The Old Refrain", wasn't it? some piece he'd once heard Kreisler play, anyhow. It soothed and yet haunted him—made him revive dead memories, call up old ghosts and march them before him in shadowy parade. Humph! strange the effect that piece had. Like to write something about that. Wished he had time to write essays now-a-days. He's have to take a couple months off from Chapman's and see if his hand was still in. It was rather different from ad writing—he'd found that out rather bitterly when he went into the advertising game. Have to look up some of his old work some time—maybe it was in this drawer with a lot more of his old junk. Yes, here it was,—a pile of it all tied up with dirty white string. This looked like his old "ugly duckling pile"—stuff no magazine would accept. He had always had a warm place in his heart for them on account of this. Let's see what they were really like. He turned over the tattered bits of paper. "The Romance of Reality"—ah yes, he'd written most of that looking out the window of a dentist's waiting room. Funny, the queer places he used

to find inspiration in. "Literature and the Masses"—yes. "Modern Literature"—let's dip into this; interesting to see what was modern then.

" . . . Modern literature, like much of modern food, is highly seasoned and attractively served but is woefully lacking in substance and 'meat', often leaves a bitter taste in the mouth and frequently causes indigestion." Well, no. You really couldn't expect a contemporary magazine to have swallowed that. ". . . Free verse! exactly so—free from all the rhythm, the power, the beauty of the old poetry. And verse, verse, verse! volumes and volumes of verse and not one line of poetry!" He smiled. Not bad. Of course that had damned it completely, though, so far as the magazines were concerned. Free verse had been bringing in the millenium just about that time. Hello, one without a title. What was it about, anyhow? . . . Romance of housetops seen from the L, or something like that. And then this last one, "The Valley of Decision." Sounded pretty good. Why wouldn't anybody accept it? "O the soul of the poet hemmed in by deadly commonplaces! O the pangs of an idea struggling for expression!"

He read it through to the bitter end. Now he could remember like yesterday the day he had written it. He had been under great mental stress—in agony, in fact—but still with the two roads before him; now he was far along on one of them with no chance of retracing his steps. The old literary Hemingway, the man who could write like that, was forever dead and his ghost, who lived in the body of the Advertising Manager of Chapman and Company, was a bored, disatisfied wraith. Life had become an easy proposition but it had lost its interest. What use was his money when the thing he most desired was dead past raising? In spite of that living token before him of the ancient agony of his soul,

he would have given up all his present position to stand again at the parting of the ways where he had stood that chill October day forgotten ages ago.

"Yes," he mused half-aloud, "I chose the wrong road."

III

Wearily, yet doggedly and without hesitation—he had long since learned that pauses, no matter how dramatic, only made one lose time and have to hurry later—, Hemingway mounted the stairs to his den. He had had a hard day at the high school and some shopping to do for Mabel afterwards; altogether a most tiring time of it. He threw the evening paper listlessly on the floor and collapsed in his desk chair. He permitted himself the luxury of a pipe and his feet upon the desk while he went through the day's mail. That plumber's bill at last—four dollars more than he'd figured on. Well, he'd have to cut down somewhere else. He knew what was in this one from the bank—account overdrawn, but he'd been down there to fix it up this afternoon. Soliciting his contribution for a new wing to the Polyclinic Hospital. Wastebasket. A check—he could tell it by the size of the envelope—from Chapman's. Put it aside—open it later. Also another of his manuscripts returned—probably not the right length. Good enough essay—have to send it some place else. And a letter from Bob at State—he'd read that later, too.

As he stooped to pick up the paper he remembered he'd promised to read little Goldstein's short story for him. Taking it out of his pocket, he laid it on top of the inevitable pile of compositions. He'd mark comps till ten, then try his hand at writing something of his own. After glancing at the political news, he started to turn to the Friday literary supplement when his wife called him to supper.

He ate slowly and in silence, hardly noticing his daughter's conversation with Mabel about John Gilbert's latest picture. As Marjorie switched to bridge parties and beaus, however, he couldn't help noticing the wistful look on his wife's face. He had never realized before how much she had of that pathetic look which comes to conscientious wives whose life is one long battle with a dollar mark, and never a taste of the sweets of victory. He must take her out more; must get pretty dull for her.

"There's a letter from Bob," his wife said halfway through the meal.

"Yes, I saw it. Haven't had time to read it yet, though."

After dinner they sat in the living room for an hour or so, listening to the radio. Damn it, what was the name of that violin solo? "The Old Refrain," Mabel said it was—she had a tear in one eye. Damned sentimental, women. Nevertheless, he was moved. . . . Finally Mabel went up to get her mending and he up-stairs to mark papers.

He started off with the newspaper and a pipe, however, and was soon engrossed in book reviews. (Since he had become literature himself he took more interest in the contemporary world of letters.) He found a review of his book of collected essays and swelled with pride as he read the praise of "W. Forsythe Hemingway". This was something worth living for. He read on and came to a special article on the rising star of the essay, that brilliant young genius, Delancey Winters. Hemingway, who had read some of his work and thought it rather poor stuff, sniffed scornfully. A sensation always looked so suspiciously like a fake. Winters would soon get over his celebrity stage. He knew, having been through it himself—quite a thrill when one is first "discovered", but fortunately the public and the

celebrity often grow tired of it at the same time. He was somewhat mollified, however, to find further down in the same article the sentence: "If young Mr. Winters continues in the same fine strain in which he has so well begun, the younger generation will soon boast a writer to place beside that master of the essay, W. Forsythe Hemingway." All very nice and flattering to see in print, but that didn't pay the plumbing bill. No money in essays.

He opened Bob's letter—needed money as usual. Perfectly legitimate need, though and it'd be a shame for him to have to quit in his senior year after getting a scholarship and earning most of his other expenses himself the summer before. Of course, it would be a scrimp to send it to him, but that was quite the usual thing. Probably that check from Chapman's had enough in it. He could just endorse it.

He opened the envelope. A highly-glazed, gaily-printed piece of paper fell out onto the floor. Too lazy to pick it up, he started to read instead the accompanying letter. "Dear Book-lover," the mimeographed sheet ran, "You are probably familiar with the long and glorious history of the English novel; you have, no doubt, read most of the better-known ones; perhaps even own sets of some of the great novelists. But have you ever wished to possess in a finely-printed, limp leather-bound, pocket-size edition, *all* the great classics of English fiction from the masterpieces of Defoe, through those of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, to H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett, in a comprehensive, uniform library? Through a special arrangement with a great English printing house, we are able to offer you just such a set at an unbelievable low figure. Could you merely see these books, we feel sure . . . ."

He dropped the letter and picked up the circular. There it stared at him—"The English Muse" come to

life again with "The English Novel" lettered on its cover. He remembered how it had once momentarily captured his imagination only to be indignantly spurned as a trap. Would it have been such a terrible thing, after all, to have been caught in the trap? Wasn't the snared animal often better off in captivity? Didn't freedom, like everything else, have its price?

He lived over again that night when he had first seen "The English Muse"—the mental torment of that battle alone with his dilemma. Had it really been worthwhile to be so strong willed? He had achieved literary fame, yes; but what good was it? Was it worth the ceaseless struggle with dollar marks and decimal points, the luxuries and even necessities he had had to deny his family—even their happiness itself? Hadn't his gods demanded too bloody a sacrifice? Hadn't he paid rather too much for his whistle?

He saw himself back at the fork in the road, his rash decision made, dashing break-neck and blindly along the way he had chosen. Had he chosen aright?

"No," he murmured sorrowfully, "I took the wrong road."

J. W. Martin.

Quand Même

For "girls who wear glasses" the Leap Year was made,
For "the girl who's too short" and "the girl who's too tall",
In fact for all females not smiled-on by nature
(But frankly it's not going to help them at all).

BOOKS

EUROPE AT LOVE

It is so seldom that one finds a perfect adjective for an author. Paul Morand is *cosmopolitan.* His *L'Europe Galante* has been translated into unexpurgated English, and the result is truly brilliant—the more so because it would appear to have an elusive DeMaupassantish difficulty of translation. These are stories of the author's amours and the amours of some others, in the capitals of Europe. They are six steps beyond frankness and six steps short of vulgarity at the same time. M. Morand seems to be the man who could feel at home in New York after a year among the esquimaux. You get the idea.

Style is not, supposedly, a factor in a translation. But there is here a conscious unselfconsciousness to conjure with. We would be amused to see Mr. H. L. Mencken give a public reading of this book on Boston Common. 93%

(*Boni & Liveright, $6.00*) *J. R.*

WORLD'S ENDS

To our way of thinking Jacob Wasserman's *The World's Illusion* is one of the four or five greatest novels of the last fifty years. Wasserman, to phrase it succinctly, has Dimensions. Here we are given several novelettes from his more recent stock. We confess to a mild sort of disappointment. The stature of the man is obvious behind these heavy-fire stories, but only as through a glass, darkly. *Adam Urbas,* for example, is the story of a man who kills his son and then himself; a misunderstanding

is the basis of the story; there is nothing inevitable about it all. But, all things considered, the book is worth having. Wasserman is one of the few very great living writers, and everything he writes will be remembered. 85%

(*Boni & Liveright, $2.50*) *C. G. B.*

THIS SMOKING WORLD

This approaches perfection as a treatise. On a popular subject, written extremely readably, redolent with facts and surprising conclusions, very attractively printed, short. Mr. Hamilton has his smoky business well in hand from start to finish. He discusses the cigar, the cigarette, the pipe, tobacco in general, famous smokers, and "The Battle of Smoke". One need not read this through from beginning to end—in fact the opposite method (opening the book here and there) is advised.

Sometimes the smoker becomes alarmed at Hamilton's findings and wishes he had never started the darned book, because his peace of mind is being totally wrecked. But just as the alarm reaches its maximum, a calming, a comforting paragraph is injected, and one puffs on. The famous speeches of obscure persons, upon the nicotine habit, are given side by side with the obscure speeches of famous persons, and a royal tussle is waged. How, one thinks, are we to get anywhere when, "Even the battle of Waterloo would leave us at stalemate, for both Napoleon and Wellington hated tobacco smoke, while Marshal Ney and Blücher smoked almost constantly!"

We do not hesitate to say that this is the most pleasantly exhaustive, the most readable, the most valuable, the most delightful, the best book on tobacco that has yet appeared in English.

(*Century, $3.00*) *C. H. C.*

BISMARCK

While Herr Ludwig's three plays on Bismarck's life published here by Putnam are not accorded the same serious reception of his bigoraphy of that great man (published by Little, Brown), nevertheless the dramatic rendition of the personality seems to us the more interesting. These plays are, we hasten to add, not to be read for their literary value, which seems inconsiderable; Ludwig has a slightly exaggerated and poseurish sense of the dramatic that seems characteristic of his countrymen. But from a biographical point of view, this volume has a commendable spiciness which does the heart good.

90%

(*Putnam, $3.50*) *N. D. P.*

MORROW'S ALMANACK

This is nothing short of a little jewel—more accurately, perhaps, a crown of little jewels. Or something. Burton Rascoe, of *Bookman* fame, has compiled pertinent and impertinent jottings of various well-known persons, and made an almanack-form his excuse for printing them. That we be not misunderstood, the fact that the contributions were written for the *Almanack* (not culled from their authors' former writings) should be emphasized.

We find Marc Connelly, Dorothy Parker, George Nathan, Jane Cowl, Witter Bynner, Gertrude Stein, H. L. Mencken, Texas Guinan, Frank Sullivan, Flo Ziegfeld, Corey Ford, Kathleen Millay, and Gilda Gray, to mention a few and to mention the most notable. John Macy's sections ("Our Own Book of the Week Club") tell the moron reader what to read; his selections are trite enough to obviate originality and perfectly

worthless. The monthly calendars are only fairly amusing medleys. The interpretations of the signs of the Zodiac are slightly forced. In short, what may be called the *regular* features—the parts that make the book an almanack—fall below the line; the rest is swell.

It's going to be a yearly thing, so they say, so you'd better get them all as they come out. They ought to make a rather nice little row on your library, in about twenty years. (Who said library?)

(*Morrow, $2.00*) *F. T. G.*

SAMADHI

Frankly, this is not the type of literature that we particularly enjoy. But we are broadminded (or what have you?) enough to see that it has a very great and a very real appeal. If it is possible—as we believe it to be—for persons to be transported into strange lands and for persons to imagine themselves doing strange things through the medium of fiction, then books such as this fulfill their purpose. And elephants are always thrilling, admittedly.

But this business of the taking on of a "mystical significance in which the great drama of good and evil appears" has us rather floored. It being the type of indirect attack against which we have always preached, we really must do Right by Our Public and say that that much is just that much rot.

Still the book is enjoyable, if one knows just what one wants. Not placeable as literature, but surely recognizable as diversion. **80%**

N. S.

(*Houghton Mifflin, $2.50*)

CLASSIFIED INDEX

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Automobile Painting
Richard B. Bye

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Counties Title and Trust Company
Girard Trust Company
Merion Title and Trust Company
Northern Trust Company
Tradesmens National Bank

Barbers
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J. E. Rhoads and Sons

Boilers
Bridgeport Boiler Works

Building Materials
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Bus Service
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Confectioners
Bryn Mawr Confectionery Co.
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Contractors
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H. D. Reese, Inc.
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Scott-Powell Dairies, Inc.
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Investment Securities
Bioren and Company
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Stroud and Company
Rufus Waples and Company

The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVII HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1928 NO. 6

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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His professorial way of life
has not
forced him to assume that dignity
with which he knows he would be ridiculous.
He says what he thinks
when he thinks it,
believing, as we do, that it
is more hypocritical to conceal
than to say so.
Unfortunately for him,
he makes us feel that we have
something in common with him.
To him we dedicate this,
our one issue of the Haverfordian
in which there is:

No assumed dignity
No self-consciousness
No conceit
Nothing pompous
Nothing reserved

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(Permutations of 4 things taken 2 at a time)

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Foreword

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people. for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The Editors.



The Big Game

or "Flash" McSkjorski Shows His Mettle

I

IT WAS the afternoon of the eve of the big game. Of course "Flash" McSkjorski was ineligible because of failure to score very heavily in Dean Sours' Intelligence test. Sours, or "Old Soursie" as he was affectionately called by the undergraduates, was very insistent on his platform of "No brains, no football". This made the rest of Gadzooks College very mad. For no avail had "Flash" been dragged bodily from a Canadian lumber mill to old Gadzooks; in vain had the alumni hoped and prayed for the first victory over Egad in several score of seasons. "Old Soursie" was adamant and "Flash" was ineligible.

Just then a freshman walked in.

"Mr. McSkjorski" said he, "may I speak to you sir?" he said.

"Yea," said "Flash".

"Gee, Mr. McSkjorski, sir," said the "Frosh", "I'm awful sorry you won't be able to play because I wanted you should play,—honest I did."

"Kid," said the big athlete (and the tears filled both of his two blue oculars), "Kid, you're game."

II

Then *she* walked in from the girls' dormitory, which was really only a part of the men's dormitory (because "Prexy" Petervitch insisted on informality as a keynote of coeducation at Gadzooks). Her name, by the way, was May—May X. Flower (the girls called her "May" —which is irrelevant).

"May, kid," said "Flash", "I want you should let me espouse ya. I do so."

"O. K." said the beautiful blond young woman of some eighteen summers with pearly teeth and a rose-bud complexion to say nothing of legs, who stood before him. It was in this manner that it was all decided that He would score the winning touchdown the next day and that they would be married without waiting for him to change his football "togs" which would have a trifle of an odor but she wouldn't care because she loved him so.

III

The "pep" meeting was in full swing and there was darned little "pep" in evidence. "Prexy" had just finished leading the very difficult *"Endeavor-With-Sincerity-and-Vigor-for-Gadzooks"* cheer, and two attendants neatly dressed in immaculate white had but finished

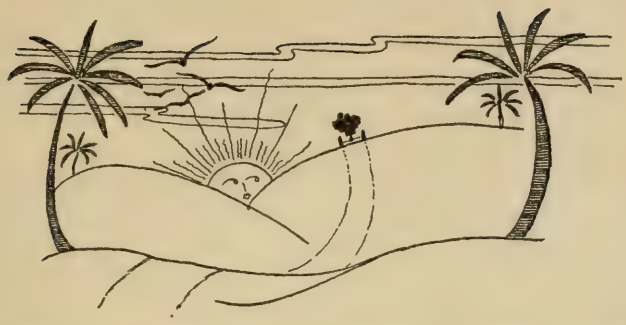
removing him to the "Infirmary". Suddenly "Flash" appeared, through a wall. Every one knew he was not going to play, and so did he. "There's 'Flash'," said the "Frosh". Sure enough—it *was* "Flash".

IV

Egad was ahead 56-0, at the end of the first quarter. The stands were in a frenzy. Egad was ahead at the end of the first half 56-0. Still the stands were in a frenzy. And at length, after the end of the third quarter the score was 56 to 0, in favor of old Egad. "Flash" was not playing. And indeed it seemed to the frenzied stands that, had he been playing, the score might well have been different. "If that McSkjorski were in there" said "Old Soursie" to "Prexy", with a malevolent grin, "the score might be different now." But Prexy did not reply. He was looking at the silent figure of May X. Flower huddled in the lower tier. Suddenly he called for "Alfred", his lackey. "Alfred," he said, "go tell Coach Ziezenhoofer that McSkjorski may play." Then he growled twice at the offending Dean and descended to May.

V

Of course it is all history now. The way "Flash, dashed in, in the last fifty-seven seconds of play; the way he disabled the entire Egad team and all the substitutes; he way he laid the last Egad player out just three' seconds before the whistle would have blown to end the game. It is history now, that Egad was forced to forfeit to old Gadzooks because of inability to complete the playing time. The game is on record as follows: "Gadzooks—57, Egad—56. 1927. Courtesy Mr. J. J. McSkjorski."



" . . . a couple . . . in a 1921 Ford roadster . . . "

Struggle

or The Desert Takes Its Toll

I

"GOSH, Kid," murmured Amy the Wop, writhing her lithe arms about the big brawny neck of the Kid. "Gosh Kid, you're an ace!"

"That's all right, little girl," said the big strong man, and his voice had a ring in it, with two diamonds and three sapphires in a platinum setting.

"Aw, Kid, let's quit this life; it ain't for the likes of us" reiterated Amy, and her eyes twinkled mischievously. "Let's go out West, in the open air, where men are men and women wear great open spaces. This city life will get us in the end, sure."

"Gee, Amy, shucks amighty ——" and his voice trailed off into the distance as a sob shook his powerful frame. A heart-rending sight it was to see that mighty man weeping like a child.

"You win, girlie," he said finally, hanging his head. "You win," he said, not wishing the point to be lost on her.

II

Boom! boom! boom! the sun beat down on the sands. Far off in the distance your eye might have discerned a couple making their weary way across the desert in a 1921 Ford roadster. And if you'd gotten up closer you would have recognized the couple to be none other than *petite* little Amy the Wop, and the Kid, whose name was a by-word (and what a by-word) in the inner circles of New York's cruel underworld.

"What's the next stop?" whispered Herman, hoarsely. We shall call him Herman from now on, for when he started on Life's journey anew, he threw off also the sobriquet of "the Kid", that kept strong men trembling, children from play and old men from their chimney corners.

"Caliboose Corners, Ariz., three miles," replied Amy, quick as a whistle. "What's the matter," she exclaimed, seeing Herman's head sink; with a mother's unerring instinct she took out a bottle from under the seat and lifted it to his lips. He drank eagerly.

"God! that's damn' white of you, pal," he whispered. "It's this beastly tropical heat that gets you."

Day was drawing to an end. On the horizon the setting sun was sweeping in great circles across the sky.

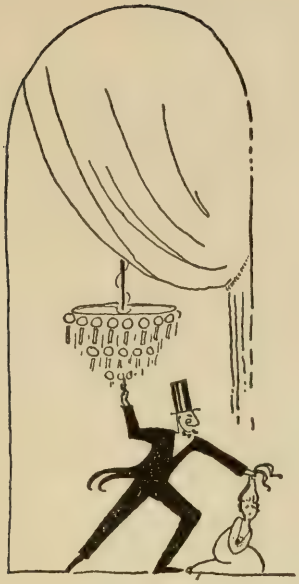
Again Herman's head sank.

"The bottle!" he cried—and again he drank eagerly. A lone passerby might, in the shades of the coming night, have seen a 1921 Ford roadster wending its devious way over the burning sands.

III

And when the stars began to twinkle in the blue vault of heaven o'erhead, two persons and one mechanism might have been seen lying cold and still mid the desert vastnesses. It was Amy the Wop, and Herman ("the Kid") and the 1921 Ford roadster.

They had struggled—and lost.



" . . . he had plucked the heavily crystaled chandelier from the ceiling . . . "

The Great Wen Murder
or Detective Keene Sees it Through

I

THE murder was of a most baffling and perplexing nature. The body was found stuffed partially into a kitchen sink in a fashionable Park Avenue residence. Blood was upon the floor. In fact, had it not been for the blood upon the floor (and the body partially stuffed in the kitchen sink) there might have been nothing to tell the police that a murder had been committed. (And now, before you go any farther, it might be just as well to tell you, Gentle Reader, that the mystery has never been cleared up.)

II

Let us first look at the character of the murdered person. Inasmuch as she was never identified, it is, of course, a bit nebulous to tell of her character. But certain distinguishing characteristics upon her mangled corpse seemed to reveal that: (a) She was in the habit of frequenting a certain pool room at 32nd and Mulberry Streets on alternate Tuesdays, from two-thirty to four o'clock. (b) On the arm that had been chewed off by the murderer, she had a wen upon the inside of the elbow. (c) Her family life had been a conspicuous failure, because of the existence of a third cousin, who wrote insulting notes to her cooks, thereby causing them to leave.

III

Now that's that. A mere babe could tell (and that at a glance) that: (a) Upon Tuesday the 14th of November (the year was 1903), she had gone to the pool room as usual. (b) She had there met the obnoxious third cousin, and invited him to five o'clock tea, immediately following the pool game. (c) The tea had failed to materialize because of the fact that the cook had left, for the sixth time in as many weeks. All these things are perfectly obvious pieces of evidence, even to the casual observer.

IV

But how did the police discover that: (a) The man had said, "It's my fault that the cook left—I'm sorry!" (b) She had hissed, "You dastard!—you've been doing it for thirty-eight weeks then?" (c) He had said, "I have!" (d) She had said, "Out of my house! Out of my house—forever!!" (e) He had said, "You are a lout and an angleworm! I dislike you for reasons

which I do not find it convenient to disclose at present! I detest wens. You have a wen." (f) She had rushed at him with bared fangs, and he had plucked the heavily crystaled chandelier from the ceiling and struck her with it, over the left eye ——?

For such had indeed been the case.

V

But how—*how*—had the Police found all these things out? What devilishly intricate method of reasoning had they used? Where had the association of fact (c) with fact (a) led them? What, if any, were the reasons for supposing that the above conversation had taken place? What would you have done in a similar situation? What did they do? What good did it do them? Did or did not Darwin believe in the theory of the Inheritance of Acquired Characteristics? Give reasons.

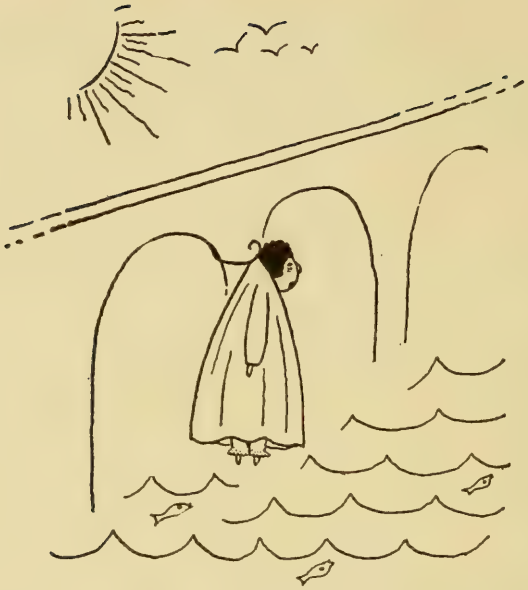
VI

Perhaps you have assumed that the miscreant was brought to justice. That he was tried by an unbribed jury of intelligent citizens and found guilty. That he was electrocuted. That he descended to the Shades of Hades in the form of a *paramoecium caudatum.* Perhaps you, too, have often wondered just how the criminal mind works, and how a knowledge of its working aids the police in tracking down murderers like ours. (*Now—don't be nasty!*)

VII

In conclusion it might be well to state that the body was removed from the sink, and that the sink was thoroughly scoured with a liberal application of Dutch Cleanser. But that did not bring our hero back to life, nor did it bring back the thirty-eight departed cooks, nor did it prove anything.

You can't win.



"For she got caught on a piece of projecting wire . . . "

Simple Sixteen

or Little Gertrude Comes to Grips With Life

I

THE haggard face of the little girl gazed up from amidst the pillows.

"Is there a God, mumsey?" she murmured eagerly.

"Yes, darling, up in heaven, and he watches over all of us," was the kindly reply.

"And will I go to heaven when I die?"

"Yes, dear."

"I think I'll go to heaven soon, then," said little Gertrude.

A salty tear dropped onto the carpet, from one knew not whence. Then all was silence.

"Mumsey dear."

"What, darling?"

"Will God let me take my teddy-bear with me?"

A sob rent the air.

II

Outside, all was sunshine and happiness.

"Oh" said little Annabel joyously as she stumbled over the curb where she was playing hopscotch, thereby breaking a leg.

And at that signal, all the little girls ran, as with one accord, over to Jenny the Governess, who was carrying a tray of sandwiches.

For it was Gertrude's sixteenth birthday.

But within, in the sick girl's room, all was dark.

"Mumsey, dear, have I been a good girl?"

"Yes, darling, you have been a great joy and a great blessing, and it will be with considerable reluctance that I will deliver you into God's hands. But we must not be selfish, and I am sure that He will enjoy having you with Him as much as I have enjoyed it."

"Mumsey, what are you talking about?" The voice was feeble, now.

"Darling, . . ." But a loud clap of thunder interrupted her childish prattle. Rain was coming down in torrents. The girls without came within so as not to get wet.

And so is Life! One moment it is all Sunshine and Happiness—the next, it is Darkness and Cruelty and Doubt.

III

But life still lingered on in the little girl, with an obstinacy that was something awful. Her parents had consulted all the doctors, but there was nothing to be done. She wouldn't die. Her disposition, as always, was irreproachable.

One morning, as her mother was bringing in the breakfast tray consisting of the Welsh rarebit with chili sauce and pimento cheese, and the usual tempting dash of potassium cyanide, a luxurious Rolls-Royce roadster drew up outside the happy peace-enwrapped domicile. Out of it stepped a very handsome young man, with a moustache and a top hat and an air about him.

"Oh, maybe it's my Prince Charming!" exclaimed Gertrude, for she had been brought up (as far as she had been brought) on fairy tales. 'Twas.

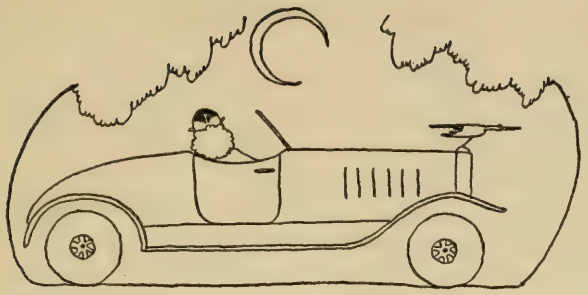
"Well, I wouldn't be a darned bit surprised" parried her mother.

Ensuing happenings also pointed in that direction, for, to make a long story short, the gentleman carried off Gertrude in his car, after receiving a twenty dollar bill, which her mother had surreptitiously slipped into his hand.

But, life is a hard, cruel business. You've got to fight, or it gets you, every time.

It was not long before Gertrude discovered, with her usual acumen, that the young man meant no good; for as they were driving over Brooklyn Bridge, he made a pass at her, and threw her over the railing. I am happy to be able to report that little Gertrude met with no harm, however, and was returned home intact, if a trifle haggard. For she got caught on a piece of projecting wire, and was rescued by some kindly fisherman.

Most recent indications seem to point toward the fact that her parents are resigned at last to their fate. (There's a moral in that!)



"Here was a pair of perfectly mated lovers."

Yellow, Blue, Red, Lavender, Tan

A SAFFRON moon hung in the limpid air. All about was the scent of hyacinth and jasmine, and on the wings of the dusk was borne the long low call of a lone whippoorwill. The very trees seemed to breathe "Romance", "Romance", and the occupants of the rakish yellow roadster seemed to have heard and heeded the call. "Darling," he was saying for the third time, "Darling, I wonder—I wonder if—if—you love me?" And for the third time the warm live little bit of femininity in his arms was saying, "Darling, I do—I do—love you!"

Not the ordinary passion, this, but something more deeply interfused with the philosophical spirit of two who were born to be mated. He for her and she for him, and let the world go its own way.

* * * * *

Somewhat farther down the road, a blue roadster was drawn up beneath the trees. An inquisitive cricket, hopping on the running board, heard a masculine voice

saying in an ardent, earnest tone, "Beloved, do you—can you care—care for me?" And the cricket had to listen intently to hear the low-spoken reply, "Beloved, you know—you know—I do care!"

Here was a pair of perfectly mated lovers. Theirs was not the ordinary love of a man for a woman. They knew—each knew that the other knew—that they were meant for one another. It was as inevitable as night after day. She had come into his life, he had come into hers, and that had been all that mattered.

* * * * *

And on the same road, there was a flaming red roadster, and a lavender one, and a tan. Each contained a man and a woman whose love was unique, different, perfect.

* * * * *

(Well, *College Humor* comes out once a month, doesn't it?)

MENTIONING NO NAMES . . .

I have *never* seen a man who could take so many snap courses at once. Ordinarily one doesn't mind a man taking, say Dr. Dash's "Dash 1" or old Dash's "Dash 2b" at once, but for a person to take "Dash" *and* "Dash" *and* "Dash" (to say nothing of the "Dash" course he tried to get in and couldn't), is carrying the thing a bit too far. And have you ever seen him the night before an examination? He is in a turmoil. He just does not know *what* it is all about. "For Dash's sake, George, what does this Dash thing mean. I am in a turmoil," he will tell you. And snap courses too, if you please.



" . . . she pressed her shapely limbs into the luxurious folds of the bedspread."

The Shot in the Dark

A TRAGEDY OF LONDON'S HIGH SOCIETY

"FOR crying out loud!" said the Duchess. "Will that dog *never* housebreak!" And with a languid motion so typical of the higher type of Duchesses she pressed her shapely limbs into the luxurious folds of the bedspread of henna brocade, lined with alternating strips of old rose and mauve *crêpe de chine*, accordion pleated.

Suddenly the phone rang.

Now to most people this would have been mystifying, for nowhere about was the peculiar apparatus commonly associated with the telephone visible. But with an adroit motion of her little finger the Duchess Wilhelmina of Wyx (for such indeed was her name) pressed a little trigger on her luxuriously embossed and engraved hot water bottle, and out popped naught else but a little telephone, of silver and gold and jewels of rare lustre.

"Hello," she queried.

"Hello," said a voice at the other end of the wire. "Zat you, Duchess?"

"Yah. Zat you, Julius? Oh Julius dear, you don't know how lonesome I've been! My husband, the Duke, has been away for three days now, and I'm just crazy to see you Julius dear. Now you'll come over right away won't you?" And she hung up with the dainty motion that had been taught to her while she was still an innocent little lassie at the Myra J. Dumfries School for Girls.

She pressed a button.

Suddenly from among the velvet draperies and cushions and candelabra at the east end of the room emerged a maid, very smartly attired in the latest French fashions, and if you knew what *they* were you'd wish that you'd been there too.

"Têrèse," said the Duchess in the slightly though not too haughty tone of voice recommended for use with servants by Emily Post's book on Etiquette, "Têrèse, my breakfast!"

Scarcely a minute later appeared the winsome damsel with a silver platter piled up with the most delicious and tempting morsels such as, to mention but a few, blanc mange, chocolate eclairs, banana mousse, rasberry fondant and krimpets.

"Oo-oo-oo!" cried the Duchess in childish glee at such a fare, for it was a fare indeed.

"Oo-oo-oo!" she repeated, though this time less eagerly, for she was getting down to business. She set herself to the repast with a vigor that would have done honor to——

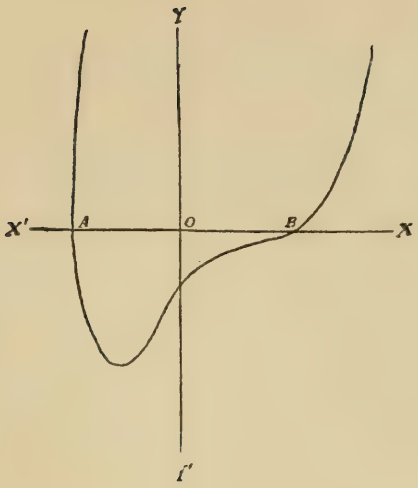
Suddenly a door opened.

"Well for crying out loud!" said the Duchess, for it was a favorite expression of hers.

A shot rang out in the dark.

There was a low moan.

With a dull thud the body fell to the floor. Tragedy had come and passed its cruel hand over the House of Wyx.



" . . . the result of a process so mysterious that the best minds of the world have in vain studied . . . "

The Two Vital Facts

THE lovely soft little three-and-seven-twelfths-year-old fellow snuggled closer to his mother, and put his chubby little arms about her neck. She kissed his firm pink forehead and cooed softly to him. It was the bed-time hour and, as was usual, the tot had come to pour his childish questions into the understanding ear of his fond and adoring parent. Without this, the most tender and poignant of all the tender and poignant relations of the happy household, the child would not have slept a wink, nor would the mother

have been able to eat her dinner in comfort. As they rocked back and forth in the big chair by the window they were the very picture of domestic bliss.

"Mother" whispered the child, "I would be inestimably obliged if you would be good enough to enlighten me on a point that has troubled me the entire day."

"Yes, child?"

"Mother, who were the progenitors of Kriss Kringle? His habitation, as we know, is in the frozen reaches of the north, and his way of life solitary. Indeed, so rumor has it, his good horned beasts are the sole companions of his waking hours."

"His daddy and mummy were Mr. and Mrs. Kringle, dear."

"Ah yes, but in that case why do we hear no more of them? Is it not true that filial piety is one of the prime virtues? Is not the good Saint the very epitome of virtue?"

"Child, it is true, yes. But the happiest and most important moment of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Kringle was the moment when the stork brought Kriss. Now he has grown to be such an important man that they are only known through him. Just as daddy and mummy hope some day to be known through *you*."

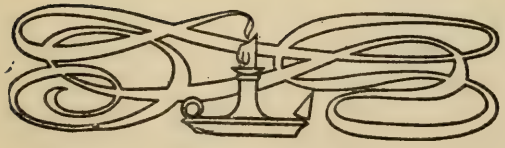
The child peered deep into the eyes of its mother, and a light of combined love and understanding, with just the least touch of condescension, broke over its face. "Mother," it began, "I do not wish to shatter any illusions for you or to be an iconoclast. But it is high time you knew of the More Serious Things of Life. The device of the 'stork' is but a method for veiling in understandable parable the secrets of human reproduction. The 'stork' did not bring Kriss Kringle, nor did it bring you nor, for that matter, did it bring

me. We are all the result of a process so mysterious that the best minds of the world have in vain studied for centuries to fathom it. Bringing the matter down to plain language: Supposing your 'stork' had been engaged in bringing happiness into the Kringle home away up in the icy wastes and a baby had been knocking upon the gates of Existence at the same time down in Palm Beach or Coral Gables? Can't you see for yourself the sheer impossibility of such an explanation?"

"Dearest, you're three years old, and it's time *you* knew one of the Big Secrets. I believe every teeny word of what you just told me about the stork. But then you must believe me when I tell you that there is no Santa Claus. No Kriss Kringle. The good saint is the image of the Spirit of Christmas and . . ."

But she broke off with a cry. The tot had swooned in her arms. In a moment he regained consciousness and, looking up into his mother's eyes, he feebly mumbled, "Then it is—it is as I had feared!"

Smiling, the boy fell dead.



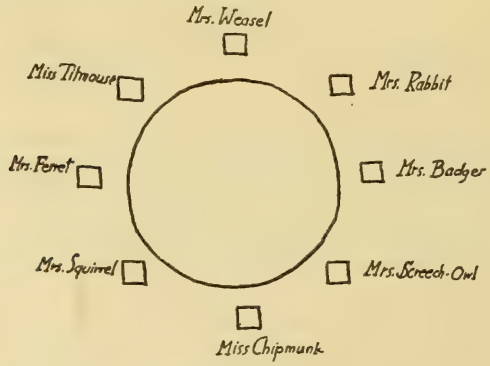
Mr. Badger Bites the Dust

MRS. WEASEL was having a party.

She had invited seven other ladies including Mrs. Ferret, Mrs. Badger, Mrs. Squirrel, Miss Screech-Owl, Mrs. Rabbit, Miss Titmouse, and Miss Chipmunk.

Now the big problem was—*How* to seat them? Looking the matter up in Fine's College Algebra (See "BOOKS" at end of this issue), which was as a friend in need and bedside companion to her soul, she found: That there were $(n - 1)!$ or 7! or 5040 possible arrangements (see page 396). So *that* didn't help much, did it? She had to be careful, for there were nasty rumours about Mrs. Rabbit and Mr. Badger; Mrs. Ferret and the Titmouse woman had recently had a dispute in the *Woods Hole Times* about the Byron Complex; and also there had been some unpleasantnesses about a baby-carriage that Mrs. Squirrel had bought from Mr. Ferret, and which had broken on the middle of a bridge, depositing all the baby squirrels in the water. And there were other things.

But the matter just *had* to be faced and you just *can't* be too careful about such things. Finally she arranged them in this order:



And the party turned out a very jolly one.

While all this was going on, the sleek, handsome Mr. Badger was visiting the lovely Polly Partridge at her luxurious Park Avenue home.

"Alec," she said languidly, "Alec, I'm stifling in this atmosphere. My parched soul is thirsting for Beauty. Sometimes I think that only *you* understand me. Let us hie us to the Norwegian fjords, or the dreamy snow-capped Himalayas. . . ."

It was twilight. All breathed Romance.

"Darling," he said for the sixteenth time (*Actual count*), "Darling, I wish that—I wish that I could believe that—that I am yours?" For the sixteenth (*Actual count*) time, the bit of furry life in his arms was saying, "You are—you are!"

"Alec. . . ."

* * * * *

"Gosh, Polly," replied he, "that would be swell. But with the little wife and the kiddies at home. . . . Well . . . you know. . . ."

"You mean . . . ?" she said.

"I mean . . ."

But there is no fury like that of a woman scorned, and Polly Partridge's was a fiery Italianate soul.

And as the sun's last rays crept over the purpling hills, a shot rang out, and Alexander Badger, who once had thrilled all women's hearts, lay nought but a crumpled warm bit of fur.

Time had taken its toll and revenge had been swift in its wake.

The verdict was, of course, suicide and Miss Partridge left for the Riviera shortly after.

And the story of the Riviera, and the way it seeped into the veins not only of the Partridge family, but also of an old gentleman named Dinglebinder, will be related next week in a story entitled:

"Miss Partridge on the Riviera, or, Are All Women Feebleminded?"

Apologia Errataque, and Also Some Intimate Facts

(*Several corrections in the text of the past four issues have been called to our attention. It seems advisable to collect these and call them to the Public Attention at this time.*)

November Issue:

In the poem called "Ausländer", the River Necker should have left its suggestiveness at home, and been the Neck*a*r. Our German correspondent was in high dudgeon at this and says that the anonymous author of the verse had descended to him from heaven in the form of a white dove to reprimand and to scold. Now let's get it straight once and for all: It is "Neckar", with the "a" pronounced as in "Neckar".

The warden of the Statue of Liberty has written in to say that the expression of his charge, as in the cut on page 69, is far too blank properly to convey the lady's intelligence. Sorry, warden.

Our French friend, M. LeMurmurateur, says that he is not the author of the rot above his initials (page 76). We are glad to exonerate Monsieur. The author of the lines would favor us greatly by making himself known to us. We have several garlands of roses and some myrrh that were given us to give him.

Whether or not Mr. Robert Barry, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, wrote "Stand Back" on page 77, we are at a loss to state. At the time of going to press (January 18, 1928) there have been two contributions to the current volume of the HAVERFORDIAN, to which Mr. Barry's name was signed. Mr. Barry wants us to say, however, that (but perhaps we'd better let him say it for himself:)

" . . . nor is he the author of the majority of verses to which his name has been affixed in the last volume." Let's see now. Two contributions, the majority of which he did not write. Majority of two, majority of two, majority of two. . . . We can only figure it to mean that he wrote neither. "Stand Back" however, was delivered into the editor's hands by Mr. Barry in person, in Mr. Barry's own home, and the editor understood that Mr. Barry claimed it as his own. The editors regret their error.

December Issue:

Mr. Eric Hirth tells us that, of the two poems of his on page 107, only one refers to the recent earthquakes in Japan. He says that in Long Island (where Mr. Hirth lives) the general impression was slightly to the contrary. He also says that "White Dawn" is the name of the first four lines of his on the page, "Captive" is the name of the second four, and that the other fourteen should be under the caption "Sonnet Number Seven of a Series of Eight Unintelligible Sonnets from the Russian." Mr. Hirth wanted to be remembered to all.

Mr. Fred Roedelheim, author of "Artist's Prayer" on page 119, has closed his literary career and now attributes all his work to his friend Rodell. He assures us that this is not merely a *nom-de-plume*. Page 119.

M. Stoll is said to have told a friend that, in his translation "France Looks Us Over", the sentence reading, "But what of your skyscrapers?" should read, "But-*what* of-your-skyscrap*ers?*" The editors hope that the rumor is correct.

January Issue:

An observer has called our attention to the similarity of style between John Dickson Carr's "The Dark Banner" (page 147) and George P. Rogers' "The God

of the Gloves" of the April 1927 issue. We confess it a bit beyond us, but the observer goes even so far as to insist that the two were written by Mr. Rogers or that the two were written by Mr. Carr, or that the two were written by Mr. Haddleton. Apologies will doubtless follow.

This is really unpardonable. Page 154. The "Two Sonnets" were written by a gentleman who signs his letter of complaint "Old Beloved". (See? "Old Beloved" is what he calls himself.) The title of the first sonnet is correctly "Autumnal"; the title of the second sonnet is "I. L. Hibberd". That was bad, and we're awfully, awfully sorry.

Mr. Barry disclaims "Not the Strength" (page 174). In fact he says that he definitely *did not write it.* The manuscript came into our hands with no signature, and we were advised by friends of Mr. Barry that his name should be appended. The editors sigh and, once again, regret their error. But they repeat that they cannot hold themselves entirely responsible for unsigned manuscripts that come into their hands.

M. Stoll's poem contains an error of accent. Maybe two. The HAVERFORDIAN prize of thirty peseta will be awarded to any natural-born white Nordic male under fifty-two years of age who spots the aforementioned.

February Issue:

Page 202 is the result of an interesting literary contest. Mr. Joseph Ingraham Gordon, ex-'88, called on Mr. Hirth one night and in the course of the conversation it developed that they both were interested in the same young lady, a Miss Strawes of New York. They determined to see which could write the better eight lines to her. At the end of eight minutes, they turned in their work, and Mr. Gordon was returned the unanimous victor. "In other words," as Hirth said "you voted for

yourself, and I was polite and foolish and voted for you, too. But I knew mine was better." Gordon gets the place of honor on the page as a result of the vote, but the apology must go to Hirth for we consider him both the better poet and the better man. And that, in turn, means an apology to Gordon. Don't you see how complicated the whole thing is? Will you *excuseitpleaase?*

Mr. C. G. Baker finds that a sentence in his "The King's Peacock" (page 203) has been slightly inverted. It is the last sentence, and it should read " . . . falls on all like a blessing from heaven." Baker wants us to say that the author should be applied to for permission to give public presentations of his play, or to translate it into foreign languages including the Scandinavian, or to set it to music.

F. T. Gower, whose "The Old Tale" appears on page 208, is also the artist of the very charming accompanying sketch. Our failure to emphasize this point brought a most delightful letter from Gower, who is at present en route for the South Seas, his favorite land. He said " . . . to tell my HAVERFORDIAN friends that I shall think of them always, no matter in what part of the earth I may happen to be. Hoping that you will attend to this matter for me, I am most sincerely, (signed) F. T. Gower."

The storm of protests that has followed the printing of the four-line verse at the bottom of page 231 has necessitated our promise to take some definite action. Torrents of abuse have been pouring in to the editorial rooms in the form of letters signed "Homely", "Bow-legged", "Pigeon-toed", "Unfortunate", "Just Plain Unattractive", etc., etc. So we must advise the following expedient: With a sharp knife, cut around the double line surrounding the offending verse; place in oven and when well browned serve with melted cheese, on toast.

BOOKS

THE HAVERFORD COLLEGE CATALOGUE

The anonymous author of this interesting bit of work has evidently taken one of those courses which guarantee to make your mind "A File, Not a Pile". There are all sorts of divisions into chapters and sub-chapters and subsubchapters, and the effect is rather to confuse than to make clear.

An interesting innovation is a list of the characters who are to play parts in the story. This reminds one of the *Dramatis Personae* of a play; and it shows that the author must have been self-conscious, himself, about the confusing nature of his plot, and inserted this to lead the bewildered reader through. There are really a *series* of lists—one or two in front, and an index in the back.

The scene of the plot is at a small suburban college. The college atmosphere is laid with a really authoritative definiteness that is only too pleasing in this day of highly impossible collegiate tales and motion pictures. The writer has exhibited a familiarity with the men and the workings of the place that could not have been obtained at other than first-hand sources. He does not, for instance, simply say that a student goes to "Class"—he says that a student goes to:

BIBLICAL LITERATURE

3a Christian Ideals. **The chief teachings of the New Testament; their rise and development.**

Tu. Th. S. 10.30, first half-year—PROFESSOR GRANT.

And, similarly, he does not simply say that a student "has a dormitory room", or "goes to the Library"—he tells, instead, the nature and rental cost of the room, and the nature of, and number of books in the Library. There is even a map of the place!

Indeed, if we are to take "Haverford" College as a typical small American college, we may say that the *Haverford College Catalogue* is the best picture of the small American college, that has yet appeared in print.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

Mr. Webster has a bit overdone his effort to be truly Collegiate. He has blurred his main plot beneath the effusions of a truly remarkable vocabulary, and his sub-plots are all hopelessly Scottish or Abbreviated or Geographical. Perhaps the most notable quality of this unusual work is a sustained gravity of style and an almost perfectly uniform tone running "from A to Z". We have here a sheer gaunt grandeur to conjure with. There is something reminiscent of Funk or of Wagnall in the palmiest days of either. There is breadth, substance, intelligent common sense.

Mr. Webster, we believe, would do well to turn his undeniable talent to poetry or the stage. Both of these fields seem, at present, to require a steadying influence that he could give better than could any other living author. His scope is all-embracing. There seems to be no place where he fears to rush in. And just as one is about to censure him for it, one realizes that he does know nearly all that there is to know about everything. It is a startling discovery. This man should go far.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

It is difficult to decide whether to admire this young man for his courage or for his prolificity. Certainly he has little else to recommend him, and little else to serve him as an excuse for bringing out his own little thoughts on the somewhat difficult art of playwriting. One rather feels like taking the rash fellow aside and talking to him in a fatherly way: "Listen, Bill" we might say, "you're a nice boy and all that, and I'm sure you're a big success with the women and you probably mean well. But for the love of all that's holy, lay off the drama—it's no place for you, and the sooner you realize it, the better." Perhaps that would be a bit too hard on him. He really does show occasional flashes of a more than ordinary lyrical ability. And he has picked up, somewhere, a very convenient sort of two-for-a-cent philosophy which he *will* feed out at intervals. Some such thing as the passage starting "To be or not to be . . ." (from "Hamlet", a tragedy) makes one wonder whether to writhe or applaud.

One thing is certain. The plays should never have been collected. They are the sort of thing that one can stand in small and infrequent doses, but not—oh really *not!*—forty at a time. We really have to say it—we can predict nothing but a somewhat disheartening failure for young Mr. Shakespeare's volume. The plays are totally unplayable and all but unreadable. Perhaps he will learn his lesson—we hope so, for we rather like his name!

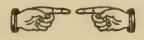
FINE'S COLLEGE ALGEBRA

Mr. Fine has chosen a broader canvas on which to paint, in his newest book. There is a stark strength about this study of life among the Cardinals and Ordinals, that has hitherto been absent in his work.

But there are flaws; there is too little dialogue, and what there is is confusing and blurred. He has much to learn in handling this ticklish literary art. And there isn't the clear-cut straight narrative and sequence of events that one finds in Wentworth and Smith's *Solid Geometry*, or Smith's *Principles of Christian Living*.

An instance is the scene at the dinner table, on page 414, where Mr. X. draws three balls out of an urn containing sixteen variously colored balls. We are left entirely in the air as to the outcome of this move. What happened then? No one knows. All of these things should be in the book.

Mr. Fine has done well, but he has been careless. We do not recommend the mathematical accuracy with which he attacks a purely literary subject. His methods are those of a professor rather than those of a *littérateur*, which seems unfortunate.



"*A* old man" said *B*, "have you heard the rumor that's been going round?"

"Do you mean about old *X*, and the $(x^2 + 2xy + y^2)$?".

"Yes, that's it. *ab* seems to think that it's the work of *m* but I scarcely think he'd do anything as low as n that, do you?"

"Well, you know what they say about *X*,—that he's got a whole $(r + st^2 - w^3)$ at work for him and that you can never tell when it's going on."

"He ought to be run out of town on a rail."

CLASSIFIED INDEX

Automobiles
The Autocar Company
Len Zengel

Automobile Painting
Richard B. Bye

Banks and Trust Companies
Counties Title and Trust Company
Girard Trust Company
Merion Title and Trust Company
Northern Trust Company
Tradesmens National Bank

Barbers
Fortunato Russo

Belting
J. E. Rhoads and Sons

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Montgomery Bus Company

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Bryn Mawr Confectionery Co.
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William G. Hopper and Company
Morley, Wood and Company
F. P. Ristine and Company
Stroud and Company
Rufus Waples and Company

Insurance
The Pennsylvania Company
Provident Mutual Life Insurance Co.

The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVII HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1928 NO. 7

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited. and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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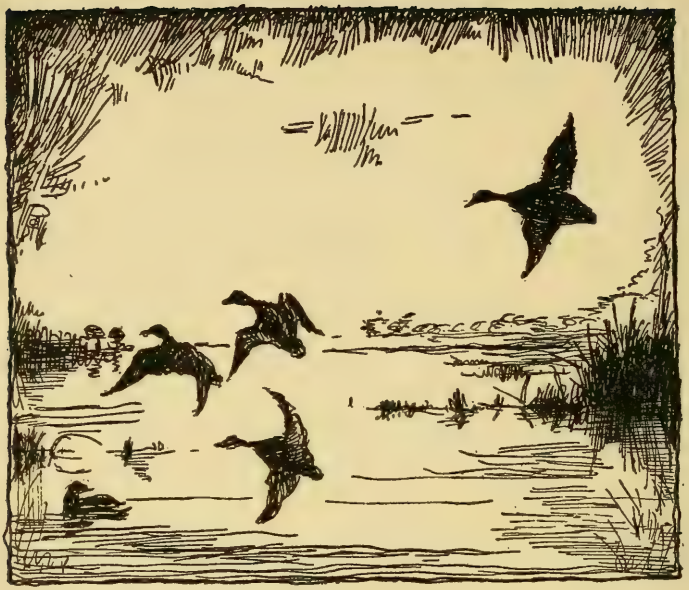
Vale 308

Sonnet

Were I, quite certainly, about to die,
I wonder which of two ways I should take.
I might, of course, resign myself, and sigh
And mumble hasty prayers contrived to make
My way to heaven smooth. It would be said,
"He is so calm, so patient in the face
Of death!" And they would see, when I was dead,
The price that I had paid for heaven's grace.

Or I might do my frantic uttermost
To run my numbered hours buoyantly,
All unrestrained, living into each day
A life of which a score of years might boast.
Having to choose, I hope that I should be
Strong. . .and dare to take the second way.

J. R.



". . . *Seasons painting the trees. The changing wind*
Strong over the ocean, soft on the leaves.
Clouds tinted with sunset. Dewy grass.
Color of roses, the carnation's scent.
A great gold harvest moon just coming up
Slowly majestic. Nights of million stars
Each with its separate twinkle. Rapid water
Between high banks of swaying forest pine.
A heron flapping through the dusk. A flight
Of swift wild ducks. The brown eyes of a deer.
The deep, deep stillness of the woods asleep.
Song of birds at dawn. Falling of dusk . . . ''

So Much Wisdom

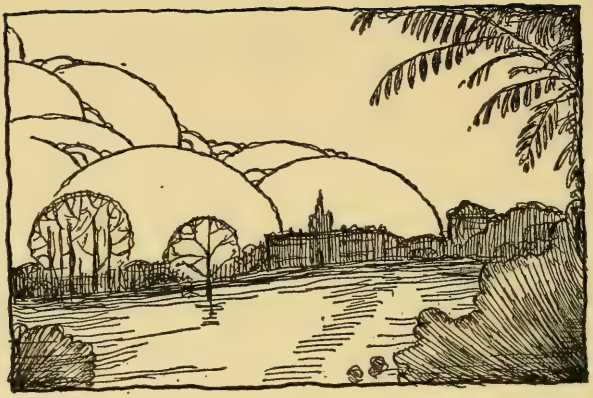
IN A very small town in northern Maine, a very old man was living the last several years of a remarkable life. He had not always lived there. And none of the natives bothered to find out precisely why he had chosen their particular town, or why he wasn't using his university degree to make money and a reputation. Maybe they thought that he wouldn't tell them (and he wouldn't have). So, naturally, the old story of drink had been accepted. This was incorrect.

He was known to be educated, and to read a great deal. And he gradually came to be thought of as something of a Wise Man. There was no awe connected with this thought—only a whole conviction which, once planted, could not possibly have been uprooted. Opinions of the sort were not formed every week or every year and so the unusual was made traditional; and you may hear even to this day the following:

The old man was dying, and the town was greatly moved. It began to think that it was losing a priceless asset, and it started to wonder why it hadn't been paying more active attention, these years. Somebody said that he had been told always to remember the last words of famous men. The application was so obvious that intense excitement took the place of the strained sorrow. This would be something to write in the cover of the family Bible. Wisdom. Real wisdom.

When he died, he had been talking of men and of cities and of strange mechanical things. No one thought that his last words had fulfilled expectations at all, and everybody was disappointed. In fact, so far from being written in the covers of Bibles, they have been virtually forgotten.

The old man's last words had been: "Nothing is beautiful but wild fowl settling on the water at evening. . . ."



"Every institution has its local Credo. We must not look for any reason behind it nor must we try to eliminate it or make excuses for it or be proud of it. All we can do is try to express it, and even this bears a vague resemblance to the process of trapping a ghost. In the case of a college, one inhales the Credo on the campus, and one forgets it immediately he leaves; it is the alma mater become articulate, and opinionated, and naïve. . . ."

The Great Haverford Credo

(With Adequate Apologies)

1

That all required courses are valueless.

2

That there is no relation between native intelligence and scholastic average.

3

That, with two exceptions, no student shall be permitted to keep an automobile at College.

4

That the food served in the College dining room is invariably inedible.

5

That there is some definite relation between *en masse* attendance at cheer meetings and the winning of athletic contests.

6

That there is something questionable about all of the books in the glass case of the library.

7

That residence in Merion Hall is indicative of a desire for riotous life.

8

That there is something significantly mysterious about the north end of the Union.

9

That certain professors are addicted to the practice of throwing examination books down a flight of stairs to determine their ratings.

10

That certain professors don't even take that trouble.

11

That nothing in the HAVERFORDIAN is ever correctly signed.

12

That there is some real reason for the maintenance of cricket.

13

That occupants of the last three benches always read magazines or slumber in Meeting.

14

That good grades are obtainable by manifestation of concern as to professors' healths, and by feigned excess of interest.

15

That it is more worth while to get up for breakfast than to sleep the extra half hour.

16

That the *Haverford News* is an independent undergraduate newspaper containing news of interest to Haverford College and its friends.

17

That the absence of fraternity life has resulted in a perfectly democratic spirit among the undergraduates.

18

That members of the Liberal Club are incorrigible radicals.

19

That members of the athletic teams are necessarily fine physical specimens.

20

That participation in a *Cap and Bells* play is adequate preparation for a dramatic career.

21

That those who attend Y. M. C. A. meetings are the moral cream of the campus.

22

That there is no conceivable excuse for morning Collection.

23

That the main principle to be remembered in an examination in Biology I is that the liver is the war-horse of the body.

24

That outsiders believe that Haverford is the most difficult college in the country into which to gain admission.

25

That the attainment of the privilege of unlimited class cuts results immediately in non-attendance at the majority of classes.

26

That loyalty to alma mater is dependent upon pennants and banners hung in dormitory rooms.

27

That membership on the board of the college paper is adequate preparation for a journalistic career.

28

That the Mary Newlin Smith Memorial Garden is densely populated on Junior Promenade nights.

29

That the HAVERFORDIAN takes itself seriously.

30

That it is not worth while, ordinarily, to take Meeting seriously.

31

That persons who read books other than college text books are somehow abnormal.

32

That there is at least one genius in each class.

33

That there will, of necessity, be at least one fire at college every year and that the chances are that it will be the barn and that there is a general hope that it will some day be Barclay Hall.

34

That John, the peanut peddler, is entirely pathetic.

35

That Swarthmore College is almost the opposite of its very admirable self.

36

That the food served at the training tables is especially adapted to consumption by and building up of athletes, as contradistinguished from students.

37

That the spirit of romance hovers about the Library desk.

38

That a ham sandwich and a concoction of milk and syrup and ice cream furnish a constitutionally adequate meal.

39

That there is something reproachable about the service of the Philadelphia and Western Railway.

40

That there are practically no attractive girls at Bryn Mawr College.

41

That a prevalent method of admission to the Infirmary is one in no way connected with the health of the applicant.

42

That all freshmen are basically similar as to characteristics and personality and that they should, therefore, all be treated alike.

43

That men intend to marry the girls whom they bring to Junior Promenades.

44

That all Seniors are more learned than all Juniors, that all Juniors are more learned than all Sophomores, and that all Sophomores are more learned than all Freshmen.

45

That editorials, letters, reviews, and comments on the editorial page of the *Haverford News* are invariably written by persons who know what they are talking about.

46

That the janitors spend one half of the day making beds and the other half rolling dice, and all of the night in social pleasures.

47

That the *Public Ledger* and the *Saturday Evening Post* represent the best of American journalism in their respective fields.

48

That a liberal education is not complete without at least one visit to the Trocadero Theater.

49

That the possession of a derby hat is indicative of social polish.

50

That Coach Haddleton believes that anyone with a pair of sound legs can be made into a champion half-miler or high hurdler.

51

That bellowing the familiar name of the Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings will cause the lights to go on.

52

That the universally desired schedule consists of five "snap" courses, to fall between 11:30 and 2:30, excepting on days when there is no Collection, at which times there are to be none before lunch.

53

That it is futile to arrive at a meal three minutes late.

54

That the student body of the College is mainly responsible for the maintenance of the Haverford Pharmacy, the Ardmore Theater, and the Seville Theater in Bryn Mawr.

55

That all Library Lectures are valueless.

56

That an adequate method of preparation for semester examinations is to study conscientiously throughout the term.

57

That the main and constant concern of the Dean is whom he will next expel.

58

That a College diploma is worth $72,000.00 or that it is worth .72 cents.



Two Songs For One

I

Each smallest thing you do
Leaves me to wonder, dear,
Whether it was done
For me. If done gaily,
With grace, it was not,
I fear.
And if done with hesitation,
Perhaps so.
But whether or not—
Though you might never tell
That this gesture, perhaps,
Annoyed you, or, happily that
This one pleased
You well,
Always, always, one
Of us two would know.
Let me, let me be the one
To love, if there must
Be but one;
My heart is the less
Tender, I suspect,
And you will not know
After it has been done—
Not that I suffered, not
That you hurt me so.

II

I think each tender casual thing
You say is a white butterfly,
Freshly emerged and samite-gleaming
In the still sun, then passing by.

I've built a net and caught them all,
And framed each body in my heart;
And if you wish, I'll let you see
Each specimen of your white art.

Only remember this, dear love,
Before you look: they're dead and dry—
They hang in frames of silver, but,
They can no longer fly!

F. P.



"Le Siècle"

BROADLY speaking, it might not be too much to say that the reign of Louis XIV consisted of Louis XIV. His was not the power of an absolute monarch as we usually conceive such a power; it seems to have transcended a mere "this you may do and this you may not do" system, and to have included some sort of a sovereignty over men's minds and opinions. Finding his kingdom in a state of comparative calm, he immediately set out to transform a time of balanced power into one of absolute submission to himself. With his methods, we are here unconcerned. Suffice it to recall, however, that: *Le roi étant l'unique source de tout pouvoir et de toute faveur, la nation tout entière se prosterne à ses pieds, le glorifie, l'implore, l'adore.* . .

Perhaps it is quite natural that this phenomenon of absolutism should have resulted in a great and very careless throwing about of the term *le siècle de Louis XIV*. Everything and everybody remotely connected (and in many cases even quite unconnected) with the great reign has doubtless, at one time or another, been regarded as a true child of *le siècle de Louis XIV*. And

in literature this is peculiarly marked. Descartes, for example—what, in the name of heaven, does he owe to Louis XIV! But how often has his name been listed as a proper concomitant of others of the Golden Age! And what of Corneille? It is scarcely necessary to point out that "Le Cid" was played two years before the king's birth. And so with Retz and with La Rochefoucauld, and the entire Port-Royal group. This latter seems, in spite of the patent fact that Louis persecuted it right down to the ground, to have acquired a *siècle* flavor for its benefits—quite in spite of itself. We have only to look at the cold and unemotional dates to learn that, at the time Louis XIV ascended to the French throne, Molière, La Fontaine, and Bossuet (certainly reckoned three of the very chief "ornaments") were forty-one, forty, and thirty-four years of age, respectively! But enough of this. We have seen that the pie has been poorly sliced, and that is all that was intended.

Well, now—what wa lacking? Any b anch of literature untouched or poorly touched? We think not. Concede the poetry of Boileau and of La Fontaine and of a small and lesser school; concede the dramatists, if you will; concede the pulpit orators, and the Mémoires of Saint-Simon, and the prose novel of Mme. de La Fayette. In fact, concede each category, simply for the sake of pointing out that, c tegorically speaking, nothing is missing. For, only when we have disposed of physical omission possibilities, can we go deeper and find the omission in back. But before passing on, it might be well to observe the comment of M. Demogeot who, as will be obvious, is *not* willing to make the liberal concessions to Louis' reign that we have made, above. He remarks, *Si la littérature de cette époque n'eût été que le reflet des moeurs élégantes de la cour, elle pourrait attirer la curiosité de l'historien, elle ne mériterait pas l'étude et l'admiration de l'artiste; elle tiendrait dans les annales de l'esprit humain la même place que la poésie éphémère des troubadours.*

The lack was *initiative; originality,* if you will; *unrest,* perhaps. Self-assertion, generally speaking, seems to have gone by the boards. The placidity and self-satisfaction of the court—its perfect willingness to eat out of the king's hand—betoken the absence of a spiritual driving power that would seem, to us, absolutely essential to any healthy human society. But the society was distinctly unhealthy. To live off the fat of the peasant lands, to make of leisure a predatory art, to establish a brilliant and gleaming idol to the great god Kotow—these are not pursuits exactly calculated to inspire the admiration of posterity or its wish to live in such a way.

Briefly, the age of Louis XIV never succeeded in rising above Versailles. That Versailles should have been the "be all and the end all" is in no way reprehensible. But that the whole of France (indeed a great part of Europe) should have looked thither with the air of the rustic contemplating New York City is quite, quite ridiculous. It was a period of far too many delusions and far too few disillusionings.

Finally, the France of Louis XIV and the literature of his reign were of a very highly restricted type. In no sense was either the nation or the literature broadly national. It may be all quite well for a small and flashing "cercle" to usurp the international eye for a short period of time, but viewing the situation from a later point of view, it might have been both uncomfortable and dangerous to have lived during that short period but not in that "cercle". This is what is meant when we say that the "age of Louis XIV never succeeded in rising above Versailles"; this is the reason for the distinctly bad taste left in the mouth of the casual historian who reviews that age; and this is the one definite deficiency.

What, we wonder, was happening underneath? Where were the various Muses of the Quartier Latin? Was there never a bread-and-butter effort with a bread-and-

butter result during the course of half a century? If so, what has become of it? Evidently the sustained brilliance of the court had reacted to an equally sustained torpor of the lower classes. As it is evident, negatively, in the literature, it is evident, positively to the research of posterity, in all national life.

Spontaneity seldom dwells in high places. Certainly it abhorred the high places of Louis XIV. A totally stilted subjectiveness was there in its stead.

Translated from the "Coups D'Oeil"
of Le Murmurateur.

Chambre Bleue

By Le M.

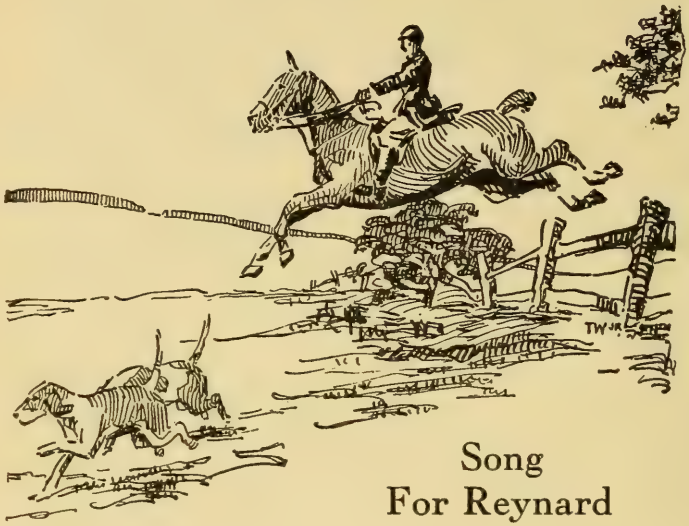
I think the moon is a pale marquise
Surrounded by a group of enchanted listeners
Who draw back their pasty, heavy perruques
To hear the better
Each daintily turned conceit.

Autumn has compiled a garland of leaf-odes
No two quite the same, yet none strikingly different,
And has grouped them in its earth-album
Miscellaneously.
Now they rustle: next year they will be gone.

Is it not strange how the cat-tails murmur precious phrases
Intently and incessantly, to one another,
Then move together in sudden admiration of a single wave
Borne in on the lake?
And so it is: soon they will murmur again to themselves.

A Member of the Staff of the "American Mercury" Discusses Affairs in General

"YEA, that's what I told old Harry I says to him I says Harry you can say all you darn please but this country's the best dam country they is and as I tells people who kicks about it if you don't like this country why don't you go somewhere else and I'll tell ya another thing they ain't nothing like democracy for running a country and I don't care who says no they ain't no country run as well as this here one is and look at all the presidents we had why they ain't no other country had presidents like we had look at George Washington frinstance and look at this guy Lincoln and Wilson and I guess you'll show me any other head of any other country that could lead his people into battle the way old Wilson done eh and look at old Cautious Cal as I call him why as I was sayin to the boys just the other night I was sayin this Coolidge prosperity ain't nothin short of a marvel that's what it ain't and I don't care what smart guy says he ain't no good look at the way he sent this bird Charlie Lindenberg say he is a bird in more ways than one too ain't he Harry off to Europe to settle about the debt and I guess they ain't no guy that could of fixed things up any better than the way he done is they and look who sent him over why it was Cautious Cal every time and look at the way he fixed up this here Nickeraguma place and sent down the good old U. S. Marines and they didn't take no sass from nobody I can tell you Harry why when that gang gets to work they ain't nothin can stop em and to hell with these little backwater dumps clean em the hell up I says and thats what old Cal says too you bet Harry."



Song For Reynard

Little red fox of the hunted brush,
This is a song for you—
Enough of the red-coated riders who follow
With bugle blast and reechoing halloa;
Enough of the mounts and the eager pack
Thundering by on your own lone track,
Enough of their cowardly gallantry! You,
The small bit of fur that the scores pursue,
Are the one to be sung! (In the crisp morning air,
When autumn has left every woodpath aflare
With riot of color!) Let my song ring true—
Little red fox of the hunted brush,
This is a song for you.

F. T. G.

Local Color

DARN it anyway,—he mused, as he leaned back in his chair and elevated his feet to a position on the desk. It wasn't a particularly comfortable attitude, but he knew that it must look pleasantly nonchalant and the idea rather tickled him. Darn it anyway; and he inhaled slowly, deeply on his pipe. Yes, even the pipe was right—one of those virile, straightforward-looking pipes which movie actresses love to see men smoke,—earnest, cleanshaven men. Women always have a weakness for the handsome brute type; quite properly, he added, almost gloating. But why on earth be a handsome brute when she—darn it anyway!

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and this was Tuesday. Three whole days she had been gone. He knew it perfectly well but there was a satisfaction in counting it all out again. What fools her family were! Sending off a kid like that, practically by herself, for a year in Paris. "You never know what may happen to a girl in Paris";—he had heard that somewhere. But it didn't worry him; stories were always exaggerated, and moreover she wasn't that kind—not she.

Just now, though, she was on the boat; he reluctantly admitted that he didn't quite like the thought of that. So many couples seemed to "meet" on the boat to Europe; or was he thinking of the honeymoons? And all those tales of crisp starry nights—the top deck—the soothing swell of the ocean. His roommate had been over once and still drooled on occasions about the romance of the sea. Romance?—blah!—but he knew that was sour grapes. However, she might be seasick. He cursed himself for brightening at the thought; what a thoroughly selfish ass he was anyway! He had even assured her that she wouldn't be sick, that it was all mental, this seasick business. But then, it was her first ocean trip.

The small of his back, where he had been sitting on it,

began to ache, so he slid his feet down and straightened up. He drew in on his pipe and let the smoke falter out of his mouth almost reluctantly, as water must look going out of a bathtub.

True, they were as good as engaged,—an "understanding" they had called it,—and she had promised, quite faithfully. But somehow he didn't feel at all confident. She had meant it all right when she said it; there was no doubting that. But many things could happen in a year, and he knew what Shakespeare—wasn't it Shakespeare?—once said about "woman's privilege". That was one of the disadvantages of being a man;—it was in your nature to be constant. Might be rather nice too, if only women weren't so blooming fickle. "The weaker sex"—they deserved that title. Well, he'd talk to her about it—but no, silly, how could he now? A letter would never do; but what else was there?

"Dearest," he began. "Darling" was a bit too sloppy, and he had used "Girl of mine" the time before. "I can't seem to realize that you're to be abroad for twelve long months." No,—"in Europe" would sound better. Why should he think of things like that when he was writing to her? Then—"But I shan't forget those blue eyes of yours—I couldn't forget them—they're too blue." That was rather good, he reflected; he'd save that till toward the end— "—those blue eyes of yours—I couldn't forget them—they're too blue." . . .

* * *

It was an ideal Prom night. He had known that when he had suggested a bit of a walk "to cool off." Funny way people had of talking around the bush; but then it would hardly do to break out with "let's go out and neck for a while." Anyway, she had known what he meant; that was rather expected of a Prom girl. And here they were. He looked at her, kittenishly cuddled against him. No getting around the fact that

she was cute. But she was more than that. Would even make a good little wife—some day perhaps. But why bother about such serious things?—it was too vacuously blissful just as he was.

A speck marred his perfect serenity and his brow wrinkled ever so slightly. After tomorrow he wouldn't see her again until the final dance at Commencement time. He held her a trifle closer. "Dearest," he began. "Darling" was a bit too sloppy and he had used "Girl of mine" a minute before. "I can't seem to realize that you're to be away for two long months." Then he paused. A familiar ring to that; perhaps he was unconsciously quoting something he had read. He saw her looking up at him, sweetly anticipant, eager for him to go on.—"But I shan't forget those brown eyes of yours —I couldn't forget them—they're too brown." And even as he bent down to kiss her, a vaguely disquieting feeling told him that his quotation had just missed being perfect. F. R.

That I Could Not See

by E. H.

You're gone:
And I do not even know
Whether it was my smile,
Or the light falling on my hair,
Or the way I arched my eyebrows
Or slouched in my chair—
I only know
That you were frightened
At something about me
That I could not see.
And now I hear
Only swift steps
Down the hall,
And a swiftly closing door.

Revolt of the Old Lady From Dubuque

Modern people, modern ways,
Modern this and that
Often gripe. Just why should I
Wear the same type hat
That I see adorning the
Proletariat?
At the feet of those who do
Things not de rigeur—
Each non-tabloid-reading him,
Every long-haired her—
I will kneel and lay my gifts,
Frankincense and myrrh.
Is it logic that we should
Tamely take our cue
From the thousand thrilling things,
Asinine but new,
That a certain fat four hun-
Dred New Yorkers do?
Modern people, modern ways,
Modern those and these . . .
(Yes, I've got the Question Book—
Passed the tests with ease;
Handwriting? Why surely,—I
Mind my Q's and P's.
Have you mastered contract bridge?
Teach it to me, please.)

J. I. G.

White Wings and Things

I LIKE white wings—there's something about them. They have a pride in their work that's just dandy. And they keep the streets so nice and clean and neat and proper. And wholesome, too. That is very important, keeping the streets wholesome, because they say that there was a time once when it was impossible for a nice girl to walk down the street and come back without looking noticeably soiled. Now, of course, it's rare indeed that a girl walks down the street and returns home noticeably soiled.

And my white wing friends are such well-read fellows. You've no idea the amount of really splendid literature they come across during their day's work. Besides being well-read, I find them to be very cosmopolitan. Not only cosmopolitan you understand, but—well, cosmopolitan. They've been around, these white wings have. They've seen things. One white wing I know said he saw too much and retired to think it all over. But that's Life.

I suppose what I really like most about them is their individuality. Each one has charm. I suppose the infinite variety of things, the ever-changing panorama of things, the scope, the sweep—it all makes for character.

For years and years each one of them has been accumulating things that escape the notice of a material, inartistic world. I like to call it riches. Not the sordid sort of riches that goes to buy champagne. No—riches. Like the Greeks that stayed in Greece a long time ago used to have.

You ask me what a white wing thinks about while he's cleaning up our broad highways and stately boulevards; you ask me because thinking I'm their friend I should know. Well, I am and I do. And I'll tell you.

He gets up for breakfast, curls his moustaches, washes a kiddie or two, then starts off for the office, his lunch under his arm, thinking what a swell job it is being a

white wing. At the office he sees the fellows, climbs into his uniform, equips himself, then starts out, walking part of the way with some of the other fellows, and thinking what a wonderful job it is being a white wing.

During the morning he thinks that today's the day he'll find a dollar bill, hoping that if he does he won't get bumped off just as he's picking it up. At noon he goes over to the corner where another building is going up, eats his lunch, watches the street get all dirty again, curls his moustaches and smiles, thinking how dandy it is to be a white wing.

Things get slower in the afternoon and it isn't so much fun. Then, sometimes, he ponders politics, not really caring a whoop. Because after all it's too silly. But then, sometimes, he finds a pink carnation and tucks the stem up inside his hat so that the flower hangs just above his left ear.

One of my white wing friends has developed a nature that's positively lovely. He has no contempt for the rich and illustrious. He hasn't even a contempt for actresses. He was leaning over along the curb in Forty-seventh Street one day when a taxi pushed him—not very hard. He turned around and swore. Just then an actress got out of the cab. Hearing him swear she gave him fifty cents. He swore some more. She took back the fifty cents and gave him a dollar. He never has stopped talking about that.

Lots more white wings have had the pleasant distinction of having been able to swear at prominent people in a loud voice. Another white wing I know had just finished making a nice, neat little pile of all the dust he could find when Grover Whalen swept around the corner in the Welcoming Car and scattered the dust all over the street again. I was there at the time and I can vouch for the story. My friend swore violently with appropriate gestures. Then he began to laugh very loudly, although

I never could quite make out what was so funny.

Say what you will, I like white wings—there's something about them.

R. B.

D'Outre Mer

If I were slightly braver, I might bear
That this slow-rising cold December moon
Has found me by myself. It is not fair
That you have made me miss you quite so soon
And made me curse this glorious wasted night
That holds you, I suppose (oh so content!)
Happily with another. Is it right
That I should think of you, impenitent?

How hard this is to bear, I wish you knew:
That beauty, as this night, should come and go
Slowly, slowly, to leave when it is gone
Unhappiness. . .It should not have been so;
I should have known these stars, this moon
with you—
With you dear, and instead I am alone.

I. L. H.

Song For A Contented Mortal

Muse, take off your trick high hat—
Quit bravado stuff;
Tell the truth—are love and song
Really quite enough?
Do you really live on that?
Well, old boy, that's tough.
Did you never sink your fangs
In a juicy steak?
Did you never puff the fumes
My Lady Nic can make?
Of some bonded bottled bliss
Did you ne'er partake?
Muse, I really sympathize
With your lofty lot;
Inspiration, dear to you,
I believe is rot—
Would I trade my place for yours?
Frankly, I would not.

To One Who Did Not Like a Sonnet

Too many words? Well, really, that's too bad.
I wonder if you say quite what you mean,
Or if it's not, perhaps, a case of your
Not understanding and not thinking it
A thing worth while to try to understand
The fourteen simple harmless little lines;
And if you've really deigned to read them through
With nothing more important on your mind
As you were reading—also, without all
The preconceived distaste of which I strongly
Suspect you, I shall then be forced to see
That there is, after all, one place for those
Who add their twos and twos and get their fours,
And quite another place for those who play
(As I do) with ideas and with—words!

C. G. B.

BOOKS

STRANGE INTERLUDE

It has been pointed out that *Strange Interlude* marks the beginning of a "to-which-we-can-point-with-pride" stage of American drama. We will go this statement one better and say that it is one of the finest pieces of *literature* written in America during our lifetime. For *Strange Interlude* is as entirely thrilling to the reader as it is to the play-goer. It is a novel as well as a play. Not only that, it is a novel with the superfluity out and with nothing but the vital parts remaining.

To write a nine-act play with only eight characters is a task that none but a confident genius would attempt. To draw in each of the eight so that it is definite, powerful, unforgettable, is an accomplishment of which O'Neill may well be proud. Here are no *Rosencrantz's* and *Guildensterns*, with their ridiculous small businesses; every one who comes upon the stage is going to be the reader's intimate before the final curtain. To put the same thing somewhat differently, there are none of the annoying turnings-back to the "Dramatis Personae" to see just who so-and-so is.

The mental processes seem quite as natural and unforced upon the printed page as do the words actually spoken. In fact they are in reality nothing but a filling-in,—a convincing prelude or postlude to the spoken words. And this is an innovation of the type which fairly cries, "Why hasn't any one ever thought of it before?" It is not merely a psychological *tour de force*—it is a completed treatment where none has been hitherto completed. O'Neill will have no one say, "I'd be delighted" and get away with it, if he

really meant "There's nothing that would pain me more, but social convention forces me to do so." "We might just as well make this perfectly clear," says he.

If you are in the habit of being carried away by books or if you are not, will make no difference in reading *Strange Interlude*. It is a genuine literary experience of the type that comes all too seldom and cannot be too well appreciated when it does. How do you like it, Europe? **97.7%**

(*Boni and Liveright, $2.50*) *E. C. S.*

CLAIRE AMBLER

Booth Tarkington works under a tremendous handicap. People seem unable to see him as anything other than a depicter of Great American Types. This is as unfortunate as it is ridiculous. Thus, for instance, it is said that "Claire Ambler isn't true to type" or that she "isn't accurately a flapper" or a this or a that. No approach could be more asinine. Claire Ambler is Claire Ambler, and she is that admirably—what need to say that she shouldn't be doing various things because they are unusual?

To us, Claire Ambler is intriguing but unsatisfactory. She is the type person to get us interested in what she is about to say or do and then disappoint us by doing or saying something exactly opposed to our wishes. But she is, at least, consistent to a fault. And also, we would very definitely enjoy meeting her.

Tarkington seems fortunate enough to possess a pleasant prolificity. His books, and the persons in them, are not tremendously anything, except tremendously satisfying and tremendously Tarkington. **89%**

(*Doubleday, Doran, $2.50*) *J. F. S.*

THE UGLY DUCHESS

Startling as it may seem, Dr. Feuchtwanger has succeeded in outscotting Scott. It might be more accurate to say that he has something to *add* to Scott. The mediaeval atmosphere,—yes. But with this there is a really sound narrative ability the lack of which has been bemoaned by many an ardent devotee of the venerable Sir Walter.

The Ugly Duchess just misses being as fine a work as was *Power*. However,—as is the case here—a book might be approximately ninety per cent perfect and still fall a bit below *Power*. The reason for this is probably that the sense of completeness is missing from the new effort; the sense of completeness, of course,—the sense of "all-there-is-to-say-has-been-said-and-well-said" is what made *Power* so entirely satisfactory. **90%**

(*Viking, $2.50*) *R. C. B.*

TWO FORSYTE INTERLUDES

A small Galsworthy morsel to be gobbled up for two reasons: It is a part of one of the greatest of English *sagas;* and it is worth reading for its own merit. *A Silent Wooing* is just a trifle better than *Passers By* simply because it is a trifle more self-contained. The former, by the way, is the bridge between *The White Monkey* and *The Silver Spoon*, and the latter comes between *The Silver Spoon* and *Swan Song*, to be published in July. Let no one scorn a Forsyte "interlude" because of its brevity. *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* is the most brilliant spot in the whole brilliancy of the *Saga*. **94%**

(*Scribner, $.50*) *F. W. S.*

AMERICA

Our suggestion for the month is that the present text-books of American history in use in the secondary schools in this country be collected, shipped to Chicago and dropped in Lake Michigan; and that Van Loon's *America* be substituted. We mean this quite seriously. It is a platitude to say that the trivial is often the most significant, but this history (we apologize for calling it that) has the quality of putting life into a dry political event with a mere turn of the phrase. You history boys may keep your Grotes and Gibbonses and Greenes, but as for us, give us Van Loon any day of the week, and we'll pray that our sins may be forgiven us on the Day of Judgment. **90%**

(*Boni and Liveright, $5.00*) *G. W. J.*

CRUSADE

It is painful to have to admit that friend Donn Byrne is growing careless. It is even more painful to have to admit that Donn Byrne seems to be growing the least bit commercial. In discussing him, the logical thing is to compare him with his former self, because his former self is so well known and so respected. Well, then, in the light of his two last books, *Hangman's House* and *Brother Saul*, we must confess that *Crusade* falls almost exactly in between them. It is somewhat like this: No. 1. *Hangman's House*, No. 2. *Crusade*, No. 3. *Brother Saul*. (We leave out of consideration the real gems because we feel almost as though they had been written by a different person.)

Donn Byrne was hailed and acclaimed quite rightly as a master in the art of telling a tale well; but the thing which made him stand out was the devilishly clever way in which he made his characters move through a beauti-

ful surrounding haze of definite atmosphere. Now we see him reduced to pure narration exactly as if he never suspected that a great deal more was expected of him. There is really nothing to say of *Crusade* except that it is a good enough book as books go, but a very disappointing Donn Byrne book as Donn Byrne books go. Doubtless, he spoiled us; so many authors seem to do that. 85%

(*Little Brown, $2.00*) *J. S. H.*

NOVEMBER NIGHT

The mysterious lady (?) who goes under the name of "the author of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out*," has at last come into her own; in her three previous books, always there has been admirable psychology and fine writing, but here, in Denise, the heroine, we are given the touch of humanity. This author, like Walpole and Swinnerton, is essentially a minor novelist, but like those two, is at times very admirable and always completely satisfying and interesting. 90%

(*Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50*) *C. L. C.*

TRISTAN AND ISEULT

The beautiful and moving version of this story by Joseph Bédier is appearing in American bookshops, now, with the Robinson and Masefield versions, and of the three, frankly, it's the one we like best. It proves, for the *n*th time, that the plain, simple way is the best way. The desirability of this book is enhanced by the beautiful way in which it has been got out. Translated—flawlessly of course—by *Hilaire Belloc.*

(*A. and C. Boni, $2.50*) *W. K. H.*

ADAM AND EVE

So much has been written about this book that there is nothing left for us to say, except one unimportant little matter. Erskine has been called wise, and clever, and amusing; well, so was Rabelais, and so was *As You Like It.* Everybody has silently taken it for granted that these books will die soon. All we wish to do here, is maintain, humbly, that they won't. There is comprehension and depth as well as entertainment. **92%**

(*Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50*) *T. V.*

MEMOIRS OF A POOR RELATION

The subtitle of this book,—*Being the Story of a Post-War Girl and Her Battle with Destiny,* rather puts one on guard; and at times, in the book, one suspects that perhaps the author, Mrs. Marietta Minnigerode Andrews, is a Strong-minded Woman—but otherwise the book is an entirely pleasant one. Over it lies the air of Southern gentility and tradition, and at times it reads like a novel. And incidentally the book is most attractively printed and bound. **80%**

(*Dutton, $5.00*) *H. S.*

THE FACETIAE OF POGGIO

The first impression one gets on looking into this Collection of Renaissance jokes, is that the humor is hopelessly sour. But keep on reading, and the book acquires a definite charm: these wisecracks and naughty stories give one, in the bulk, a very vivid picture of the life of the time. It is a valuable addition to the very fine collection of Broadway Translations.

(*Dutton, $3.00*) *E. H. R.*

THE POOR GENTLEMAN

Ian Hay, whatever else he may or may not be, is always entertaining. In his new novel of adversity and adventure and love, he reaches a virtual top level of unassuming and unpretentious story telling. In fact the work of Major Beeth is a perfect example of the *vain et plaisant* literature that is so conspicuously tasty and so conspicuously lacking in nourishment.

Captain Barry Shere, the hero, will not let his blindness interfere with his love of danger and romance. Therefore, as Captain Barry Shere is the whole book, the whole book is full of danger and romance in alternate and intermingled portions. In reading *The Poor Gentleman* one does not have to concentrate very deeply, or even to think very deeply, but we have the cheering feeling—all too uncommon these days—that at least we are not missing any innuendos or significances. 84%

(*Houghton Mifflin, $2.00*) *E. H. R.*

FRANCIS JOSEPH

We've never been the sort of person that goes in for biographies; we could count up the biographies we have gotten any pleasure out of on the fingers of one of our lily white hands. But we are always reasonable. Eugene Baggers' *Francis Joseph* seemed to us a profoundly good book, and interesting as well, in spite of its terrifying appearance and formidable subject. The old Emperor is done up for us with justice and understanding, and stands revealed as both a great and a good man. *Verb. sap.* 90%

(*Putnam, $5.00*) *J. R. C.*

GEORGIAN STORIES, 1927

There is something vastly comforting in these annual anthologies:

1. There is a photograph of each author.
2. They are attractively printed and bound.
3. They are always more or less the same, and
4. They are always eminently readable.

English stories are not like American stories, and *Georgian Stories* will never sell as well as the *Red Book Magazine*. But we have been afforded a very pleasant day's reading every year for several years, now; *Georgian Stories* is getting to be one of our few really good habits. 88%

(*Putnam, $2.50*) *J. E. A.*

LAZARUS LAUGHED

There are rather definite insinuations on the jacket of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's new play concerning the similarities between that gentleman and another gentleman named Goethe. We were, to put it bluntly and baldly, flabbergasted. Don't misunderstand us, now; we were willing to go the whole hog, (or almost the whole hog) with the people who saw greatness in *The Emperor Jones* and *Anna Christie*. But with *The Great God Brown*, we hesitated, and Doubt entered in. And now, in all frankness, we confess oursleves at a loss; we just don't know what to think. *Lazarus Laughed, A play for an Imaginative Theatre*, follows in the footsteps of *Marco Millions* it its treatment of a moderately well-known myth, so at least we have an idea of what it's all about; but there our enlightenment ends. Mr. O'Neill's beautiful phrases travel along underneath a veil. There is beauty here, no doubt, but the element of digestibility seems absent.

We will be pardoned in Heaven, we hope, for seeming

unappreciative; but we've been fooled before by these little snatchy short lines of verse, and we've grown cynical. And so our last word, for the present, is: *Lazarus Laughed* may quite possibly have qualities of magnitude and even of permanence; but for us, who found ourselves unable to accord it the rumination it apparently needs, it lacked the applicability to life which the dramatic form presupposes. We could only relish it for its beauty, not venerate it for its philosophical depth. 90%

(*Boni & Liveright, $2.50*) *E. H.*

THE QUEST OF YOUTH

Mr. Jeffery Farnol belongs to that large group of writers whose appeal is neither low nor high, but stable, consistent. There is something reassuring about this. Even Sabatini seems like a veritable luna moth next to this mammoth of equanimity. *The Quest of Youth* is most adequate; but it requires a more highly sensitized sense of discrimination than we can boast to tell whether it is above the Farnol average or no. But we have a feeling, somehow, that we can recommend it with safety and assurance. We might add that we read the entire book in two sittings, signify that what it may.

82%

(*Little, Brown, $2.00*) *A. K. C.*

THE HEART OF THOREAU'S JOURNALS

There is little need to say anything concerning this book. From the thirty odd volumes of Thoreau, Mr. Odell Shepard has more than adequately selected the most interesting as well as the most significant passages. We view with approbation the recent vogue which has been accorded Thoreau; without a doubt, he is one of

the most original and characteristic of our indiginous writers. This selection will be a very satisfactory supplement to the several interesting biographies of Thoreau that have recently appeared.

(*Houghton, Mifflin, $3.00*) *W. C.*

NEW "EVERYMAN" BOOKS

The following notable titles (none of which should need, or could stand, an introduction) have been added to the Dent-Dutton "Everyman" Library: Renan's *Life of Jesus, A Book of Nonsense* by various authors including Edward Lear, Lord Houghton's *Life and Letters of John Keats*, Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazoff* (in two volumes), *The Admirable Crichton* by W. H. Ainsworth.

. . . let's see now mused the editor I have a half a page left over here at the end with nothing even partially respectable to insert isn't that a helluva note why do things like that always happen to me maybe I'm being punished for not using that terrible contribution of that terrible freshman which freshman or maybe he was a sophomore oh I know what I'll do with this space I'll say good-bye to all my gentle readers long may they wave because this is the very end of the very last issue I'll edit now that really is very jolly now maybe I'll have time to do my elephant painting and whatnot we thank you for your kind attention what there was of it and now maybe the space is filled so good-bye one and all good-bye good-bye. . .

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The Haverfordian

VOL. XLVII HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1928 NO. 8

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *twentieth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

Entered as second-class matter March 19, 1921, at the post office at Haverford, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized April 11, 1921.

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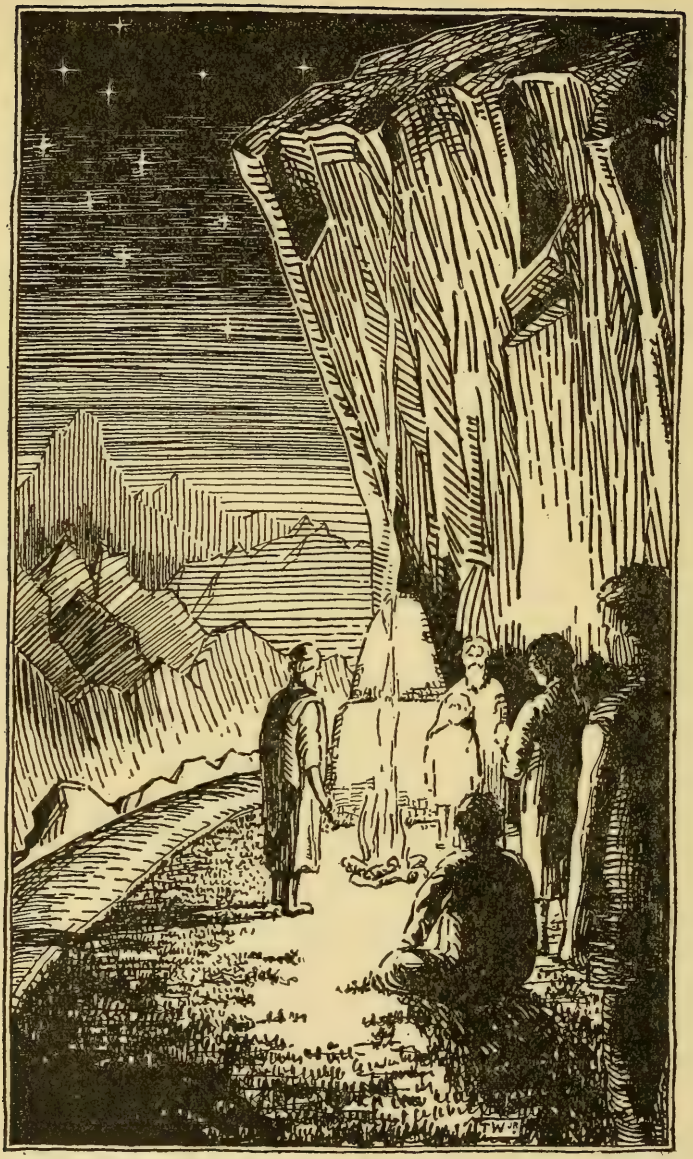
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"The top of the mountain pass leading from Thalatand. . . ."

The God of the Dawning Day

TIME: *Before the Golden Age.*

SCENE: *The top of the mountain pass leading from Thalatand to Sardanopolis and the Kingdoms of the East. A number of shepherds are huddled around a small fire beneath the great crag (R) overhanging the small patch of level ground by the side of the road. To the other side of the road (which cuts across the stage diagonally from left to right) is nothing but a sheer drop of thousands of feet and a fine view looking off into space towards the distant mountain peaks to the east. It is a little before dawn and the myriad stars are clear and sparkling.*

FIRST SHEPHERD

The gods are angry.

SECOND SHEPHERD

The Sacred Seven are wroth at Thalatand.

THIRD SHEPHERD

Why is the wrath of the gods not appeased? Each year our tithe of lambs, for King Astard to sacrifice in the great temple, goes down to Thalatand.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

Aye, King Astard's soldiers see to that—the whitest and most perfect lamb out of every ten. Almost had I rather face the angry gods than those thieving tax collectors.

ZOORG (*an old gray-beard, the sage and patriarch of the group*)

Speak not lightly of the gods lest some great ill befall you. The Sacred Seven of Thalatand are jealous gods, delighting in homage and quick to punish all who speak evil of them.

SORJ (*an eager-faced boy*)

But why? What harm can the mere words of man do to the all-powerful gods?

FOURTH SHEPHERD

The boy is right. What good have all our smoking sacrifices done us?

FIRST SHEPHERD

Aye, what good, indeed?

THIRD SHEPHERD

The gods care not for man. Our offerings but feed King Astard's soldiers.

ZOORG

Cease! You blaspheme against the majesty of the most high gods.

SECOND SHEPHERD

He does.

ZOORG

What days the world is come on! In my youth men presumed not to talk of such things but worshipped the gods in righteous fear and lived in peace and plenty. But now—

FIRST SHEPHERD

A stranger approaches.

ZOORG

Some avenger sent by the gods, most like.

THIRD SHEPHERD

Perhaps some fugitive from Sardanopolis. Who else would be on the roads before dawn?

FOURTH SHEPHERD (*bitterly*)

Rather a spy of the King's. Guard your tongues.

Enter (L) the stranger, a tall, wild-eyed and waving-haired figure, clothed in the rags of a beggar.

STRANGER

May a poor man warm himself at your fire?

THIRD SHEPHERD

Who are you and whither do you go?

STRANGER

Men call me Harpaj, a simple beggar who walks the dusty roads. I go to high-towered Thalatand, the City of the Silver Crown.

FOURTH SHEPHERD (*to the* THIRD)

A likely tale!

THIRD SHEPHERD (*to* HARPAJ)

'Tis well. Come sit by the fire.

They edge over to make him rather more than enough room to crouch by the fire, and then pretend to take no further notice of him.

SECOND SHEPHERD

Aye, the men of Thalatand have sinned—why else should the wrath of the gods wax hot? why else should they wreak their vengeance upon man?

FIRST SHEPHERD

Truly, the gods are angry. The portents of the stars show it.

SECOND SHEPHERD

And more than the stars proclaim it. Listen! Five nights ago at sunset I went to make sacrifice to Zardak at his high place upon Mount Kashal. I neared the top—right there beside the altar, outlined against the sky, was a tall, grim figure. Long strands of coarse black hair, fiery red eyes, flames licking around the mouth and one thin arm stretched out in anger, brandishing a torch—oh, it was too terrible! It waved its torch wrathfully over the valley below and I hid my face in fear.

SORJ

And then?

SECOND SHEPHERD

Then it was gone and the next day the whole forest on the west side of Mount Kashal was in flames.

FIRST SHEPHERD

It was indeed Zardak, God of Fire, whom you saw—Zardak taking vengeance on man.

THIRD SHEPHERD

In truth, men have sinned. But how?

ZOORG

How! They neglect the ancient sacrifices, walk no longer in the upright ways of their fathers, and dare question the acts of the gods. Men have displeased the gods and the Seven have frowned on Thalatand to destroy it. How is the glory departed! Truly, Thalatand rushes onward to its long-appointed doom, when the white-roofed palace shall fall, and the robes of the court shall be sackcloth and the sound of the timbrels shall cease because the players are dead.

SECOND SHEPHERD

A great sacrifice must be made.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

King Astard and his grasping nobles must be overthrown.

HARPAJ (*mildly interrupting*)

Perhaps the gods are angry for some other reason?

SEVERAL TOGETHER

What?

HARPAJ

Perhaps men's sin has been that they know not the gods' true nature. What if they be not gods of cruelty and vengeance?

THIRD SHEPHERD

Then our worship is vain.

HARPAJ

And what proof have you that your gods are jealous gods, delighting in vengeance?

ZOORG

Who are you to ask this? In the first dim ages of the memory of man, e'er high-towered Thalatand had one white stone upon another, our fathers on Mount Kashal sent their daughters through the fire to Zardak and taught their sons the holy fear of the gods.

HARPAJ

And what if your fathers were wrong?

ZOORG

Stop! You blaspheme against the—

SORJ (*excitedly*)

No! Go on. Do *you* know the true nature of the gods?

HARPAJ

I do. I have communed with the gods upon a hundred mountain tops and they have spoken by my lips to men of many towns and lands.

SECOND SHEPHERD

But different lands have different gods. Do you know the nature of all the gods?

HARPAJ

In all the lands my god—one god, ever the same —speaks to me. For all lands have but different names for the one true god, and all their peoples but grope for him blindly under different names, as men stumble along the mountain paths in the gloom before the dawn. Their gods are gods of death and darkness, but mine of life and light.

ZOORG (*scornfully*)

Who is this wandering, torchbearing god of yours?

HARPAJ

Aurgath, God of the Dawning Day: a god who delights not in the smoke of an hundred sacrifices nor in the altars on a thousand hills, but in justice, mercy and truth among men; a god who shall overthrow the old gods of cruelty and oppression, and bring a new day of happiness to man. For all the gods of the kingdoms are idols and born of darkness, but Aurgath rules the heavens and beareth light to those that sit in darkness. There is no god but Aurgath.

FIRST SHEPHERD

These be strange sayings; never man so spake.

THIRD SHEPHERD

A god of mercy and truth—truly, a new thing.

ZOORG

Mercy and truth indeed! What have the gods to do with mercy? And who dares speak truth to the gods? An eastern dreamer's tales!

FOURTH SHEPHERD

But a god of justice—*he* would wreak vengeance on these wolves of soldiers who oppress us. Tell me more of him, beggar. Will he smite them with thunder from heaven?

SECOND SHEPHERD

You forget—Dorgon is God of Thunder.

HARPAJ

Nay, Aurgath is lord also of the thunderbolt, but he uses it not to slay his enemies. By his goodness he turns all men to him, for he takes more joy in one foe turned to friendship than a thousand slain by fire.

ZOORG

A foreign god indeed, and a tower of strength!—too weak to take his vengeance!

SECOND SHEPHERD

Where does this god dwell? For strong in sooth must his temple be, and mighty the men who guard him.

HARPAJ

Where does the daylight dwell and who are the guards that keep it?

SORJ

Everywhere,—master.

SECOND AND THIRD SHEPHERDS (*to each other in amazement*)

Master!

HARPAJ

Aurgath is the god of the dawning day.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

Yet tell us—how shall we know this god and what the way we may find him? For everywhere is nowhere and even a god has a shrine where one may seek to see him.

HARPAJ

You shall not see him, for Aurgath dwells not in graven images strangely carved of men, but on the lonely mountain-tops and in the boundless sky. No eye has ever seen him nor shall one; but here, far from the smell of altar-smoke, beneath the cold bright stars, the righteous man may find him and hear him speak—within that man's own inmost heart.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

And what does he say?

HARPAJ

It matters little—he has spoken! The man henceforth is free. No kings can then oppress him, for he has talked with god—the god who is above the lashing whips and darting spears of earthly soldiers as this eternal mountain top is above the lashing waves of the sea.

SORJ (*breathlessly*)

And then?

HARPAJ

He goes forth to tell the god's message to men that others may come to know Aurgath as he has.

SORJ

I would know him—what must I do to find him?

HARPAJ

Forsake your paltry sheep and come with me—to climb the glistening, snow-clad peaks and walk the mountain ways—commune with god upon the

heights, beneath the farflung sky—drink in the thousand distant stars and bear their peace to men.

SORJ

I will follow you:

HARPAJ (*in ecstasy*)

My cause has conquered! Victory! The Dawning Day!

FOURTH SHEPHERD (*slowly, after a tense pause*):

Then King Astard, whose soldiers take our sheep, shall be overthrown?

HARPAJ (*in a wave of enthusiasm*)

He shall be brought to know Aurgath, the god who delights not in the smoke of sacrificed lambs but in the noble deeds of men. He will see that his yoke is too heavy for you to bear and lighten it as a thank offering to Aurgath.

THIRD SHEPHERD

And how will you tell King Astard of your god? Two tax-collectings ago, when an avalanche had destroyed a full third of our flocks, I went down to Thalatand to beg the King for mercy in taking his tithe. Tired, dusty and bloody-footed from three days on the sharp-rocked mountain roads, I made my offering in the great temple and went to the palace to ask audience of the king. At the outer gate a soldier of the guard inquired my errand—and I was sent back to the mountains bleeding from forty stripes, and—

FIRST SHEPHERD

We paid our tithe of fat young lambs.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

Your god would have need of his thunderbolts. Aye, let him strike down the walls of the palace with it and then King Astard will listen—even we would join you.

HARPAJ

No! Aurgath is not a god of blood and violence, and death to man. He cannot bring forth deeds contrary to his nature; he who made the world cannot stoop to punish a petty thieving king.

ZOORG (*craftily*)

You say he made the world?

HARPAJ

Aye,—these mighty mountains, the overarching sky, and that far-distant sea you scarce have heard of; these and all that lies between he made and rules.

ZOORG

And the things contrary to his nature—the darkness, the violence and the wrong—he made them also?

HARPAJ

Oh, have done with these petty subtleties! He who has known the peace of the mountain-tops beneath the silent stars, who has heard the voice of Aurgath and talked with the one true god, cares naught for these tiny pebbles which bruise his stumbling feet.

ZOORG

But how know you that he *is* the one, true god? Is there not a god of darkness as well as of light?

HARPAJ

But how much nobler the god of light! Oh, will you never see it—the dawning day—and turn your backs to the shadows?

THIRD SHEPHERD (*kindly*)

Indeed, stranger, your words are very beautiful, and we would see this new god you tell of. But we have our sheep to care for.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

Aye, the Great King's soldiers would beat us with their spear butts and those terrible whips of bull's

hide and drive off our sheep in punishment for rebelling.

ZOORG

The gods would be angry at us and punish us as blasphemers.

SECOND SHEPHERD

Zardak, God of Fire, would consume our homes.

FIRST SHEPHERD

Rhadaspes, God of Famine, would wither up our flocks.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

Dorgon, God of Thunder, would strike us dead with his thunderbolts.

THIRD SHEPHERD

We cannot follow you, stranger. You tell of a god we know not and have not tried; we must remain faithful to the Sacred Seven, in simple trust, and they will care for us.

HARPAJ

So be it . . . (*to* SORJ) Come, my son. Let us be on our way to Thalatand to preach the God of the Dawning Day

SORJ

Yes, master but—(*he looks irresolutely at his companions.*)

ZOORG

Stir not a step, boy!

SORJ

I will!

ZOORG

I command you by the Sacred Seven.

SORJ

They cannot touch me! I believe in Aurgath, God of the Dawning Day.

THIRD SHEPHERD (*to* ZOORG)

Be still, father; let me speak to him (*turning to*

SORJ) Aye, but think of us, lad. The Great King's soldiers will hold our lives for yours if you follow this man. Think of it! your own kinsfolk strung up by the thumbs and beaten to death.

SECOND SHEPHERD

Think of the vengeance the gods would take on us! Zardak and his fire, Dorgon and his thunderbolts—all on account of the whim of a half-grown boy. You cannot do it.

SORJ (*slowly, with manifest agony*)

You— . . . are—right. I—I—cannot do it. I . . . will remain.

HARPAJ

The last blow! Oh, is there no truth and bravery left among men? O Aurgath! Aurgath! why have you forsaken me? . . . (*he turns to take the road to Thalatand but suddenly stops*). But no! The visions of the starlit heights cannot be wrong! Even if no others can hear what I have heard, even if none but I can find Aurgath, even if the Sacred Seven of Thalatand have marked me for some frightful doom—even then it is better to walk in the light than to sit in darkness, to be scorched by the sun than be forever blind. (*To the shepherds triumphantly*) I go to face some dire end, I know not what, but yours is the most frightful of all dooms of man—to know and worship only the gods of darkness.

SCENE TWO

TIME: *Ten years later, just before dawn.*

SCENE: *The same.*

FIRST SHEPHERD

The times are hard.

SECOND SHEPHERD

The gods are indeed angry.

THIRD SHEPHERD

The gid attacks more sheep each day. They die like flies in summer.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

And in nine days more the King's soldiers will come to take their tithe of the few that may survive.

ZOORG

Aye, this comes of the neglect of the gods; a decade ago, when the sacrifices to Rhadaspes were attended to with more care, our sheep prospered.

THIRD SHEPHERD

Perhaps. Other things than the sheep have ceased to prosper. . . . What ails you, Sorj? For days you have been gazing like one in a trance at those mountain-peaks to the east.

SORJ

It is brighter tonight.

THIRD SHEPHERD

Brighter?

SORJ

That great star above the snowy spur of Mount Thaga. For weeks it has been approaching from the farthest reaches of the East, waxing brighter as it nears us. Men say it presages great things to come to pass.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

Yes, I too have heard of the star and its portent. Some say it is a new god come out of the East to wage war on the Sacred Seven—good fortune to him, say I.

ZOORG

Blaspheme not! The gods have quick ears.

FIRST SHEPHERD

And yet, the talk of new gods is on every traveler's lips.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

Aye, only yesterday a wandering beggar, bound to Sardanopolis from the farther side of Thalatand, told me with burning eyes and eager face of some new god who is to overthrow all others—the Nine of Sardanopolis no less than the Sacred Seven of Thalatand.

THIRD SHEPHERD

Aye, he is to be a god of justice and power who shall bring hope to the downtrodden and succour to the oppressed. Men say he will send King Astard's new queen, the cruel Princess Jarloa, back home to her father and purge the court of its wickedness.

SORJ

Ah! At last!

ZOORG

Idle tales! There is no hope of being rid of Queen Jarloa; the Sacred Seven have sent her to us in punishment for our sins.

THIRD SHEPHERD

And yet—there is a chance.

SECOND SHEPHERD

Not a whit! This will prove just like the others——a cult of knaves and beggars, and wandering vagabonds, fellows who have naught to lose and would overturn the world to fill their hands with spoil.

ZOORG

Aye, I remember just such a one ten winters back. He wandered to our fire just before dawn, a wild-eyed, half-crazed beggar, clad in tattered rags. He preached some strange new god of perfect justice who should overthrow the Seven, soften King Astard's heart, retrieve all past errors and right all future wrongs. Augrath, I think he

called his god—but where is he now? The beggar's head, most like, grins down from some white marble turret in high-towered Thalatand, and the god's name falls forgotten upon the ears of men.

SORJ

But not on mine—mine it stirs to new life like a trumpet call at sunrise. To me he was a prophet from another world—from the unknown lands where dwell the spirits of the dawn—he moved in the mists of morning—he showed me the splendid sun—he proclaimed—

THIRD SHEPHERD (*to the* FOURTH)

He is often like this now—we know not why.

SORJ

He proclaimed the god of the dawning day and bade me follow him . . . and I—alas—drew back. . . . Oh that I had joined him!

ZOORG

Aye, that the gods might have smitten your sheep and the soldiers flayed you alive. A splendid mission indeed!

THIRD SHEPHERD

Aye, Sorj, 'tis better as it is. King Astard tolerates no such traitors and impostors as the beggarman was. Be sure he is long since dead. . . . And yet, somehow I cannot think of him as entirely gone—his words of wondrous beauty, the fire in the flash of his eye and the spell in the sound of his speech—these seemed somehow immortal— . . . like the undying Sacred Seven.

ZOORG

Bah! A common jingling minstrel who befooled you all with his trickery. As sure as the Sacred Seven, all-powerful, everlasting, rule the destinies of white-roofed Thalatand, the beggar Harpaj—as he called himself—is long since dead.

SORJ

I can never believe it.

ZOORG

Believe or not, he—

They are interrupted by a martial trumpet trill a short distance down the road to Thalatand. The shepherds crowd to the cliff edge to look down the road in the direction of the sound and talk all at once, speculating who the approaching stranger is. In a moment a magnificent, richly arrayed trumpeter enters, followed by a gorgeous litter borne on the shoulders of four stalwart slaves, and in turn followed by another similarly arrayed retainer. The flashing eyes and wildly tossing hair of the figure reclining majestically upon the litter proclaim him, for all his splendid raiment, to be Harpaj, the beggar-prophet.

SORJ (*wildly triumphant*)

The beggar man!—he of whom I spoke—he lives!

ZOORG

Silence, fool! Can you not see it is some great lord from Thalatand? (*to* HARPAJ) Do not mind him, my lord. May an humble shepherd ask your name?

HARPAJ

Harpommedan, High Priest of Thalatand, Prophet of the one true God who is Aurgath, God of the Dawning Day. I go to worship the Spirits of the Dawn upon Mount Horicon.

ALL (*reverentially*)

May the Sacred Seven bless you and keep you, dread majesty.

SORJ

But tell me more of this Aurgath, God of the Dawning Day—which of the gods is he?

HARPOMMEDAN

Speak not lightly of Aurgath, lest he smite the lips that profane him. There is no god but Aurgath.

THIRD SHEPHERD

But the Sacred Seven—what of them? Does Aurgath dare oppose them?

HARPOMMEDAN

The Sacred Seven were impostors—they are no more.

FOURTH SHEPHERD (*to one of the others*)

Then our slavery is over—but stay—what have we now to pray to?

ZOORG (*half to himself*)

The Sacred Seven—the undying, everlasting—dead? Impossible—do not the skies still stand?

HARPOMMEDAN

Nay mumble not, but acknowledge your sin in believing in them, repent and be saved—for Aurgath is a god of mercy. See that you turn with all your hearts to the God of power and justice, lest you be smitten of Aurgath and your heads grin down upon the streets of Thalatand from the highest white-topped tower.

SEVERAL TOGETHER (*muttering*)

Forgive us, O Aurgath.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

And King Astard and his soldiers who served the Sacred Seven—they have been put to death?

HARPOMMEDAN

King Astard has renounced his errors, and accepted Aurgath as god and Harpommedan as High Priest of Thalatand.

THIRD SHEPHERD

But the soldiers who collected the tithes for the Sacred Seven?

HARPOMMEDAN

The tax-collectors have been abolished. Instead, all men shall go on a yearly pilgrimage to Thalatand, bearing every tenth lamb in their flocks as an offering

to be made to Aurgath in the great Temple of the Dawning Day. Let anyone neglect this at his own peril; the arm of Aurgath is long and his justice severe. He delights in the obedience of men.

ALL (*salaaming*)

Thanks, gracious majesty.

SORJ

But this Aurgath, God of the Dawning Day—where dwells he?

HARPOMMEDAN

This Aurgath! Speak not lightly of the Lord of Creation. There! (*pointing dramatically to the new star in the East*) Ye see His Star in the East! Down on your knees and worship Him! (*The shepherds grovel in the dust obsequiously as the day begins to dawn and the stars grow fainter.*)

SORJ

But lo! the Star pales.

HARPOMMEDAN

Again you presume! 'Tis but a tiny incense fire lit on his altar by night. Behold the messengers of his approach! (*pointing to the first rays of the rising sun which are tipping the peaks of the distant eastern mountains*) For Aurgath, God of the Dawning Day, is everywhere—invisible, all-powerful, everlasting—a god not seen of men, one whom no sharp sword can kill and no strong arm cast down. Raise not your heads against the Unconquerable, lest his arrows that you see playing on yon mountain-tops strike you with blindness. (*He makes a threatening gesture as he prepares to resume his journey. The shepherds prostrate their faces to the ground with cries of* Yes, majesty . . . We salute your divinity . . . *until he has been borne majestically off* (L.)

FIRST SHEPHERD

A new day has indeed dawned.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

No more shall we see those wolves of tax-collectors.

SECOND SHEPHERD

Give thanks to Mighty Aurgath, God of the Dawning Day.

ZOORG

Aye, this comes of humble reverence to the gods.

THIRD SHEPHERD

To God, you mean.

SORJ (*moodily, half to himself*)

He rebuked me—scorned me—me who would have followed him to the death when he was but a simple beggar.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

He a beggar!

FIRST SHEPHERD

Never!

ZOORG

You blaspheme!

SECOND SHEPHERD

He is a divinity—

THIRD SHEPHERD

A heavenly being—

FIRST SHEPHERD

The Son of the Stars—

ZOORG

The New God Himself! You saw that He came with the dawn—I tell you He Himself is Aurgath, God of the Dawning Day, to Whose name be all glory everlasting.

SECOND SHEPHERD

Sorj, you are a believer in the old gods at heart.

FOURTH SHEPHERD

Infidel!

FIRST SHEPHERD

Heretic!

ZOORG

Leave us, lest Aurgath see and strike us dead with his burning arrows.

They are jostling him angrily towards the cliff edge when the full rays of the morning sun strike them. Terror-stricken, with one accord they prostrate themselves, crying out in fright.

VARIOUS ONES TOGETHER

Spare us, Divine Splendor! Be merciful, Immortal Majesty! Have pity upon us, O Aurgath! Spare us, O God of the Dawning Day, spare us!

J. W. Martin.

Thoughts On An Old Image

In dread likeness of thyself, O man,
Cast ye an idol; giving power ye knew
Was yours, but such ye feared to own.
Then that idol ye did worship well;
For the mighty weight ye dared not bear
He in silence bore alone.
In that silence found ye sorrow,
And that sorrow brought ye pain;
For the help ye sought to borrow
Made ye lesser of the twain.
Then ye cursed that silent idol
For the speech he ne'er could own,
For the glory ye had given,
And the heart ye turned of stone.
So ye vainly sought to borrow
Of that idol ye had cast,
Till ye saw his image dwindle
In the shadows of the past.
Now the temple lies in ruin,
And the priest has fled away;
And the hand that made the idol
Is mixing with the clay.

Bramwell Linn.

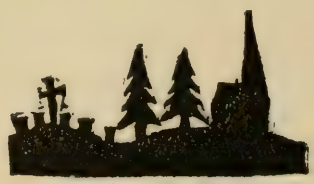


The Wanderer Comes Home

I have been back to my old town,
Seen once well-known sights again,
As a stranger in its byways
Walked, unnoticed of all men.

In the churchyard, distant, lonely
I found many a friend of old,
And by one grave I felt a gentle
Hand from underneath the mould.

J. B. M., from the German
of Martin Greif.





". . . All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."

In a Vision or in None

HE AWOKE from the dream panting and dry-mouthed. His tongue felt like so much cotton; and he was tired—worn out. Even now, half-awake as he was, with the sun peering through the cracks in the drawn blinds, he could see, as if floating in a dull mist, a woman's face. It was a beautiful face, with a high, broad brow, topped by wavy effusions of tawny hair; broad cheek-bones, fair complexion, and moist, beckoning lips. It was all vaguely familiar, but he could not remember where he had seen it before; could it have been the wild, haunting dream that gave such a strong impression of familiarity, or had he seen her at some time in the rather dim past? It troubled him, this undecidedness, and made him uneasy. It seemed to weigh upon his heart and his vitals. Oh, God, he thought, if I could only remember . . .

Trying to shake off this vague sensation of disquieting uncertainty, he arose languidly from his bed and began

to dress. He was never a very fastidious dresser, and this morning, depressed as he was by so strong a feeling of mental and moral inertia, he was particularly sketchy in performing his toilet. Neglecting to comb his hair, and dispensing with such a sartorial commonplace as a necktie, he wandered downstairs, where Mrs. Mullins, the housekeeper, had prepared a very inviting breakfast. He sat down at the table, although he did not feel like eating. However, merely out of deference, perhaps, to Mrs. Mullins, he forced down a bit of toast and a cup of tea. Even this had a slightly nauseating effect on him, and he decided that he might do well to take a stroll in the fresh morning air. He prepared to leave the table; Mrs. Mullins looked up, surprised and rather mildly offended.

"Why, Mr. Poole," she said, "aren't you going to eat the breakfast I got for you?"

"No, I'm sorry," he said, abstractedly. "I don't feel at all like eating this morning. I guess I'll go for a walk." And he went out.

Once outside, in the mild, dewy heat of the sun, he began to wonder again. Why couldn't he place that girl? She was so unusually beautiful, and he seemed to remember her face so perfectly; yet rack and pommel his memory as he might, he could not remember where, or under what circumstances he had met her. Thus musing, he wandered aimlessly along the straight clay road that led from back of his house across the broad, stubbly plain, and which seemed to run over the rim of the horizon most disconcertingly into nowhere. He must have trudged on in this manner for a good quarter hour, for when he next noticed his surroundings, the house was not in sight. He had descended a little ravine, and on all sides the horizon was very close to him. It was damp and muggy down here, and insects droned heavily on leaden wings above dank, lush grass. Here

and there, poisonous-looking shrubs, stunted in growth, rose gauntly out of the viscid earth. Nothing was to be heard except the buzzing of the insects. The whole locality seemed to Poole to be shrouded in a musty miasma of evil. A languidly fitful breeze sprang up out of a seeming nowhere, and Poole decided that the best thing to do was to leave as soon as possible. He was a highly neurotic person, and this ravine instilled in him a weird feeling, of nightmare intensity. He felt dizzy . . .

He turned about, and reached the top of the rise. He could now see his house, indistinct in the yellow morning haze, at the narrow end of the lazy road. On the way back, the girl of his dream became more and more clearly defined in his mind, yet her identity still eluded him. Damned annoying, he thought. The feeling that he had once been familiar with this now unknown being drove him almost to despair. In times of stress he often found an outlet for his emotions in poetry. He might be able to write some verse, or perhaps a bit of prose, about this subconscious acquaintance of his now, and in this way get her off his mind. With this resolve, he quickened his pace, and shortly arrived home. He found the doctor, who visited him weekly, awaiting him when he came in. This doctor was a person on whom Poole wasted little affection. Damn him, anyway! What did he have to come nosing around for? He never helped him—just a nuisance. Poole's wrists began to perspire; that was a bad sign. He took a chair and sat down.

"Good-morning," said the doctor; he spoke on without waiting for a response. "You're looking bad today; I'd suggest more exercise."

Poole snorted.

"Just had some, thanks," he retorted, almost savagely sarcastic. "That's what's made me look this way."

The doctor pondered, then opened his satchel and

extracted a vial of tablets. He handed them to Poole with directions about taking them.

"You're all on edge," he said. "These ought to do you some good; they'll quiet you down. I'll make a special trip tomorrow to see how you are. Good-day."

"Pray don't bother yourself on *my* account," said Poole, with a mock bow, but the doctor had gone.

He stood for a moment at the door, then turned on his heels and went to his desk. He sat down and started to write, but had not gotten very far when he stopped abruptly, in the sudden realization that he had not the faintest idea of what he was writing about. Here was the image, the clear, perfect image of that girl, painted, it seemed, indelibly on the retina o his brain; not only her features, but her very *personality*, were c'early outlined to him;—but try as he might, he could not express the slightest bit of her on paper.

He gave up in utter despair. Further activity for that day was out of the question. No food touched his lips; poor, conscientious Mrs. Mullins was in a state of frantic solicitude. Poole sat and brooded.

He retired early that evening, in a really alarming state of mental depression and physical enervation. Once in bed, his fatigued body wrestled with his duly alert brain in trying to sleep.

Slowly—slowly, fatigue conquered.

* * * * *

Poole found himself bathed in cold perspiration; he was struggling mightily to get awake. That face! It was there again, hovering near him, gazing at him from a faint mist, with those tender, longing eyes, and that wet, voluptuous mouth. He had hoped to forget it—never to see it again; and now—here . . .

He awoke languidly, with an almost insensible shudder. He looked about him. Why—why—he wasn't in bed; this wasn't his room; and he was fully clothed! Where—?

God! Part of the truth dawned upon him. He was in that hateful, noisome ravine, where he had been yesterday morning. He could feel the soft, oozy ground give way under his feet; he could even detect the musty odor of the hideous, bristling shrubs, bathed in unhealthy night dews.

He looked up. The sky was sullen and overcast. The moon was hidden. Suddenly a faint sound—a *human* sound of some sort—reached his ears from the ground behind him. Looking down, he discerned a vaguely defined form lying there, half hidden in the tall rank grass. He knelt down, the better to see. A face—horridly livid and distorted, but hellishly recognizable—glared up at him. That face! He rose, stunned. That girl!—Christ! Full realization of what had happened broke upon him, like a gigantic tidal wave. He tottered. Everything became vividly scarlet . . .

* * * * *

At eleven the next morning, his housekeeper, entering the room to awaken him, was struck by an indefinable marshy odor, mingled with the faint essence of an exotic perfume. As she pulled back the rumpled bedclothes from the sleeper's head, she noticed that his flesh felt deathly cold. The face was not pleasant to see.

Frank W. Lindsay.

A Fragment From "Truth"

O Reason! thou art but a prince among
Eternal kings; and all thy realm's a cloud
Wherein we hide the sun. One meagre hope,
One passing flame of that high fire, and thou
Art gone, gone as the thunder and the rain.
But thou wouldst justify thyself again,
And brooding as tomorrow's storm upon
The West we feel thee, though we watch the sun.
O purest Reason! if thou wouldst rule, be king
Alone; and in thy realm no subject state,
No day-born prince, nor dreaming night reveal.
If I would read thy hand must write alone.

Bramwell Linn.

". . . Too, Too Solid Flesh . . ."

Like the heavy oxen plodding through the mud
That April rains have made of every field,
These dull and unimaginative clods
Of clay, that boastingly have dared to call
Themselves the very likenesses of God,
Trudge on through life. And since they know not how
To conjure for themselves a magic land,
And never learned to live a fairy tale,
Or saw an elfling in a budding rose,
Or watched the moon-sprites dancing on the grass;
Because they think there is no best in man,
And all, as they, are children to the beasts,
They clamor for their empty realism.
But I can always laugh at them, because
I am so child-like as to quite believe
In fairies, witches, elves, man, love and God.

D. K. Spelt.

Morning Melancholy

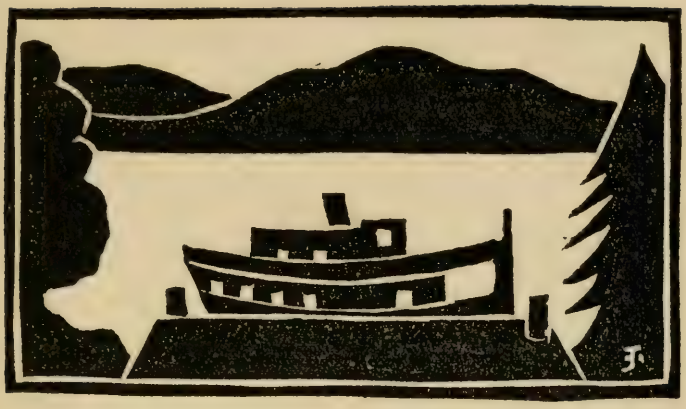
The evening gay,
Care chased away,
Light hearts and lighter laughter;
The swaying dance,
The roguish glance,
The parted lips that breathe romance;
And then—the morning after.

Those sparkling eyes,
Those low replies,
Gay hearts and girlish laughter;
While pleasure reigns,
And in her train
The pipes of Pan play silver strains;
But still—that morning after.

The moonlight walk,
The whispered talk,
Young hearts and youthful laughter;
The midnight air,
That wind-blown hair—
Drink down its wine, defy all care,
Forget the morning after!

But now the morrow
Has brought its sorrow,
Lead hearts and no more laughter;
The night of dreams,
Its moonlight beams,
All dust and ashes now, it seems,
Upon this morning after.

J. W. M.



Plutus Meets Demeter

IT IS a prominent form of entertainment among our social reformers to eulogize the simple, healthful life led by the honest farmer, in contrast to the stifling dust, late hours, and ruinous diet of the city's sophisticated rich. Perhaps our "back-to-nature" friends would care to cast a look at a small portion of this continent to which not even the soap-salesman remembers to penetrate. It is one of those far-away corners visited by a very small part of America's summer migration, where the contrast may be seen close to.

On a few maps of the southeastern counties of Quebec is a tiny dot beside a large lake, which bears the label "George's Landing". Once the dot was not so tiny. In the days of the Revolution, New England Tories, in danger of their lives to the south, fled down the lake across the border into the protecting arms of King George. Here they settled, and in gratitude for their asylum, named the settlement for their sovereign. For fifty years, life was cold and hard. They hewed the cedar forests, built wooden houses and barns, and

tried as best they might to raise crops on the barren, rocky soil with which the Lord cursed Lower Quebec. In winter they sat and shivered in their houses, or rode on sleighs over snow-hidden fences and across the frozen lake. Then came a change. Fashionable people from Boston and Montreal, with an eye for beautiful country, began to discover the lake. Soon they started boarding for the summer at George's Landing. Men came from Montreal and built two hotels in George's Landing, and shortly three steamers, one brought in pieces from Scotland, were running up and down the lake. George's Landing was at the height of its glory. It took its place with the seashore and Lake Winnipiseoghee as a popular resort. Tiny though the village was, it maintained four stores, and the summer people got a library started. The village youths even organized a brass band.

Then the Boston and Maine railroad built its line to the southern end of the lake—and turned off toward Sherbrooke. George's Landing has never recovered. The hotels burned. Why rebuild them, since nobody could come to them by rail? One of the steamers sank. The railroad company sold the great Scotch-made one a dozen years ago for junk. The last, small one still toils around the lake, on a schedule varying with each day of the week. One by one the library volumes were borrowed and never returned. The brass band no longer blares forth its cacophonies. In the place, between the two rows of houses which make George's Landing, where the bandstand stood, is a stone tablet: "To the sons of George's Landing who gave their lives to their country. Their glory will remain." As to the boarding house which still hangs on, in the words of Mr. Walters, whom we shall meet again, "They hain't got no boarders 'cep'n' on'y the hired girl."

The last tremor of fresh life has passed from George's Landing. Now it lives on in dead peace, disturbed only

by the rattle of a flivver halting in front of the one remaining general store, or by the cawing of the great black crows, high overhead. And if you were to enter the store, perhaps (it has been known to happen) old Maggie Donaldson would tell you "No, I don't keep no white sugar. It don't pay. Yer see it sells out too quick." She is the same lady who, in long-past days, when the city people still made a last stand in George's Landing, made a dress for a Boston girl. When tried on, it proved to fit about like a horse-blanket. But old Maggie knew the reason. "It's yer *j'ints*. It looks *grand* on me!" The hustling enterprise that once made George's Landing fashionable has gone, but the blue lake still laps against the wharf, and the rolling pasture and deep birch and cedar woods which attracted the first sea-weary Bostonian are still there. Only the village has slipped back into the hollow, and the houses that stand along the highway going up the steep hills toward each end of the lake are unoccupied, and will one day be there no more.

The first building to come and the last to go in a human settlement is always the house of the gods; George's Landing, with its two hundred souls, maintains two churches. The Montrealers, who spend the summer on private estates ten miles down the lake, where the good road begins, attend the Anglican church. The body of George's Landing and the surrounding countryside hitch up the buggy or crank the Ford each Sunday, and ride in to the Methodist church just up the hill.

The Anglican church has stood a long time, and in spite of His excellent word to the saints of the Lord, the foundations are becoming weak. The matter came to a climax a short time ago at the church funeral of old Billy Burton, the village drunk. As Mrs. Mathews, of Montreal, whispered to her husband, it seemed as if Hell were gaping to claim its own. So Mrs. Mathews went

straight home and started preparations for a lawn-party, to raise money for the foundations of the Anglican Church of George's Landing. As they were driving home, they got a good view of their green-roofed house, with its white verandahs and the surrounding apple-trees and green lawn, from the rise in the road beyond.

"The roof wants fixing," said Mr. Mathews. "It will never do to have it looking like that for the lawn-party. I'll get hold of Mr. Walters and see if he can get it shingled for us." "I don't think we had best count on having it done," replied Mrs. Mathews. "You remember the last time." They had begged him to see to it with as little delay as he possibly could, on account of Arthur's party, and he had come around two days beforehand with his hired man, Moses Achilles, to do the roof. They had asked him if he could not possibly have come any sooner, and told him about the haste, and he had simply said, "Y' know, Mrs. Mathews, the hardest job I ever done was gettin' at it." And Moses had gotten up with infinite pain and difficulty to measure the ridge-pole, and then shouted down, "It's twenty-five times the length of the hammer-handle an' 'bout so much more." Moses had then called down haow in Tophet was he to get down, and Mr. Walters, in huge disgust, had merely looked up and said "I guess yer heft'll bring ya down!"

So the roof went unshingled, while trips were made to the city for prizes in the potato-race, and other essentials for a well-conducted English lawn-party. And Mr. Mathews and twelve-year-old Arthur rode around on horseback, with a beautiful white Borzoi loping behind them, to deliver invitations.

The lawn-party is upon us. The gathering which soon starts assembling is a fair cross-section of the *vornehme Leute* of the summer countryside. There are old gentlemen with white mustachios to match their flapping

duck hats, and little boys with bare knees and peanut-caps, and not-quite-middle-aged maiden ladies, very plain and athletic, wearing sneakers, and handsome youths with tousled hair and bare ankles, carrying tennis-rackets under their arms. There is a slight leavening of odd lots—a professor, a radical editor, a boy in a blazer who rattles up the road at a great rate in an aged Ford, cutting it into the ditch to prevent its rolling back down the hill, and one or two others of the incomprehensibles who live down at the lakeside and actually *prefer* sleeping in tents and using oil lanterns. (These last are all Americans.) Finally, there are a few farmers' children, invited out of neighborliness, but feeling shy, uncomfortable, and out of place in shoes and stockings and company manners, among all these strange people who seem to take shoes and stockings and company manners for the usual and accustomed thing. It is with difficulty that they can be prevailed on to join the potato-race, but they are interested watchers as the customers of the "fish-pond" angle, through a hole in the top of a sheet-covered structure, for whatever prize young Arthur, concealed beneath, chooses to attach to their hooks. In another corner, next the hedge, Mr. Mathews, tall, handsome, and incredibly lean and English, does a round of clock-golf with the president of all the water-power companies in eastern Canada. By the steps leading to the front door from the drive, one of the four beautiful Allens, attired as a gypsy, passes out fortunes with a smile worth considerably more than the paltry dime which it brings to the church, while her less dutiful sisters visit the stables, or josh the boy in the blazer about the dilapidation of his Ford. On the verandah, the wives and mothers of the company sit comfortably chatting, eating from dishes of maple-walnut ice cream, and watching the children play. Over the whole place is a hum of low, well-bred voices.

Finally, when the shadow of the hedge and trees grows long on the lawn, and the last prize is gone from the fish-pond, and the bottom of the freezer has been scraped for the second time, and the little boys with bare knees and peanut-caps have successfully brought to their mothers *all* the silver spoons and pocket-knives and soap-bubble pipes which they have won in the potato-race and running high-jump and fished out of the fish-pond, the four beautiful Allens with their portly, smiling father go around to Mrs. Mathews, shake hands, tell what a great success the party has been, and start off down the road in the family McLoughlin for the lower end of the lake. Almost as if at a preconcerted signal, the rest of the party breaks up, and in twenty minutes nobody is left on the scene but Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, Arthur, and the governess. All hands set to work sorting the change from the different tables, collecting ice-cream dishes, and taking in the tables. At the close of the financial operations, Mrs. Mathews has stacked up and counted out fifty dollars. "I think I'll send them a check for twenty-five more, to make it worth while," she says to her husband, "the church *does* need it so."



II

Up the hill in the Methodist church, the timbers of the building still hold out, but generations of hands, roughened by the leathern rein, the hayfork, and the axe, have worn the old hymn-books to shreds. The Methodists of George's Landing are a thrifty people, but there are limits, and the state of the hymnals bothers the congregation. One of its prominent members, Mr. Walters, he of shingling fame, is an elderly, almost white-haired man, bent with fifty years of heaving rocks and wielding the pitchfork. On the afternoon of Mrs. Mathews' lawn party, he was bringing into the barn the last installment of his substitute for lawn-parties—a mowful of hay. When he had unloaded the last load, brought the horses to their stalls, and closed the barn door as best he might for its missing hinge, he went into the house at the kitchen door. Only strangers and wedding guests use the front door in the Eastern Townships.

Inside, the table was set, and his wife stood over the range. At his entrance, she lifted a great kettle to the back of the stove, and came to the table. She was quite tall, spare and hollow-cheeked, with her gray hair done up about her ears so as to spread out into a sort of broad isosceles triangle. It would have been hard indeed to tell that once she had been young, sprightly, and beautiful, and could perform enchantingly on the harmonica. Those were the days when Mr. Walters was young, and the best fellow to dance a quadrille in the township, and when he worked for John Donnan, the treasurer of the Methodist church, for whom the old iron bell called out on Sundays (ask any native of George's Landing), "*Come*, John Donnan! *Come*, John Donnan!" Forty years have gone since then, forty summers of haying and building fences, forty autumns of harvesting in haste

before the frost, forty winters of drifting snow and smashing ice, forty springs of building up what the ice had torn down. And old John Donnan is these many years in his grave, and another man guards the tiny hoard of the Methodist church, but still the old iron bell booms out its clanging appeal, "*Come,* John Donnan!" Still the people of George's Landing struggle to keep the house of God as it should be kept, though milk may be cheap and mash dear, though the fields may be orange with Devil's Paint-Brush, which brings poverty and ruin where it grows. It was on the church that the couple's conversation now ran. "Well, we're gett'n' along naow on the church social," Mrs. Walters started off. "That over there in the big kettle's the candy. But 'tain't nawthin' to what we got to do yet. My soul and gizzard! I ain't worked so hard sence I worked down to Senator Burbage's summer place on the lake, the summer they had thirty people down there at once for that—you know what I mean—that *conference* of theirs. But still, we certainly do need them hymnals bad—the old ones was all worn out. They've had 'em nigh onto forty years. The social will be a big help that way." "Haow much y' got done?" inquired Mr. Walters, whose haying had left no time for thought on church socials. "Well, Georgia's ben doin' some embroidered table-covers—she sent away to Eaton's for the patterns" (this was accompanied by a gesture towards a small table visible through the door in the next room, on which, on top of a pile of Montreal *Stars* and Stanford *County Journals,* lay the indispensable Eaton mail-order catalogue). "They're real pretty. An' old Mrs. Achilles an' Mother just got through with some more rag rugs. Harry" (this was daughter Georgia's intended) "went round this afternoon in the Ford an' left notices in the post-offices at the Landin' an' Lord's Bay." This review completed, Mrs. Walters called

Georgia, and Harry who ran the garage at Lord's Bay and had just been repairing the flivver. The four of them sat down to supper.

The next day Mr. Walters, his haying finished, has gone back to fixing the road, going to George's Landing for groceries, and repairing the water system of one of the American camps by the lake. But in the house all day long there has been running about the kitchen, and watching of the fire to make sure it is right, and beating of batter, and shaving of maple-sugar for frosting. The thin, delectable maple cookies and fat doughnuts, which city people would buy by the gross if they were able, are too much a commonplace matter and the contents of every pantry in the township to have a place on the tables at the social. During the day, neighbors have come in with other things, or to help with the decorations, and finally everything is ready for the morrow. As a last preparation on the succeeding morning, Mr. Walters and Harry have gotten out the ten-gallon freezer, and frozen it full of the maple-walnut ice-cream which Georgia and Mrs. Walters mixed the evening before. The shores of the lake are covered with maple woods between the cedar and the birch, and they leave their sweet taste on everything which George's Landing eats.

At last the afternoon arrives. A little before the announced hour, Fords and buggies start to roar and rattle off the road to the open space in front of the barn, and the affair is begun. Two long tables are out on the grass toward the road, bearing Georgia's table-covers, the old ladies' rag rugs, the cakes, and all the rest of the fruits of the past days' labors. At another table the ice cream, a little soft, but nevertheless in considerable demand, is passed out in cones and saucers. Here are no fish-pond, no potato-race and high-jump for little boys in bare knees and peanut-caps, no clock-golf for

Mr. Mathews and Mr. Smith. The George's Landing farmer's money is too hard come by and too scarce for it even to occur to those who run socials that anybody would spend it without getting something actual and tangible in return. This is not the white-flanneled, English-voiced assembly of the house on the lake road. It is mostly farmers, looking just a little strange and unnatural in their best clothes and Sunday manners. Their wives seem a little more comfortable, and the children, after their shyness has a little worn off, frisk about on the grass oblivious of their Sunday suits and manners as well. The older girls follow their mothers around, while the corresponding boys stand in a group at the corner of the house, or examine the antique vehicle of the newly-arrived boy in the blazer, who appears, with the rest of the lakeshore group, to belong as little to the Mathews as to the Walters camp. Some of these Americans, as well as Mrs. Mathews herself and one or two of our friends from the lawn-party, turn up during the afternoon, but here it is their turn to seem shy, embarrassed, and out of place. They know nothing of haying, nor of the prospects for the Sherbrooke fair, they cannot honestly admire Georgia's Eaton-sent embroideries, and so, finding no connection with the rest of the company, they are unable to realize that this is one of the events of the summer, at which everybody is enjoying himself hugely. It is for the good of the church, and it gives a heaven-sent interruption to the monotony of labor, as well as a chance to see one's neighbors and discuss the progress of the season. What is one lawn-party more or less to the four beautiful Allens, who dance at least twice a week, play bridge and gol all day, and take prizes with their ponies at fairs the remainder of the time? But for those for whom it is intended, the social is McGill prom, bridge-party (only that all the respectable people of George's Landing

know that the D—l is in playing-cards) and afternoon tea rolled into one. What is more, it comes only once or twice a summer.

After the party is over, the tables back in the woodshed, and everything cleaned up, Mrs. Walters counts up expenditures and receipts, and brings a shining face to meet her husband at the supper-table. "Well, haow d'you come out?" inquires he. "Oh, we're *so* pleased, we did real well. After we paid for everything, we've got $2.67 for the hymnals."

J. B. Mussey.



BOOKS

YOUR WEIGHT AND HOW TO CONTROL IT

By fourteen specialists of the Adult Weight Conference

Just when I'd paid our last installment on the new "take off weight by exercising" machine, what should come along but this little pearl of great price ($5.00, net) written by fourteen (count 'em) experts loaned by the Adult Weight Conference and I bet you don't know what that is, do you? I always was pretty proud (and justly) of my figure, and I'm wondering if this isn't just a warning of the treacherous years stealing in on me and trying to pull the wool over my eye. I guess it was just sent down from Heaven, parcel post, special handling, and pay the postman only $1.98 on delivery. Just like a bolt out of the blue, that's what it was. I thought first that it might be another of those big books on the Middle Ages from cousin Clara Wright (she's just hell on the Middle Ages) and maybe I wasn't just as surprised as surprised can be when it turned out to be just the dandiest little book all about reducing, and all got up by fourteen experts, too. You just can't guess how my mouth watered when I gave just one look at those diet tables! My God how it watered! You don't know the salivary glands I've got. I can hardly keep from running right out this minute and making some bran soup for lunch, and the Hell I couldn't make bran soup if I wanted to.

Somebody named Morris Fishbein seems to have edited the book, and if he doesn't weigh at least 275 pounds in his stockings and button oxfords, I'll eat my hat—I guess I ate it anyway in all this excitement.

(*Doubleday, $5.00*)

THE GREENE MURDER CASE

S. S. Van Dine

S. S. Van Dine has already proven himself (via *The Canary Murder Case*) to be just about the dean of detective fiction, and his latest novel seems to have firmly established his reputation. The story is about a family of six most unpleasant people who have become the victims of an extraordinarily subtle murder plot, and before the whole affair has been brought to light, four of them have been killed. The plot is extremely well constructed, and Mr. Van Dine is very ingenious in not dropping a single hint as to the identity of the murderer. The character of Philo Vance, the young criminologist who finally solves the mystery, is very refreshing, and acts as a sort of mitigating influence in a thick miasma of murder and sudden death.

You may guess at the solution as much as you want; the dénouement is still more than likely to come as a complete surprise.

(*Scribners, $2.00*)

BLACK MAJESTY

John W. Vandercook

This, as with so many other of the popular biographies of the moment, deals with a figure so peculiar that he can scarcely be treated of except with superlatives.

Christopher, the only black man ever to become a sovereign in the Americas, was a pure black, so that his achievements cannot be attributed to an admixture of white blood, and his diagnosis of the black man's ill was that he had no sustaining race pride, no race achievements to which he could point with pride, nothing in fact but to imitate the white.

Vandercook's treatment of this story is entirely commendable as he does not intrude himself on the scene, but lets the story tell itself.

(*Harpers, $2.50*)

CALAMITY JANE AND THE LADY WILDCAT

DUNCAN AIKMAN

And now, dearie, you just sit down and look over *Calamity Jane*, etc. while I squeeze the oranges and before you know it we'll have a bit of tea.This book is all about a bunch of famous Western Lulu Belles suffering from a bit of masochism, and if I knew you all better I'd tell you what masochism means. The cream of this coterie are Mlle. Moustache, Cattle Kate, Belle Starr and Bridget Grant and every last mother's daughter of them was ornery and proud of it. Of course I wouldn't go so far as to say that they were morally unclean, but they certainly gave their virtue a run for its money. Just a drop more tea?

Well, those girls certainly could hold their liquid refreshment and if I'd ever had the luck, God forbid, to sit in on a poker game with these women I would have emerged sans pants etc., said pants having been taken in a sportsmanlike way of course. But all levity to the rear, these cow women weren't in the game for their health and they had their husbands on the companionate marriage plan and made them like it. Just broadminded, that's all. Have another shot?

Calamity herself checked out one night while tight, leaving a varied assortment of husbands behind to lament her passing. She was a bad woman and did a heap of sinning in her time but I liked her—at a distance. Yes, just knock three times and ask for a quart of special.

(*Henry Holt and Company, $3.00*)

AN ARTIST IN THE FAMILY

SARAH G. MILLAN

This book is a puzzle for the reviewer as it diagrams two separate problems, giving neither a solution.

The first is that of a very imaginative young man who paints, possibly very well, but whose painting nobody of his family or acquaintances can understand. He finally gives up in despair to work in a coal mine.

The second is that of the negro, which here receives from an independent source the same diagnosis above noted, that the negro can emulate nothing but the white man, that he has no pride. The author's treatment can best be described as intelligently sympathetic.

(*Boni and Liveright, $2.50*)

MEET MR. MULLINER

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Don't waste any time on the title, for it is misleading. You do, of course, meet Mr. Mulliner in a distant, perfunctory sort of way, but the book is concerned mostly in describing the antics and adventures of Mr. Mulliner's ancestors and relatives. Wodehouse has written another delightfully amusing volume of short stories, this time about a particularly hilarious family which seems to be rampant all over England, and he has been mainly successful in it—or, as he himself would no doubt have it: "rallied 'round". Wodehouse, like all humorists, has his own group of devotees, and if you have read one of his books, you have probably read all the others you could lay your hands on; and now he has afforded you another amusing evening's entertainment in his latest opus.

(*Doubleday, Doran, $2.00*)

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